

DIARY OF AN S&M ROMANCE

BY DOLLIE LLAMA



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DEDICATION

**TO MY HUSBAND, MASTER, MENTOR, LOVER, FRIEND AND EDITOR,
THORNDADDY.**

I ADORE YOU, AND VALUE YOUR PERSONAL AND LITERARY GUIDANCE.

I WILL ALWAYS DO YOUR BIDDING AS LONG AS YOU TELL ME TO, SIR.



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"No pornography exploits women. It exploits men. It's the men that are made to look stupid, silly and ridiculous, chasing after the golden elixir.

"Women look beautiful, do what they wanna do and get paid for it."

—Lydia Lunch,
used with permission



CHAPTER ONE

Why I do this

I'm sure some people will wonder why a woman who has her life together and has relatively healthy self-esteem could want her lover to dominate her, whip her on the ass until he leaves welts, and call her "Daddy's dirty little cum toilet." Well, I do. And I love it.

Why? I dunno—cuz it's fun?

Really, that's about as far as my routine analysis of the whole thing goes anymore. Now, I'm more likely to wonder why something we tried (and like Mae West, I'll try anything, at *least* twice) made me feel bad—mostly because it doesn't happen often, and once I've figured out why I didn't dig it, I attempt to overcome the negativity and find the bliss in it.

I've always loved sex. I first masturbated to orgasm when I was seven. I didn't even know what sex was yet, but found intense pleasure from lying in the tub with the water stream playing between my legs. Later, I was the unrepentant slut in high school, and carried it through to adulthood. I was married (to a non-kinky man) for a spell, and faithful, but between his alcoholism and my dissatisfaction, it was doomed. After the marriage ended, I was alone for a long time, by choice, then began to explore kinky Web communities. And eventually I started going to dungeons that held bondage parties.

But a few years ago, when I was new to all this, my desires brought on some serious soul-searching. Why did pain transform me? How could surrender feel so right? What was it about an apparent insult that elevated me? Was I crazy?

I suppose these submissive tendencies are not exactly new in me. I look back now and see much of my past with a clearer view.

When I was a little girl playing with dolls, Barbie always seemed to be getting into tight spots with Ken or G.I. Joe. I can't recall just what I thought was going on (I was precocious, but can't swear it was actually sexually motivated play), yet somehow the male dolls—sorry, *action figures*—inevitably controlled Barbie, physically overpowered her, and it just

seemed right. I have vivid memories of one play session with the son of a family friend that involved Barbie and G.I. Joe getting naked and rolling around in mud. Barbie ended up on the bottom with Joe forcing her face into the muck.

Cartoons. Quintessential childhood memory. Remember the nauseatingly upright and uptight Mountie, Dudley Do-Right, his nemesis Snidely Whiplash (great name!) and Dudley's gal, Nell Fenwick? Nell, and other anonymous girls, were often bound and left on railroad tracks in the great northern wilderness of Canada by the evil Snidely. Snidely struck a chord in me. I found him infinitely more intriguing than the do-gooder Mountie, and dreamt of how it would feel to be restrained, helpless and abandoned, somehow knowing Snidely would be lurking, unseen, rubbing his hands and twirling his mustache in glee at my distress. Dudley "saving the day" disappointed me in ways I could not decipher.

And don't get me started on Boris Badenov and Natasha Fatale. Their very *names* evoked dominance & submission. They were a dirty switch BDSM couple from Hell. (Or Russia, which was considered Hell in my cold war youth.)

I even liked "I Dream of Jeannie" a little too much. Something was very wrong (and in a very *right* way) about this show being pumped into America's homes. It seemed waaaay too cool: sultry, exotic wench in harem clothing waiting on and serving a man in a uniform. And calling him "Master"! I loved it. I wanted to *be* Jeannie.

Like many curious kids, my friends and I would sneak copies of Playboy from fathers' or older brothers' caches, eager to peer into the world of adult sexuality. One such foray yielded something spellbinding.

My best girlfriend's brother had a magazine, a combination of stories and pictures, all centering on rape and kidnap fantasies. One story told of a woman taken by a group of men to a remote cabin and repeatedly gang raped. She was bound, humiliated and tortured. I remember being appalled and immensely aroused by the photos of her tied to a chair as the men crowded around her, tweaking her bare breasts and slapping her tear-streaked face.

The pictures were graphic; I had never seen true hardcore pornography before. These were my first views of erect cocks, penetration, and cum shots, not to mention sexual domination. Although my girlfriend had to explain what cum shots were (she had secretly observed her brother beating off, and had a greater understanding than I of how these things worked), once I understood, the idea fixed itself in my brain. To this day, I have an all-encompassing fetish for semen.

My girlfriend was a bit put off by my obsession with this stuff, and



expressed her feelings of disgust. I couldn't shake off how I felt though, and continually asked her to bring that one magazine out when she stole into her brother's stash.

All my fun came to an end when her brother came home unexpectedly and caught us with his treasures. I think he went looking for something to read, and found his favorites missing. He yelled at us, threatening and angry, and swore us to secrecy. My friend was so cowed by his rage she would never again sneak into his things, and I had to be content with my memories, which fueled my fantasies until I began having real life experiences.

Why I love being Daddy's little whip-me dollie and cum toilet:

Pain. Most people go out of their way to avoid it. I'm not so different. I jump around when I drop something on my foot. I hate paper cuts, and headaches make me crazy. (I suffer from migraines and trust me, I find no joy in them.) But the quality of pain I experience in a "scene" is not the same. Oh, it's every bit as intense, usually more so, but I love it. I crave it. It's not a random act of the Universe, it's a thoughtfully and lovingly applied sensation that awakens me to a consciousness and awareness I cannot find any other way. It strips away the layers of thought and responsibility, and leaves me a creature composed of nothing but feeling, existing only in the moment.

In short, it frees me.

How often has your vanilla lovemaking been disrupted or diminished by concerns of things outside the bedroom? When I'm playing with sensations, there's no room in my head for anything else.

Pain, at least in a disciplinary sense, was not a component of my childhood experiences. My father was not inclined to spank me; in fact, I can recall him doing so only once, and it was far from traumatic (though my cat attacked him for doing it). Conversely, it was not a turn on. But the first time I saw a real whipping is tattooed on my brain. It horrified me and, much to my discomposure, aroused me tremendously.

We were at a family reunion in the Rocky Mountains, and I was maybe 11 years old. My grandfather led a bunch of the cousins out for a hike. One of the girls was being insufferably bratty and whiney, and after about an hour of this my grandfather had had enough. He was a big man, and I can still see how he grabbed her by the arm, pulled down her shorts, bent her over as he ripped off his belt, pulled down her panties, and laid into her bare behind. We were all stunned, speechless. He must have given her a dozen very hard blows. She was sobbing and gasping and completely subdued.

It was a quiet trip back to camp. Although I didn't really care much for



my cousin, I walked very close to her, observed her as carefully as I could, looking for the hidden “specialness” I thought had to be there following such an event. I wanted to ask how it felt but that seemed somehow obscene.

I was on fire with what I had seen, but had no context in which to place my feelings. It shamed me, but I was excited. As soon as we got back I rushed to the bathroom and masturbated. I didn’t know how to process what I felt, and buried the whole experience deeply...So deeply that it didn’t surface again, except in random fantasies I tried desperately to deny, until I was 40.

Relinquishing power over myself to Daddy is another type of freedom. When he yanks me by the hair and throws me to the bed, I don’t have to worry if he likes what I’m doing—I *know*. When he tells me what to wear, to shut up and be quiet or go stand in the corner, I have no pressure, no need to decide or act. I know he’s getting what he wants—he made the decisions. I have an inherent need to be pleasing to him, and when he’s in control I have no performance anxieties.

Being Daddy’s slave also enhances all the little things I love to do for him. Cooking, massaging his feet, fetching this or that, even making the bed once he’s finished using me, are all transmogrified into subservient, subtly sexy acts done for his pleasure. Which makes me enjoy them more, and removes the humdrum from the ordinary. I never worry that the things I do are taken for granted since I know he sees them from the dominant flip side. Daddy says women were put on this Earth to serve men. But before you accuse him of misogyny, let me assure you he is absolutely not guilty. He loves and adores women.

(And did I mention that he has a tattoo of Boris Badenov over his right nipple?)

I don’t know about men in the generic, but I am fulfilled by serving *Him*.

My first exposure to the concept of reveling in subservience to a man came from a childhood neighbor. She was from Japan, and I thought her the most delicate and elegant woman I’d ever seen. She kept a traditional house, filled with Asian items that captured my suburban imagination. Her husband worked while she stayed home to keep the house, quite the opposite of my ambitious and career-oriented mother.

This woman, whose name I’m not sure I ever knew, allowed me to watch as she arranged flowers, cooked exotic (to me) food, and spoke to me of her role in easing her husband’s life. She believed it was her duty, but a duty she took pleasure in, to make his home as perfect and to his taste as she could. This seemed very different from American wives I knew—They seemed to do more or less what was expected of them, but never went



the extra mile, and complained often that they weren't appreciated. But this wonderful lady kept the house spotless because it made *him* happy. And she seemed to live to keep him happy. She wore only traditional clothes in his presence because he preferred her that way. She grew and arranged gorgeous flowers for his enjoyment. I even saw her kneel and bow to him, once, when he surprised her by returning home early.

As a child, I never analyzed what I observed in her home. My own home experiences were of parents who were generally equals in control and career. If my father had final say, my mother certainly had influence. My mother maintained a professional career, and never seemed overtly submissive or deferential to my father, matching his outward, sometimes blustery, strength with her own quiet fortitude.

As I grew older, I, like many other young women of my generation, was an avid believer in women's equality, but it never struck me with the fervor and quasi-militancy I observed in some. From my mother I had learned to fully embrace the idea of women as professional and social equals of men, but never believed essential femininity should be sacrificed in order to achieve parity.

Don't misunderstand me, I'm no doormat. I have opinions. Independence. Strength. I work with attorneys and would be eaten alive if I couldn't stand up for myself. The simple fact is, in my private life, I don't want or need to be any of that. Escaping from it is better than any vacation or spa treatment. (And seeing me after a scene, you'd probably agree. Daddy says I look like a well-petted kitty with a lobotomy.)

As for being Daddy's play doll, being Daddy's dirty little cum toilet, I am proud to say I am that and more. So many women are embarrassed by their sexuality, even in today's more accepting, hedonistic world. Today's society is open about our sexuality in ways that would make our grandmothers faint, but the double standard still exists. When Daddy calls me a whore, a slut, a groveling wench fit for nothing but serving him sexually, I am free to be that wanton woman, driven by nothing but my need for *the Man who owns me*.

And it's *my choice*. This is something our grandmothers never had. Choice. To me, making the conscious decision to live for my man is the ultimate in freedom, the ultimate in feminist thought in action.

Does the fact that Daddy and I often play in these ways mean we don't enjoy gentle, loving sex? Absolutely not. What it does mean is that those soft interludes are all the sweeter, spiced by the contrast with the fury in which we indulge. But sweetest of all is his kiss on my lips when my ass is blazing.

None of this would be possible if I didn't love and trust Daddy completely, and know he feels the same for me. Sure, some of this passion, on a



much more superficial level, can be had with acquaintances, like our rainy day slave girls. But for going to places I've only imagined, emotional connection is key.

I can't speak for all women, but for me, the secret is this: I want to be made to feel wanted, needed and protected. Once that's taken care of, I want my protector to treat me like a total whore.

What I share with Daddy is spiritual, deep, and significant in a way that I wouldn't trade for all the responsibility, independence and "freedom" in the world.

And so, I *love* being Daddy's little whip-me dollie and cum toilet.

How I met my Daddy

Bondage.com is a great way to meet kinky people. And Los Angeles is a great place to do it. Other than New York City, LA probably has more kinky people within a one-hour drive than anywhere in the world. Daddy used to live in New York and says there are more scary dangerous kinky people there than in LA. So Los Angeles is the best place to find the one you want.

But it's still not easy. Well, it was easy enough to begin. I started a Bondage.com account, made up a user name (DollieLlama), uploaded a few photos, typed an essay, and within an hour, I was getting offers from men. That was a while ago. I'd been on bCom (the "in the know" term for Bondage.com) for over a year. I'd played with a lot of so-called Doms. (Dom= Dominant. sub= submissive.) Some were scary. (I wish I'd read "Acid Test For Doms" much earlier. It's in the appendix. Read it so you don't end up in some of the situations I did.) I'd even met and played with some very fun guys, at dungeons and at their homes. I had good sex with some of them. But none of them had the indefinable mixture of spark and smarts that I was looking for.

It's tough. People who fall under the catchall phrase "BDSM" are not necessarily compatible, nor do they all even like each other. I mean, you'd think that all motorcycle enthusiasts would get along, but ask a Harley owner what he thinks of guys who ride Hondas. Ya know?

Consider this: Truly kinky people probably make up less than 10% of the total population. Within that 10%, probably 10% of *them* are into the things that I'm into. Of them, only a small amount are even available. And of those available men, very few are smart, sweet, intellectually interesting enough *and* strong enough in their Dominance to make me want to keep coming back. And of that tiny percentage of a tiny percentage of a tiny percentage, how many would actually want me? I consider myself attractive, but there is no accounting for taste.



One man's perfect slave is another man's throwaway rainy day girl.

I was amazed when I started talking to Daddy, from his first e-mail on bCom. First of all, we seemed totally compatible in all the things we liked. bCom has a great system of checklists—you rate various kinks on a scale of 1-5, 1 being "I hate it" (or maybe, "if I had to" for us slave types), 5 being "I can't live without it." Daddy and I both had a 4 or 5 on all the things that were important to me: Anal sex (the man giving and the woman receiving), oral (the woman giving and the man receiving), vaginal sex, the woman wearing lingerie, bondage, public sex, pornography, whipping, beating, spanking, clothespins, nipple torture, double and triple penetration with cock and one or two vibrators or dildos, the woman kneeling, and pretend prostitution. And he listed his hard limits (the

A few terms:

If you're new to this, some of the lexicon can be confusing. The entire gamut of this alternative lifestyle is often called "BDSM." It has a few interpretations, but most often it stands for "Bondage & Discipline, Dominance & submission, Sadism & masochism." Some BDSM adherents take the SM to stand for "Sex Magic" instead. I like this. It can also mean "slave/Master." That works too.

B&D, D/s, S&m.

There is a convention in BDSM of using a capital letter for the "Controller" and a small letter for the "controlled." Like spelling it "Sadism" & "masochism", or "Dominance" & "submission."

It is also used sometimes with the Master/Top/Dominant/Owner capitalizing his or her name—like "Daddy." And the slave/bottom/submissive/owned sometime uses a small letter to start his or her name—like "dollie."

Sometimes in writing, submissives use a small "i" to describe themselves and a capitalized "You" and "Him" and "He" to describe their Dom.

Dominants can be male or female, same for submissives. They can also be either straight or gay. Or bi. Or...

It's all good.

things he absolutely wouldn't do) as the same things I wouldn't do: Scat (poop), blood play, and true humiliation. (I love being called a slut, but I hate being told in seriousness "You are a bad girl. You are dirt"...etc.)



But besides all this, he was *cute*. He put me on his bCom hot list so I could see all of his photos, and he was a beautiful man. Not in a movie star sense, but in a real classic sense. He wasn't typical Hollywood cute. Everyone here in Los Angeles looks like they're in the movies, or like they're trying to be. Daddy is a little too scruffy for that. And he dresses sloppy, sort of like a 14-year-old skater boy. (Actually, most 14-year-old skater boys dress better. I know. I am a mother to one...My son is 22 now, but I've seen, and purchased, my share of today's fashions.)

Daddy was stunning. I adored everything about his mind and his body, or at least what I could see of both from the Internet. I found out later that this little short, smiling man was once described (very accurately, I feel) as "a statue of a Greek god done by an apprentice sculptor who didn't quite have the proportions down yet." I wanted to trace the lines of his cheekbones through my computer monitor from the first moment I saw him.

Daddy wasn't like all the other Doms. He was confident, but not cocky or arrogant. He seemed very real, very smart, and not caught up in "the life". And he loved good music (older punk rock, as well as kick-ass rock and roll like Led Zeppelin, and dark beautiful stuff like Nick Cave and Leonard Cohen). Hell, he *made* great music. He sent me a link to MP3s of his old band, Bomb (www.kittyfeet.com/bomb.htm), in which he sang and played bass. I clicked on the link kinda thinking "whatever" (I have a lot of friends in bands, and most of them aren't very good). But the sweet, sinister beauty that poured out of my speakers overwhelmed me. His music was stellar. It was as heavy as Led Zeppelin, but with the energy of punk, and his *voice*...He is a great singer, but not like anyone I'd ever heard. Sort of like an angel being run over by a truck. I was hooked.

And he was intelligent. Many of the guys I'd played with or talked to in the past weren't. Or if they were, their goals and priorities were very different from mine. Too many men are into looking cool and making money. Daddy just *is* cool, and doesn't care about money. He's a true artist, but not a starving one. When I met him, he had six published books out (that you could actually get in stores and on Amazon), a movie he'd directed (that you could actually get in stores and on Netflix), and was working on a second movie. He never does things to make money, he just does the things he wants to, and somehow pays his rent with it. He isn't rich, but he lives a rich life. He lives in a small studio apartment in Silver Lake, but he's living the dream.

I make a comfortable living as a paralegal. I've had the same job for over a dozen years. I own my own house, in a very nice neighborhood. But I always wanted to be a muse for a great man (like Robert Heinlein's wife Virginia was for him), and here was a truly great man who might be in the market for a muse to inspire and complete him.



And he seemed to *like* me for me!

Oh yeah, did I mention he loves cats? I love that in a man.

Love letters

Daddy sent an e-mail to me through Bondage.com. (His user name on there is ThornDaddy.) After a couple e-mails, we switched over to the telephone, and then quickly met in person.

These are our first few letters to each other:

To: DollieLlama
From: ThornDaddy
Subject: If height isn't a deal breaker...

Hey Dollie

You seem sweet. We might be a match. I'm 41 but look younger. I'm short (5' 5"), but fit. You said you only like tall men, but you seem so fucking cool, I had to take a chance.

I work at home. I like real relationships with some dark pretty fun. I also smoke cigarettes, I don't drink, and you seem damn pretty. Photo and 500-word essay on my profile.

—Much respect, ThornDaddy

To: ThornDaddy
From: DollieLlama

Subject: Height is NOT a deal breaker.

ThornDaddy—

Thank you so much for the message. You seem very wonderful, and very different from most of the men on here.

Cute cat by the way.

Can't say it's anything like the stock pix on this site (what a relief!) I very much enjoyed your message and the info you've posted.

**Essay ThornDaddy had posted on his bCom profile:**

I don't know if I am a standard Dom in the textbook sense of the word.

The stuff I like ranges from vanilla romantic to break-the-skin extreme, but I am always very conscious of the desire of my partner(s).

I've never been to an SM club or dungeon (is it SM or S&M? I don't even friggin' know), but I love to tart up a pretty, curvy girl in a frilly slip and pumps and lipstick and perfume, push her down into a bed and lap, lick, neck bite, kiss, suck, pull hair, spank, use a ball gag, a paddle, a cane, and talk very very dirty. And I own a few vibrators. And I've been doing this all my adult life.





I like to dress her up in way too much makeup and tell her what a cum-guzzling trollop she is. (I only do this with permission, of course.)

I know the difference between dominance and degradation, however. I am into the former, not the latter. I don't truly believe I am better than the woman I am laying my spunk upon, I know it's just dress up and make believe.

Basically I think that what I'm saying is that I don't have particular fantasies. It seems too much like following a television script. What I DO like is a woman who trusts me enough (and this trust is built up over time) to have my way with her, any way I like, (up to any safeword-indicated stopping point, of course), whenever I like.

And I like her to be damn smart so we have something to talk about between sessions of sullyng her soul with my spunk.

I guess I am a romantic slut who is sometimes monogamous. Not out of some contractual agreement, but because someone sparks me so darned much that I lose interest in anyone else.

ThornDaddy Wrote:

Yeah...A lot of the guys on here look boring, or seem to take themselves WAY too seriously. I checked out some of their profiles. Yawn. 5/6 of them are very unattractive and/or boring. Most of the rest are very very hot, but seem to be playing a role. They seem like goofy purple-cape wearing motherfuckers. I only checked them out because I noticed in my stats that a lot of straight men were checking me out. Odd....That's like dogs peeing on telephone poles.

By the way, the kitty in the photo of me is not mine. A friend in Houston is a baby photographer. Can you tell from the photographic style? It's her cat. Kitty was in heat and squirming, that's why I had to hold her close.

Dollie Wrote:

Sounds to me like the best way to deal with a female in heat.
Purrrrrrrrrrr.

You sound like an interesting and charming man, and yes, I think we might be compatible.



ThornDaddy Wrote:

But I'm short! Lol. But you seem very into the cerebral, and the other things that make up the whole package, as they say.

Dollie Wrote:

Good lord, I hope I can see past the exterior by now. There's so much more that's truly important. If it doesn't bother you that I'm taller than you when I wear heels, it won't bother me. Sure, I like to think of myself as cerebral. How dull and boring to be nothing more than decorative. Like you said in your bCom posting, "I'm on here to meet a sweet romantic slut with a brain. Brains are good. I can only fuck 5 or 6 times in a row, then conversation is good."

Once the immediate animal needs are resolved, it's essential to be able to share one's mind until rest time is over.

I am not obsessed with "lifestyle" protocols, and would prefer relationships that stay in the realm of reality and fun.

ThornDaddy Wrote:

Sounds all good. So...What do you do for work and for kicks?

Dollie Wrote:

I'm a paralegal, work in-house for an insurance carrier. I know, I know, sounds horridly dull, but it really isn't. I've found a place to use my mind without feeling like I've traded my morality for a paycheck. I may not appreciate my boss' politics, but I can't fault his ethics. In today's world, that's not such a bad deal.

I'm also a mom (two grown kids in their early 20s, so that's out of my system), a widow (don't be sorry, I'm not, came long after we separated), the devoted servant of two fat cats, an obsessive reader of just about anything that strikes my fancy, a collector of tattoos (five and counting), spiritual rather than religious, an unrepentant fan of old punk rock, much happier in a dive than a trendy club (sadly, all the good dives I used to frequent have gone by the wayside), a lover of beauty, be it a garden, mountain, painting, building, music, or a particularly well-executed piece of graffiti.

ThornDaddy Wrote:

Excellent. I love most of what you have on your profile, too. "These are a few of my favorite things...."



Info I had posted on my bCom profile:

Intelligent, strong sub seeking significant relationship.

Love my sensations, but You need to engage my mind as well. I believe in romance and logic...That being submissive doesn't lessen me. Both must be strong. The Dominant to carry the weight of all that is offered, and the submissive to have something worthy to offer.

I'm an intelligent, creative, caring person who enjoys intense sensation and submission in my intimate relationships. Art, music and literature are some of the other joys in life. I crave intellectual conversation, and musing in general. I am not mainstream.

I can be flamboyant, flirtatious. Yet, I can also be a consummate classy lady. I can be quiet and calm, but cannot abide boredom. If you can't capture my mind, you'll never make it to the body.

As for superficial, yet fun, stuff, like clothing: I love black, but think I also look fetching in pale pink lingerie. Lacy & feminine is an obsession.

I refuse to wear pantyhose, but love my stockings and thigh highs. Classic lingerie, like cinchers and crinolines, mmmm, heels - just can't be high enough, tight straight skirts, low-cut sweaters, or a bit of leather or latex, just for fun.

I have been collared only once, and it didn't end well. I was too new, and didn't know what I needed from such a relationship.

My pet peeves: Stupidity and ignorance, cruelty, small-mindedness and meanness, conservative attitudes and intolerance. And shoot me, but I have a prejudice against short men.

Dollie Wrote:

Thank you. I like that you like what I like, in the bed and out.

I love to walk, both as exercise and as a meditative practice. Living where I do, there are plenty of canyons and hills to climb (now that they've stopped burning). I like road trips, but take too few. I become a gleeful six year old at amusement parks (roller coasters are the best). I also collect shoes. I have over 40 pairs of high heels. Lol....



ThornDaddy Wrote:

I like that in a woman. And I like me in a woman.
What do you want to be when you grow up?

Dollie Wrote:

Happy (not that I'm unhappy now) and never too stodgy to enjoy playing, in whatever form. I never want to lose the ability to stare in wide-eyed wonder and smile. I want to remain free enough to have no qualms about laughing when I want or crying if I need to.

ThornDaddy Wrote:

That's damn sweet. Ask me anything, by the way.

Dollie Wrote:

Thank you, I will. And please, you do the same.

Please tell me what you're hoping to find in a relationship. Your goals, intentions. What has been missing, if anything, in prior relationships?

ThornDaddy Wrote:

This is probably a phone call, not an e-mail. It's a long answer, cutie.

Dollie Wrote:

Hello Sir,

You are such a charmer! I look forward to hearing more from you. My given name is _____, but everyone knows me as Dollie.

If you're so inclined, give me a call. My cell is 555-555-5555.

I'm usually home from work around 4:30, but often out walking in the early evening, so probably later evening is best.



ThornDaddy Wrote:
OK. Will do, you sweet, smart woman.
I'll call you around 9.

— ThornDaddy

ThornDaddy called me on the phone that night. We talked for almost two hours.

".....What are your thoughts on monogamy, Sir? And polyamory?"

ThornDaddy said, "They both have their positive attributes."

"What attracts you about dominance and control?"

"Hummm...I am reminded of the Republican senator who answered the question, 'What is pornography?' with, 'I can't define it, but I know it when I see it.' But I love to pet, stroke, slap and nibble gals, and I love verbal fun. It seems to increase the depth of physical love, also, I mainly like some romance in my slutting around. A girlfriend once said of me, 'He'd probably bring flowers to an orgy.'"

"I love that, Sir.....What do you like best about your life today, and how would you change it—if at all?"

"I'd want a little more money, a little more love, and a little more God in my life. And I love BDSM, but some 24/7 power exchanges seem absurd to me. I found this thing on a Bondage.com personal ad: 'I am currently under the protection and care of Master _____ and all wishing to correspond must first go to Him for approval. ANY MAIL SENT DIRECTLY TO ME WILL BE DELETED AND NOT READ....' I think these people are odd. I love dominance but don't understand total slavery."

I said, "I know. I love to serve, but that kind of relationship seems like a hallmark of low self-esteem. I'd much rather have fun."

"Amen, sister. I know that style works for some, but wouldn't work for me. That is WAAAAAY too much to keep track of. I hate micromanaging my life, let alone someone else's. It's too much work, and not enough freedom for me. I like my mind to drift. That's why I work at home."

"What do you do?"

"Write books and make films....Anyway, I know what I want in a slave, and know what I don't want. And I would never want a girl to sign a slave contract with me. I don't need to put it in writing; she will keep in line and keep me happy. And if she doesn't, I'll tell her, and she'll correct it."



But then again, I'm very into being served, and very NOT into giving punishments or humiliation. I love a woman who just KNOWS what to do, and *does* it. I love a full-time whore—mouth, pussy and ass for my pleasure, whenever I want it. I love a housebot who doesn't need to be told to do the dishes, she just does them. I LOVE whipping a girl out of love if she totally gets off on it. The few times I've 'punished' a woman, we both felt shitty. I'm not that kind of Dom. I am not judging 'Ye Old Guard' or 'High Protocol', I just know that it's not for me."

"Jesus, Sir. I know. That all seems like Dungeons and Dragons to me. Or playing chess with real humans as the pieces. Too damn complicated. I like to serve a man by instinct. By the way, my instincts are that you are a damn good man...Still need to check you out more, but I have a good feeling about you, Sir."

"Thanks, kitty. Ditto. And I don't set up dozens of rules for women. I have specifically lived my life in ways that avoid that sort of structure. I didn't finish college. I'm self-employed, I don't belong to clubs or organizations, and ever since I was a kid I've run FAST from things that have rules and bylaws. And it's worked out OK in my life."

"I know, Sir. I see High-Protocol D/s as something that you're either 'into or not into', and I'm not into it."

"Good, Dollie. And by the way, I don't have a need to humiliate. I can kinda fathom why someone would. I have done it a few times in sex, and really gotten a boner from it, but I feel physically hungover and almost ill later. It's just not in me to make people I care about feel bad."

"Yay! Yeah, I hate that stuff. Punishment is very hard for me. Whether he meant to or not, I always felt my father saw me as a failure. And it hurt. A lot. I need approval from the man I'm with and can be very hard on myself if I feel I've fallen short. It's reassuring to hear you find little gratification in negative discipline. Nonetheless, if we get together, I will try my utmost to avoid giving you any reason to be dissatisfied with me, Sir."

"Good, sweetie. So, do you mind if I talk dirty to you?"

"Please do!"

"Good. How's my favorite dirty little milf today? And thanks again for stimulating my mind, slut."

"Shucks. Purr."

"Dollie, I like the idea of you. I like your brain. I like your photos. And you are a dirty little cum-guzzling whore made for the pleasure of men. You need to be dressed up, tied up, spanked, licked, fucked, petted and



adored. Fucking tramp. Slishy, slutty little man hole. I will cum in all your holes, and on your breasts and tummy, and lick it up from all those places. And I'll make your mind happy too."

"Wow. You're doing great! I've so enjoyed writing to and talking to you, Sir. I like the way you tell a story. And yes, I am all of those dirty things. And I like how you plan to deal with me."

"Wanna come get coffee this week? Also, I invite you to come over some time and luxuriate with me, lay in bed, make out, play with the toys. No need to fuck unless you feel it. Just two kitties petting. I'll be your dirty little milf lick. And feel free to tell a friend where you'll be, so you'll know you're safe. And call in with the friend so she knows you're safe. And if you cum here, I'll sing for you in my bed. Play guitar and serenade ya. I don't do that much anymore, but would for you."

"Coffee and/or both sound lovely, Sir. And thanks for asking, and asking the way you did. That definitely rates a purr. And your singing is beauty-fuel. I'd love to hear it in person.

"Name a time, and a day, and it's on, you little whore....And thank you for the sweetness. It makes me smile."

"My pleasure to make you smile, Sir. As to when, soon sounds good to me, but right now I'm too wiped out to make clearer plans. I had a very busy day today, and I gotta be up early tomorrow. So just any time, Sir."

"Hey, will you please send me more photos of you, Dollie? I'd really like that. And I would be honored to have you in my bed. And I would lick you and tie you and pet you and whisper dirty little secrets in your ear while you vibrate yourself and I pet your back and touch you in special places. And I'll feed you coffee. You can light my smokes. And I'll slap your ass and pull your hair and tell you that you are a whore. And then tell you to prove it."

"MEW! You got it, Mister. I'll come over in a few days."

I got off the phone, masturbated until I came hard, shaking my body into a sweat, then did it again. The next day at work, my secretary said, "You seem like you're glowing. Did you get laid?" I replied, "Not yet..."

ThornDaddy sent me an e-mail late that morning, when he got around to waking up:

Dollie. It was transcendent talking to you last night. I hope you'll cum over soon. I would never tell a woman what to wear on a first date, but I have serving suggestions, if you'd like to hear them:



Serving Suggestions:

- I like things that feel smooth, and look a little girly.
- I like stockings, garters, and high heels.
- I don't like fishnet stockings, they look cool, but feel rough to pet.
- I like frilly slips, I don't like corsets or leather.
- I like lots of makeup on you. Whorish and ladylike at the same time.
- I like perfumes.
- I like **you**.

You could wear that garter thing—the one in photo number five on your bCom profile. I like all different kinds of slips and also baby doll tops. Pearls, or a ribbon around your neck, like a present. With or without a locket.

Wear a silky bra (not padded), a labia spreader chain for your piercings, to keep you open. Bring love. Kisses. Adoration. Supplication. Desire.

I wrote back:

Certainly. Yes, I'll bring and wear anything you wish, Sir. I have some toys I think you'll like, but you may like yours more.

You are a man of excellent taste, it seems to me. You're going to have me running to my closet to mull this over so I get it right.

ThornDaddy wrote:

Bring any toys you want to. Bring your vibrator, any insertables you like, and nipple weights and clamps. And a smile.

(I keep all *my* whore toys and clothes in a box by the bed. My ex, Sally, called it my "scary box." Lol....)

—TD



At lunch I called him on the phone:

"Sir, I do like how you think. The challenge for me is going to be thinking about anything else now."

"Good. And if you have a whipping switch, bring that. I have a whip but it's all noise and not much bite."

"Well, Sir, I think I have a couple of canes lying about, will those do?"

"Purr purr purr pet pet pet spank bite spunk."

"Nice sequence of critter noises and such. I look forward to it, Sir! And I do try and save the padded bras for work. To cover up the nipple rings, you know."

"I will pet the hell out of you, you dirty little bitch, you minxy manx."

"Oh yes, please. And I will send more pix, but can't from work."

"Cum here, you whore cookie."

"Mmmm, oh yes! I will, Sir."

"You are sexcellente, my little bite-sized bitch! I cannot wait to see you and squeal you, sweet cat. SLAP! I like you."

"By the way....I may be one of a handful of women that don't own a vibrator, just not one of my favorite toys, anyway, not as a steady thing. They actually over-stimulate me. I cum too easily as it is."



"OK. I have a tongue. You like that?"

"I don't just like, I LOVE...."

"Get back to work! They're not paying you to slut around on the phone."

"I am vibrating, Sir. But, yes, I gotta run. Have a lovely day."

It was hard for me to make it through work. And I called ThornDaddy that night, but he wasn't around. I laid in bed listening to the rain and touching myself all over, thinking of him, anticipating meeting him in person.

The storm sounded and felt deliriously delicious. I listened to the thunder in the dark, then the rain sounds petted me to sleep. I wished he could have shared it with me. My windows were open and I watched lightning and felt the sexy Mother Earth crack of thunder splitting the sky and releasing her wetness on the world.

I thought about how lovely it would have been to have him there...Cuddling on a rainy night is one of my favorite quiet things to do.

Funny...I'd been searching for the right man for three years. I'm very picky, and maybe ThornDaddy wasn't the "one", but he was certainly the running contender so far. I decided if he was anything in person like he was on the phone and in writing, I would seriously consider letting him own me, if he would do so.

The next day at work, he called me. I was busy, but dropped whatever boring thing I was doing and found time to talk for as long as he felt like talking.

"Hey Dollie....You working hard? I'm fucking around on the Internet. I signed up for Alt.com. I don't like it as much as Bondage.com. Slow servers and a lot of Barbie dolls with no brains or spark."

Second pressing note: after this book came out, Bondage.com was bought out by Alt.com. While it's too early to know if Bondage.com is going to become the antithesis of what it started out as, we are noticing some possible early warning signs (more commercial spam, slower servers, slower responses from staff, etc.)

I thought about the fact that he was still looking for women on the Internet. My heart skipped a beat: "Peep peep _____ peep...." But why



not? We hadn't even met yet. And I must say I valued his honesty. I just had this *feeling* that we were going to "get" each other totally.

"Yep. I know what you mean. I looked Alt.com a while back and was so unimpressed I didn't bother enrolling. And I always wonder just how many of those Barbie (or Ken) dolls are what they claim to be."

"Did you hear the thunder last night?"

"I sure did, Sir. And I was wishing you were here with me...."

"Good girl. Hey...I know the insurance industry will collapse if you don't get back to work. So I'll jump straight to the kitty's tail: You busy tonight? It's supposed to rain and thunder more. Come listen with me. I really wanna finally meet you."

"As a matter of fact, I am busy. I'm coming to see you. Oh lord, this afternoon is going to be soooo long...."

"Bless you, Dollie. The angels must have sent you. You made my fucking week."

"I'm speechless, Sir..."

"So now that it's a reality that I'm seeing you, here's my vet checkup info, Dollie. I have herpes. I have not had an outbreak in over a year and can tell when I have one coming on. I don't have one coming on. I am HIV-neg and was neg for syph and gonorrhea last time I checked, and I've only had unprotected sex with my one ongoing fuck toy since then. And she uses condoms with any other lovers. I've used condoms with any others. I'm fixed. No brats for me. But I'm gonna use condoms with you. And then drip the contents on your belly. So what's your vet checkup info?"

"Thanks for your candor, Sir. I've been very fortunate, nothing to report. The last person I had unprotected sex with was my husband, and that was in 1989. I was celibate for the 13 years following our separation, so, it's only been a few years. I get checked by my doc regardless, last one was six months ago - all clean. And I have a confession: I absolutely love to have a man cum on me, so, hooray for that idea!"

"13 years? Really? Wow. Why? Tell me about it."

"If I may, I'll tell you about it later. Basically bad marriage, then depression. I'm cured now though."

"OK, Dollie. By the way, I can't wait to lick you all over."

"I am pulsing with mellow anticipation. I feel like someone switched me



on to 'vibrate.' Oh lordy, time in this office is going to drag this afternoon..."

"You are a dirty little goddess, Dollie. Any special slut treats or other food you want me to get? I wanna feed all your needs tonight."

"Why thank you. As for food, right now I don't think I could eat, my stomach is flipping. But truly, anything is fine as long as it's not red meat."

"I'll e-mail you my home address—you know, where my house lives. By the way, you're welcome to stay the night, but if you have to leave late at night to get up early, it's OK."

"I was hoping you'd say I could stay. I'll arrange to take tomorrow off, so time is not an issue. No late night/early morning madness, aside from what we find amusing. Did I mention I'm hopelessly excited?"

"I'm a happy squitten. Squeal ya swoon, bitch."

"I can't wait..."

"Oh, Dollie, I'm printing out your sex and bondage likes and dislikes from bCom. I'll try to study them. And hang them over the bed on the wall as a cheat sheet!

"And it's really comfy here, my room is a special world. Many comforts. Good music, nice bed, food, good lighting, relative quiet, and almost as much God as sex. I'd love to show it to you.





"You'll like it. Mew! Hey...I'm getting another call. See you around eight. Bye!"

I didn't want to scare ThornDaddy off up front, so I didn't tell him my life story, or at least the part about why I'd been celibate for so long. But here's the truth:

For something that took up so much time, it's not that complicated. Once my marriage ended, I was overwhelmed, hurt, scared, distrustful. I had two young kids to deal with, they were only 6 & 7 when it all fell apart. Soon after the breakup, I bought the house where I am now, and didn't have, or even know how to deal with, many friends.

I let myself sink into an emotional wasteland where I was the only inhabitant. I gained a bunch of weight (I've since lost it), but it was my buffer between me and the rest of the world. I fought a long battle with depression, therapy and meds (I'm off them now).

I went back to school for my paralegal certification while still in therapy. I got the job I have now in 1994, raised my kids, fought all their teenage-year rebellions and my skeletons, and there were a lot.

About 1999 began to climb out, but was still very cautious. I kept myself closed and apart. Finally, I started pulling it all together again about 2001, but was still socially distant, for the most part.

Then, Thanksgiving 2002, my husband died, complications from being a heroin addict and an alcoholic. He really had been the emotional and spiritual 800 lb. gorilla in my life, the one I denied had any influence on me. And although I was shocked by the grief I still hadn't dealt with, it was also a redemption. I was finally putting all the demons and horrors in the past, where they belonged. And, as I had lost most of the weight by then, I felt decent enough to rejoin the social whirl.

I simultaneously admitted to my interest in submission and went on a new journey of discovery. I've been bouncing around with that ever since. For the most part nothing significant aside from the fact I finally allowed myself to start living my life again.

CHAPTER TWO

Meeting the man

I went over to Daddy's home that night. He met me at the front gate. He was astonishing. A short little perfect man, even cuter in person than in pictures. Blond, muscular, but with a little belly. (I actually like that.) He was polite, but commanding. He was respectful, asked me what he could



do, then did the hell out of it, and never asked permission again. I was all made up like a whore, just as he'd asked. I was in a slip, high heels, stockings, garters, perfume and pearls, all hidden under my fur coat. He hugged me on his steps, smiled, put his blue-green-gray eyes to the sky and said "Thank God."

He took my hand and pulled me up the stairs and into his apartment. It was small but nice, with sexy lighting and incense burning. Very comfortable, like he'd promised. He held my hand, kissed me, then threw me onto the bed. I was ready to open my legs, my mouth, my soul, right then and there. But he held me and petted my face and hands. We chatted for about five minutes, laughed a little, and then kissed and 69ed.

Somehow, neither of us can remember the next half-hour or so, but then we fucked and petted all night long. And we remember everything that happened the rest of the night, and every night after. He whipped and slapped my ass black and blue, spanked me with a hairbrush, stuck the hairbrush handle up my ass (I'd cleaned myself out with an enema before hand). He called me a dirty whore, made me feel like one, and loved the hell out of me. And I loved Him. And we dispensed with the condoms after the tenth or eleventh fucking. We knew we were *together*. We almost wordlessly decided to be fluid bonded (where you use no condoms with your lover, but use them if you fuck others).

After the fifth or sixth fucking and beating, he said, "I went for Thai food yesterday. Here's my fortune. I guess it's true." He gave it to me. It said, "Your luck is high today. Don't be afraid to try." (I keep it tacked up on my cubicle wall at work. I never want to forget that little bit of happy prognostication.)

He said, "I'm so glad I found you. And I wasn't looking for a real girlfriend, I was just looking to play. But I just *know*. And I think you do too. Dollie, will you be my girl?"

I started to cry, said, "Oh god, yes!" and sucked his cock and licked his asshole while he paddled my raw pink ass. And I came just from sucking his cock, without him even touching my puss. And wept real tears after, because I was so happy. I do that a lot with Daddy.

When I went back to work I was not only glowing, I was *singing*. My secretary said, "OK, now I *know* you got laid. Tell me...."

I told her everything. Well, almost everything. I've learned to keep most of my bondage lifestyle out of the minds of people who don't want to hear about it. But I told her all the sex stuff. And the love stuff. That's what really matters....



Daddy called me at work. I love how he just launches into a conversation as if we just left each other:

"...So, Dollie....I just got back from 99-cent slut supply shopping up in Echo Park on Sunset at a bodega and a cheap used clothing store. I bought two little girly bottles of sickeningly sweet knock-off perfume. I sprayed some on the bed to try it out. I also got a tan-colored slip for you that's gonna show our slime stains really well, and something else that's very fun. And I'm gonna play whore with you and pretend I'm paying you. I also bought socks, underwear and shoelaces for me. I've needed that for like six months. I got some mailbox money from one of my books today. I eat again!"

"Cool! Hey, Sir, does this mean I don't need to pack perfume along too, or would you still like me to bring some along? BTW...What is your criteria for perfume? Any particulars you like best? Anything you like, Daddy."

(I love to call him "Daddy." I started doing it our first night together, and he loves it, too. It's not age play, per se, and certainly not an acting out of any incestuous desires on either part. He has no desire to be with anyone who is underage, and said he would never date anyone under 18, and prefers older women. In fact, he likes women over 30, and even over 40, more than women who are 18-30. Which is good, as I'm over 40. And judging from his pornography collection, this truly is his preference.)

"It's all good. I have enough perfume, but if there's one you like, bring it, Dollie doll. We'll be a cloud of sweetness. We'll mix them on your body...all over you. I just sprayed cheap Mexican schoolgirl perfume on the new slip. I'm gonna try mixing up some fake sperm and slime it all over the slip so even when you first put it on, you'll look like a dock whore on payday. It'll be our little sneakret."

"Mmmmm...I'll be your dock whore on payday anytime. I am oscillating with desire for you. I am slayed, splayed and sprayed for you."

"I had so much fun with you. I'm loving you so much. I'm typing an e-mail to my friend Buggy bragging about you as we squeak. And I'm so glad I found you. You're my girl, slut."

"I dig you too, Daddy. You're not the only one bragging, either. All my girlfriends at the office have heard about you, maybe not quite the detail you'd go into, it's a woman thing. But, suffice to say they all know how happy and satisfied I am. And I love being your slut. Anything you like, Sir."

"Shucks. Kisses for my bitch! I think I love you, babydoll. Hey....If I asked you to fuck me in the ass someday, you wouldn't think of me as less of a warrior, would you?"



"I'll do anything you want me to, in or out of the bed. You are my Master."

"I love this thing that I heard somewhere. Something like 'I would never pay for sex. When you pay for sex, you're admitting you're not a warrior. Men who pay for sex are the same men in primitive society who stayed back and pounded corn while the warriors went out to slay beasts to feed the tribe.' I agree. I've never paid for sex. Never would. And I may like things up my butt, but I'm no corn pounder. I'm a fucking *man*."

"You are *the* fucking man, Daddy. And I love serving you. I'll do whatever you want, Sir, trashy little cum slut that I am. And I must say, I love that you've found me, and I am eternally grateful."

"Yup. OK kittalina, I'm hanging up now. Bye."

He hung up before I could say goodbye, but I didn't care. That's part of my unspoken contract as a slave. I am available any time, any place for my man, and he doesn't have to reciprocate. All men really want this, but few know what to do with it. Daddy knows what to do with it. And I love him for this.

I've done a lot of looking in the past three years. I've gone home with men after nary a handshake. I've been whipped in front of strangers in a dungeon by guys whose names I never even learned. I've even "dated" a few kinky guys, one for about six months. But I've never given myself completely, until now.

I will do anything for Daddy. I will dress as Daddy tells me. I will fuck, suck, cook and clean for him. I will lose or gain weight if he tells me to. Wear my hair as he likes; paint my face as he likes. I will rub his back, light his smokes, and do whatever I can to make his stay on this planet sweeter. I will listen to his words, give intelligent conversation, or even shut up if he wants to think. And if he wants to fuck other girls, I'll be cool with it. But I won't fuck other men. And I won't be whipped by other men. Daddy is my Master, and I love him. And I'll stay with him forever if he wants. And if he ever says, "I release you, now go away", I will. I would be very, very sad, but I wouldn't burden him or call him if he ever does that. I am his property, for as long as he likes.

On Being Found....

I'd been looking for awhile, even if I didn't know who I was looking for. I had ads posted on a couple of kink Websites, been moderately active at a couple of local dungeons, attended workshops now and then, and been involved in D/s long enough to know that a vanilla relationship was never going to suit me. Not despondent, not depressed, just no euphoria.



I think of myself as an endorphin junkie. Some people have called me a pain slut, but I think that lacks subtlety, and is somewhat of a misnomer. I can get just as far out into subspace from the *threat* of potential physical injury (imagined within the confines of the safe, sane and consensual) as I can from being hung up on a St. Andrew's cross and striped red and raw with welts from a singletail whip. But I rarely, if ever, let anyone climb all the way inside my head and play. I always kept a piece of my heart and soul back.

Subspace

Subspace is the endorphin-drunk state a sub gets in after a good flogging, fucking and kneeling to serve her Master. It's been compared to heroin.

Daddy also gets into what he calls Dom space (like subspace) during/after a session..... Endorphin rush, love hangover, disorientation. But it's not as intense as the sub's experience.

Mystics speak of having out-of-body experiences. For me, subspace is an out-of-mind experience – I am nothing *but* my body, an instrument played by another for our mutual joy. When flying way out there, I can accept, and enjoy, real pain. I find redemption in fear. I lose my will, my need to do anything beyond exist for the immediacy of the sensation. My endorphins are flooding; I am ecstatic.

Endorphins are key to subspace. So is *absolute* trust in your partner.

I was getting jaded. The sense of possible adventure that had once accompanied opening every new e-mail from every new stranger had vanished. Yet there was something about Daddy that seemed magic from the moment he first contacted me. I read his profile carefully, prepared for the routine posturing I had come to expect, and found instead my heart was beating faster the more I read.

And he loves cats!

Daddy is nothing like other men I'd been involved with. And I don't mean the amount of black leather he wears (none, although I think I once saw him in a pair of black leather shoes) or the car he drives. (Also none, sacrificed for art's sake—sold to finance his latest ultra-low-budget labor-of-love documentary. He also cancelled his cell phone, health insurance and



cable TV. I love his dedication to his art!) Material things aren't important. That's just stuff and junk.

Daddy has a sweetness and beauty to his soul that I needed in order to feel safe enough to open my own to him. He is my Daddy and I'm his fluffy baby kittywhore. *Ain't nobody's business* if I show it to him in the guise of a writhing cat-in-heat subservient slut when he chooses. I know he never forgets the mind behind the lingerie, the makeup and the bruises.

Playing this way is to flirt with the edges of the unacceptable/unendurable closely enough to trigger those primal reactions while knowing, deep down, that you are safe enough to let go and experience them.....To experience absolutely believable threat tempered with precaution and calculated safety. The further the edge is pushed, the deeper the experience. Also the greater the risk. But forgetting the reality of the risk (and there is always risk which must be anticipated) is to invite danger and real harm, which is a horrible way to lose your bliss.

I trust Daddy, unconditionally. I feel safe, even when he pushes me toward darkness.

That night at Daddy's house, I knelt at his feet and told him, "I will do anything you want, Sir, *anything*. I am yours to do with as you please, Daddy."

He loved it and spent the night being very very cruel and very very sweet. And fucking me silly, over and over. And spraying me with perfume, triple penetrating me with his cock, a vibrator and a HUGE dildo. And he poured over a quart of fake cum all over me. I loved every second, every kiss, every slap, every drop.

Between scenes, he petted me while he talked. "I think there's something to be said for your desire to call me 'Daddy' and my desire to let you. You were not loved right by your dad or husband. Not to get all Freudian, but...."

"Go ahead. Freud me, Daddy baby."

"Well, I love women. I don't see any conflict with the desire to subjugate y'all either. It's all done with respect. I have always loved females.....My mother showered me with affection, and my sisters did too. I have a distinct memory of my third birthday party. All the guests were teens and my mom made a cake that looked like a train, because I liked trains. I was such a star...and such a Dom...from such an early age.

"I remember when I was five, I had a girlfriend named Wendy. At this



point all the other boys thought that girls were icky, but I knew better, instinctively. And Wendy and I used to cuddle under my blanket, and I'd hold her down. Not being mean, just hold her tight so she couldn't move. And she liked it."

"Awww....that's cute."

"I later stole my mother's diamond wedding ring and gave it to Wendy. As soon as she showed up in Kindergarten with a two-carat rock on her finger, the teacher called her mother, who called my mother. I got in trouble, but I was happy to have done it."

"That's priceless."

"My sisters were hot teenage girls when I came into this world. They doted over me, and spoiled me. I learned young the beauty of being spoiled by smart, beautiful women."

"That explains it, Sir."

"Well, I also learned to throw fits to get my way, something I'm unlearning now."

"I'll never give you reason to throw a fit, Master. I'll do your bidding always."

"Good. Suck my cock, give me a backrub, and then go do my dishes."

I did. And I came at least once during each of these activities. (Though I have to admit, Daddy came up behind me and "helped" while I did dishes.) When I was done drying the last glass, I picked up an apple from the counter, cut it into slices and fed it to Him.

"Thank you, bitch. Today I braved the rain on my bicycle to get slut treats for you. I went and got yogurt, some little candy bars, apple juice, grapes, and these apples. I got apples because I remember some French film where two guys were watching a woman eat an apple on a street corner:

"'She's a whore'

'How do you know?'

'Whores are always eating apples.'

"I loved that film. Hey...whore, march your ass into my bedroom, lie on the floor. I shoot blanks, but I'm still gonna make your belly my little sperm garden tonight."

"Yes, your Honor."



I laid on the floor. He turned on his computer and looked at plump girl porn while beating off. (A man loving porn would be grounds for divorce in some relationships, but I happen to love it too. And have similar tastes in porn to Daddy. And I love it when he lovingly objectifies me.) He came all over me, rubbed it into my belly and my face, then kissed me and licked it off my face. I fell asleep on the floor like a good little slave pup. In the morning I climbed in bed with him and we cuddled and napped. I blew him awake, then lit a cigarette for him.

He said, "I went to a movie with Sally yesterday. Didn't hang out after. She's sweet and smart, but I didn't wanna fall into fucking her again. I only want you right now. Some distance is exactly what I want with her. I enjoy her as a friend, but want to wean her off liking me too much. She put her head on my shoulder in the theater, though. And I let her. I really like her as a friend. I just want it clear I'm your lover now."

Hearing this made me smile, and actually made me twitch physically. From my pussy to the top of my shoulders. He felt my girlquake, laughed and continued. "I had Sally bring me home and drop me off right after. Quite honestly, I couldn't wait to call you and communicate with your mind more. I didn't let her come in when she dropped me off. I'm a weak man. It's hard to say no sometimes, and it probably would have gone that way, knowing her."

"You can do whatever you want Sir, and I will accept it. But I really appreciate your desire for me."

"I dig you, Dollie. I've also canceled plans to go to Chicago to see a girl I met online, and canceled a fuck buddy gal who was coming down from San Fran next month. Neither ticket was bought yet, but we were about to. I can't imagine going to see them when I can see you."

"Shucks, Sir. I am twitterpated with pleasure and respect."

We slept. The next morning, he woke up as I was getting ready for work. He usually doesn't get up when I do, because he doesn't have to. But this day, he did.

"I have a present for your drive to the office, and your drive time back here. I appreciate you spending so much time to come see me, since I haven't got a car these days."

He handed me a bag. "I've burned the five most kick-ass CDs ever for you to listen to in your car. Daddy loves you. You're my good girl."

I twitched from being called a "good girl". I kissed him wordlessly, knelt by the bed in supplication, and left for the 35-mile rush-hour drive to work.



I was ecstatic, it showed, and my secretary teased again.

Why being called “good girl” makes me squirm

“Good Girl.” Daddy calls them His “magic words.”

When He says “good girl” to me, my pussy and ass clench, almost as if I were cumming. A shiver runs up my spine, and sometimes I almost convulse. My stomach flips. It even works when He writes the words in an e-mail. These reactions are completely involuntary, and often make me giggle, embarrassed. He jokes that someone must have hypnotized me and I don’t remember it.

He’s asked me why I react this way. I think it’s simple and complex, all at once.

I love to please Him. I need to please Him. When He tells me “Good girl!”, I know I have. My need is such that achieving it results in a physically pleasurable sensation.

That’s the simple part.

The complex part is why I always need to be pleasing. I think it goes back to childhood, and needing the approval of my father.

My father never abused me. Never molested me or beat me. My problem with him isn’t what he *did* do, it’s what he *didn’t* do.

I *needed* verbal affirmations of my worth. He didn’t give me as many as craved.

I think a lot of daddies don’t do this for their daughters.

I don’t wish to vilify my father here. He’s a good man, and he loves me. I didn’t always understand that he loved me, but I don’t want to blame him. I think he believed that if he didn’t push me, didn’t keep raising the bar, I’d slack off.

If he was wrong, there was no malice in it.

Nonetheless, I always felt I was a disappointment to my father. Certainly there were times I was. But I also believe that at some point I *determined* to be a disappointment, just to make things simpler for both of us. Didn’t work. Just made me miserable, and led me into some really bad choices with men later in life.

And deep in my heart, I always wanted, and always needed, to *be* a good girl. And to be told it so I would *know* I am good.



The solution was to transfer my needs away from my father, and resurrect them, when ThornDaddy found me. This didn't happen overnight. This whole process took many years, first pulling that power away from my father and holding it inside me. I had to learn to hold onto my own power before I could safely give it away again. Then learn where it was safe to offer it up. My new Daddy makes me safe. Thank God He found me.

And now I'm a good girl again.

CHAPTER THREE

Honeymoon period

In the first few months of our romance, we wrote each other constantly via e-mail. I work a 9-5 job as a paralegal, and Daddy works at home, as a writer and filmmaker. It's hard for me to make a lot of personal calls from work, but I can send e-mails without getting in trouble.

We'd often send 10-20 e-mails a day each back and forth. Many of them were short, more like a conversation than a letter. They ranged from deeply intellectual and spiritual, to mushy and cutesy, and covered the complete continuum between.

Here are some e-mails back and forth from myself to Daddy early on in our relationship, after we'd met in person:

Daddy Wrote:

I love you.

Dollie Wrote:

I love you too, Daddy.

Daddy Wrote:

I love your ass.

Dollie Wrote:

I love you *in* my ass. I love the feeling of your cum spraying my guts. I love the tickle as it seeps and trickles out, reminding me of what has happened. When I was driving home the other night, I felt your cum creeping into my panties and I had to reach down and gather it on my fingers so I could taste you again.

Daddy Wrote:

I had a fucking blast, and can't wait to see you and pet you and kiss you and talk again. You're the frosting on the cat.



Dollie Wrote:

I had the best time I've had in years. You are simply wonderful. Saturday seems forever away, Daddy. You make me shake, you make me weak, you take my breath away.

Daddy Wrote:

I love and honor and venerate that you give me the choice of that breath to do with as I please. I promise never to take it away for too long. You are far more useful to me alive than not. In a way, sex has always made me feel alive, proved to me that reality is not just a dream in the mind of some giants in the sky....And I have so many dead friends, that when I make love to you, I fuck you that much harder, nail you to the center of the earth with my cock, to vindicate the beautiful women turned by worms, the vessels of spirituality and sex that rot in the ground.

Dollie Wrote:

Ah, Daddy, you're like someone I conjured out of a dream. I never imagined there could be anyone like you, that would make me feel as I do when I'm with you. Or even when I'm away from you.

Life has taken on the flavor of a dream and I never want to wake. You come into my body and my fantasies like you did last night, seamlessly joining reality and imagination until I can barely tell where one begins and the other ends. I never believed reality could surpass my desires and fancies, but it has. It is. You are.

You said you feel you've taken another step along the path, moving into a new phase. I've felt that way since we met, as if you revealed to me the woman I was always meant to be. Every day is a lesson in knowing her better, fitting myself ever more closely to the contours of the design you've uncovered. Not forcing myself into an unnatural state, but a discovery of the form that always existed, but which I couldn't touch.

Thank you, Sir.

—Dollie

Daddy Wrote:

Subject: My sweet baby squitten girlfriend

Shucks. Hey....before I beat you too much, let's go get full body massages on Saturday. I know a Thai place that's 40 bucks an hour and heavenly.

Dollie Wrote:

Oh yes. That does sound perfect.

Daddy Wrote:

Subject: Wow....

I woke up from my nap just now missing you like a drug.



Dollie Wrote:

Almost scary, isn't it? But I like, I like. And I want more.

Daddy Wrote:

I adore the fuck outta you.

Dollie Wrote:

And I adore you too, Daddy.

We deserve massages. Definitely! And damn, I need one. You wiped me out. What was it you promised to do? Nail me to the ground with your cock? Well, you succeeded.

Daddy Wrote:

Wear pearls tonight.

Dollie Wrote:

And I will, just for you.

Daddy Wrote:

You are such a classy bitch.

Dollie Wrote:

Thank you.

Daddy Wrote:

I'm gonna fuck you cross-eyed.

Dollie Wrote:

I know you are. You already have, and I can't wait for more.

Daddy Wrote:

I purr the hell outta you.

Dollie Wrote:

Yes, you most certainly do! Good lord, I feel completely pummeled and wasted this morning. And so very well used. It's a lovely feeling, and I thank you.

Oh Daddy, I need to be with you. I can't wait to lick your asshole, suck your cock, do your dishes and serve you in any other way you like.

Many kisses and so much purring!

On Feminism

Let me say it clearly: My desire to be submissive and subservient to Daddy does not conflict with my core belief in sexual social parity.



I am not anti-feminist. I am fully against the idea of superiority based upon gender alone.

Yet I do not believe that gender can, or should, be ignored.

I do believe in equal consideration in all areas of society, regardless of sex. Equal pay for equal work. Suffrage. The right to own property, the right to choose when we work, where we work, when we have sex, and with whom.

Women fought hard to win these rights, and it's right that we have them.

The difference between a sub and a subservient wife from the 1800s is this: A subservient wife is mandated to be so by societal convention (including religion). But a sub is a woman who has all the rights named above, but makes a conscious choice to surrender some, or all, of these rights, *on her own terms, to someone she chooses*.

Men and women are different, thank God. Neither, as a group, is superior one to the other. People are individuals, each with strengths and weakness unique to themselves.

The same is true of my submission. It is unique to me. And to the man to whom I offer my submission.

I do not submit because I am female. I submit because I am *me*. I submit to *Daddy* because he is the man for whom I cannot be otherwise.

If Daddy were a misogynist, I would not love and venerate him as I do. At all.

If he did not respect women, as equals, I would not feel as I do about him. He would not inspire me to be all the woman I can in order to please him.

But in our private life, in our bedroom/dungeon/play space, he is Lord and Master, and I would never have it different.

I am happiest, as a woman, serving one man I love and honor. It touches the deepest parts of my femininity to serve him, sexually and also pro-saically. I love that I cannot ask Daddy for sex, but can never deny him if he wants it. Being on call makes me shimmer. And I love to cook for him. Clean his kitchen. Scrub his floor. Suck his cock, when and only when *he* wants it. Be constantly available for his enjoyment. I am there to *serve* him. And in so doing, I myself am served.

The lifestyle I live with Daddy is not for everyone. I'm not sure I would want it to be. I would never imply that any one way could be right for all.



But our way fulfills me as nothing else ever could. It is the *only* way for me.

I deal here primarily with the male Dominant/female submissive dynamic. It's what I know, and it's who Daddy and I are. Regardless, this slant is not because I/we don't recognize the validity of all the other dynamics present in the BDSM, or even vanilla, world. We believe that much of the dynamic works the same, irrespective of the relative genders involved.

Daddy Wrote:

I updated my Bondage.com profile today. It now reads:

Why are you here? (On Bondage.com, or on Earth, or both)

I was on here to meet sweet romantic slut with a brain. Brains are good. I can only fuck 5 or 6 times in a row, then conversation is good.

But I've met one. DollieLlama.

I do not call Dollie just my sub or slave. I also call her my girlfriend. Not only does she suck my cock on command, lick my buttohole, get whipped by me, and cum 40 times in 24 hours as I nail her to the center of the Earth with my cock, but she dresses up real classy and we go out to dinner and hold hands and go on dates and see movies and stuff. I pet her a lot and am very sweet when I'm not whipping her and cumming in all her holes.

I believe that women are on this Earth to serve men. But I do not believe that women are lesser than men, but equally important, to complete us.

Sometimes I believe that women are even superior to men. They are more beautiful and perfect. And Dollie cums five times (or more) to my one.

The mind is as important, if not more so, than sex. So I'm still into meeting and talking with cool women on here. And I have the blessings of my gal to do so. (I'm a Dominant with a lot of respect for the woman being supplicative to me.)



I've always been into role play and rough sex, but I have never been to a bondage bar or event. I like to keep it "off the streets where it might frighten the horses."

Also, I need to be around people with creative spirits, and they're hard to find "out in the plastic world."

Dollie Wrote:

I love this. And I love you.

Daddy Wrote:

Subject: I'm beating them off with a stick!

Now that I'm fucking you, more girls like me. I'm getting hit on on bCom, and old girlfriends are somehow coming out of the woodwork and calling me. The energy is in the air....

Dollie Wrote:

Damn....competition....

Daddy Wrote:

I just got hit on by some Christian submissive on CollarMe.com. (I am curious about Christian sub women. I've only chatted with one other.) And another chick on there is after me.

I told them both I'd like to be friends, told them about you.

Dollie Wrote:

You are such a sweetie.

Daddy Wrote:

The Christian slut told me that in the Bible, God calls for women to submit to their men. As unpopular and as un-PC as that sounds, I kinda like it.

She says she loves her job, but no career is going to fulfill a woman the way submitting to a man and performing her godly/womanly duties would.

Dollie Wrote:

I think she's right, at least about the fulfillment part. And really, who ever thought the Bible was PC? I don't see that as being an issue anyone ever took into consideration.

I think of the male/female dynamic as a gestalt, each with it's own unique contribution, combining to make something greater than either could be alone, each providing things the other is not equipped, or even destined/designed, to do.



And I love the way you want to show me off!

Daddy Wrote:

I had to look up "gestalt." I love you. And not only because you're smart.

Dollie Wrote:

Mmm, love you too, Daddy. As for being smart, here's the thing: Gestalt appeals to me because I'm wretched at math so anything that essentially says $1+1=3$ is OK with me.

Daddy Wrote:

The Christian slut has interesting ideas, that women were put on Earth to serve men, and that God wants this. She put this in my head. And she said she'd like to do me and another woman. I asked her, "Isn't homosexuality a sin?" She said, "Not if it's women doing it for the pleasure of a man."

I like that in a woman.

I'm looking at every woman I see now, thinking, "You are here to serve men." Not sure I really believe it 100% yet, but it gives me a boner. I do think that women can submit to men well, and are well suited to it. It's a yin/yang thing.

The Crucifixion of Jesus is quite a BDSM image if you think about it: hot, sexy, longhaired dude bound to a cross and whipped. He's tied and tortured, sublimating his pain for the redemption of others. I could go on...and on...(Though his stringing up was not consensual, and BDSM, by definition, is.)

And women, through the ages and today, are kneeling before Him, serving His spirit and memory. In chastity and absolute devotion.

Nuns are married to Jesus. Some even wear a wedding ring.

Dollie Wrote:

I wonder if the Crucifixion could be considered consensual. Some theologians might argue that it was. Either way, sometimes we girls let a man slap us and then turn the other cheek for more...Lol...And priests are collared to God...They even wear a collar.

Daddy Wrote:

That's different.

Dollie Wrote:

I was kidding. Just kitten, Daddy.



Besides, with all the ugliness going on with priests and little boys these days, I don't want to bring them into this. It's bad enough that, because of the sensationalist media, people equate BDSM with serial murders. Why make it worse?

Daddy Wrote:
Damn straight, sister.

You know, there *is* a lot in the Bible to support sex slaves and BDSM, if the Bible is your sort of kink:

Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shalt deliver his soul from hell.
—Proverbs 23:14

Wives should be subject to their husbands as to the Lord.
—Ephesians 5: 22

Women should remain silent in the churches. They are not allowed to speak, but must be in submission, as the Law says.
—1 Corinthians 14:34

A woman should learn in quietness and full submission.
—1 Timothy 2:11

When a man strikes his male or female slave with a rod so hard that the slave dies under his hand, he shall be punished. If, however, the slave survives for a day or two, he is not to be punished, since the slave is his own property.
—Exodus 21:20-21

Slaves, obey your earthly masters with deep respect and fear. Serve them sincerely as you would serve Christ.
—Ephesians 6:5

Christians who are slaves should give their masters full respect so that the name of God and his teaching will not be shamed.
—1 Timothy 6:1-2

You are not your own; You were bought at a price. Therefore, honor God with your body.
—1 Corinthians 6:19-20

Dollie Wrote:
It's all in how you read it. To me, it's not a matter of inequality, it's a matter of each doing what they are best suited for, and creating something bigger/better/happier/safer. Again, it's gestalt...synergy.

Daddy Wrote:
I'm really running in my mind with what that Xtian slut said about women



being here to serve men. And I've tempered it with your gestalt observation.

Dollie Wrote:

I do agree with her...even if you discount the strictures in biblical philosophy about the proper role for man and woman, and look at it from an anthropological point of view, I mean, very basic and old. How did the species arrange itself when we were hunter/gatherers? The man provided the brawn, and the woman the nurture. And even in that context, it doesn't mean that each one can't adopt some aspects of the other's role. You nurture me when you pet me, but that doesn't mean I will be less servile or that I am not the one to defend you, perhaps by providing you with the space/time/peace to do as you need. The outward trappings of the actions are easy to quantify, but the underlying interplay is much less distinct.
—Dollie

Here are e-mails exchanged around this time, between Daddy and Amy. (Amy is a friend of Daddy's, and a potential slave gurl for us.)

ThornDaddy Wrote:

Today I made Dollie cum 30 times. In about 90 minutes. Ten times by fucking her ass. Ten times by 69ing her. Ten times by fucking her pussy.

Attached is a photo of her after. She is propping herself up on the sink to keep from falling over, because her legs were shaking so hard.

I love how that much sex makes a woman look. When you think about it, everything women do to make themselves more attractive is to make them look fucked, ravished and ravishing. When you fuck a woman for hours, her hair rats out (looks like teased hair), her lips get swollen and red (collagen injections and lipstick), her cheeks flush (rouge), her eyes swell and the lids turn dark (eyeliner, mascara, eye shadow) and she smells pretty (perfume).

Women's Health magazine says that it takes the average woman 27 minutes to cum.

But Dollie ain't the average woman.

Amy Wrote:

And don't forget that our orgasms are more intense than yours to boot.

ThornDaddy Wrote:

Yup. At orgasm number 28 Dollie rolled her eyes up in her head, convulsed like she was having an epileptic fit. I stopped for a minute, thinking she was dying. After 30 orgasms, she had bruises on the top of her feet from curling her toes too hard inside her pumps.



Amy Wrote:

It's a shame women in general are so out of touch with their sexuality. I mean, even the smell of a man turns me on, and offends some women.

ThornDaddy Wrote:

Women are here to serve men, they say, but sometimes I think that men are really here to serve women! There is a gestalt. The more subservient Dollie is to me, the more receptive she is, and the harder I fuck her and work to please her. She washed my feet like Mary of Bethany when she got here. That's probably why I fucked her enough to make her cum 30 times.

Amy Wrote:

Why has society repressed us so? I'll tell you why, thousands of years ago some little insecure man in a position of power with a male superiority complex just couldn't deal with that reality, and worked hard to repress women so much that they became solely receptacles for cum for baby-making purposes.

ThornDaddy Wrote:

I agree. Though I'm not very jealous of women's orgasms. I ain't scared. It's *love* that's scary!

Amy Wrote:

The little bastard. To this day, most women are afflicted by his menace. I have two girlfriends who don't enjoy sex. To them, it's just an act to satisfy their husbands. They'd be happy if they only had to "do it" twice or even once a month. I pity them. I, on the other hand, just rubbed one out and probably will do so again before bedtime. I haven't had sex in 6 days, and I'm getting that tick in my neck that says, "Fuck me now please!"

ThornDaddy Wrote:

Dollie had a sore neck, literally, and it was fine after we fucked. I grabbed her back and kneaded her as I fucked, and pushed and pulled her around. Like a Rolf fuck! "Baby, I *knead* you!"

Amy Wrote:

Thank you for the VERY dirty pix of you two. Damn. How was your and Dollie's weekend otherwise?

ThornDaddy Wrote:

Sexcellent. I stayed at her house last night, in The Valley. Very nice neighborhood, very mellow. Went out for sushi, then went home, cuddled and watched movies. I got to meet her daughter. (Twenty-three years old and six-foot one. Jesus, what a heartbreaker!) I loved Dollie's cats (Wicca and George) and they loved me. We also went to visit my cat, Pussy, at her new home. First time I've seen Pussy in six weeks. Was nice. I



brought her a burrito to bribe her so she'd remember me. It worked.
Mew!

—ThornDaddy

Dollie Wrote:

Thank you for sharing your letters to Amy with me, Daddy.
I love how that much sex made me look (and feel). And how we women imitate that in our beauty regimes, hair, face, smell. And let's not forget the arched ankle of high heels and the firm and swollen breasts of arousal.

And as for you, dear Daddy, yes, I love your smell. I find the idea of you overwhelming and wonderful. The actuality of you is almost beyond my ability to encompass. I love you, Daddy.

Daddy Wrote:

Damn, babydroll, I mew the hell outta you.

I want to be good at being the love of your life. And one day at a time I'll do that. I'm quite whelmed.

I wish I could sniff you now.
Back to sleep for me.

—PurrrBot's Daddy

Dollie Wrote:

Sweet cat dreams, Sir.

Daddy Wrote:

Subject: Your memory permeates my bed.
After you left, I rolled around in my bed like a kitty. The sheets smelled like my sweat, your sweat, pussy, perfume, my cum, and smoke.

Dollie Wrote:

Ah...good times. Good times, indeed. I think it should be possible to bottle smells like that, so they can be preserved, and pulled out when needed—like lonely Wednesday nights. I spent time in front of the mirror this morning, looking at the marks you left on me and remembering. I love my souvenirs. I wish I could wear them openly, like badges.



CHAPTER FOUR

Nature or nurture?

One night in bed, after an amazing bout of lovemaking, I asked Daddy, "Do you think the desire to be into BDSM is born or learned? Is it nature or nurture?"

He paused, took a drag on his smoke, and launched into a spirited monologue:

"It's probably a bit of both for me.

"I had a very strong mother and have a very weak father. Well, he's not weak as a father, he did OK. And he's a good guy, but my mother, a very strong woman, pushed him around, and he took it.

"He remarried and his bitchy wife REALLY pushes him around, with considerable mental cruelty. And he takes it. And hates it. He's not a sub, he just has no spine when it comes to women. Maybe I want to vindicate him.

"Also, my preferred body type in women, and dress style, is much like my mother: Foxy, plump, big boobs, wearing pumps, slips, perfume, makeup, etc.

"My mother dressed classy, I like to take the same style and whore it up in my women. And they *have* to dress in a slip. When you're a woman in my home, you dress like a sweet whore. Always.

"I was pretty much trying to be in control from the gate. From age zero to around age six, my two foxy teenage sisters cared for me a lot, took me cool places, and I would throw tantrums to get my way. I usually won. Then they went off to college and I was set in my ways of getting my way.

"Later, I learned non-tantrum methodologies for getting my way."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I've always tended to try to take the dominant role with everyone. For example, I prided myself on reading up on everything so I could raise my hand in class and tell my teachers when they were wrong.

"Funny. I have a good friend I've known for 15 years, but we never talked about our kink life. We love each other but she and I always fought, and we were never lovers. I visited her in Prague recently, and we fought like a married couple and made up, several times a day. I was talking to her this week and she said 'I found a new slave boy. I'm loving it.' I said, 'I



didn't know you were into that. So you're a Dominant?' She said 'Yeah.' I said 'I am too.'

"Makes sense why we fought so much now. Two top dogs fighting for every bone."

"Oh yeah, Daddy. I remember you talking about her. So....How did you move from being a bratty kid to the wonderful man you are now?"

"When I was 21, I moved to San Francisco. Very sex-positive, kink-friendly town. I met a gal who asked me to slap her while we fucked. I dug it. I had a lot of girlfriends later who I dominated, in and out of the bed. They would sometimes run away barking from the first slap, but usually stuck around for a while. But most of them were not natural true subs. I didn't know there was such a triumphant creature extant. The girls I knew liked rough sex, but wouldn't go get me a glass of water after the act.

"Women either love spankings, whippings and serving, or they don't. You can't 'teach' someone. It's like teaching a left-handed person to be right-handed. So is trying to get people into BDSM to be *not* into it, to 'cure' them. It's impossible. It's how we're made.

"I had no idea there were real, smart, pretty, sweet human women who loved to be dominated until I got on bCom. I adore you kitty. My life is getting more and more amazing every day. Now suck my dick and lick my butthole."

"Yes Sir."

And I did.

Daddy Wrote:

I loved when we both cried during the scene in Crash where Matt Dillon's character pulls the lady he raped out of the burning car.

Dollie Wrote:

Oh lord, that did tear me up. Confession: I do cry a lot at movies. Hallmark commercials, cute baby kitties. I can be a total sap. Nonetheless, I loved that we were both crying, too. I wish we were sharing it now.

Daddy Wrote:

We are. I'm watching the film again, with director's commentary on. It's cool.

Dollie Wrote:

I can't wait to see you.

2.5 days and counting. It seems like forever, and I think I assaulted my



pillow last night. It didn't want to look me in the eye this morning.

Daddy Wrote:

You dirty little squitten! Stop molesting the pillows!

Dollie Wrote:

But you weren't there! What's a girl to do!?

I am astonished with our love. So quick, yet so natural. It feels perfect.

Daddy Wrote:

My gestalt-slutty moaning little man toy with a marvelous brain and heart.

Waiting hurts.

Purrrr...

Dollie Wrote:

You're right it does. I have this ache from my chest to my crotch. My body misses you. And so does my heart.

Daddy Wrote:

And I adore you so much.

Dollie Wrote:

Mmm, that's good, cuz I adore what you do to me.

Daddy Wrote:

I'm whelmed with you.

Dollie Wrote:

Oh my. Shucks. I'm just me. But still, I am so glad you feel that way, and so glad you found me. You devastate me. In a good way.

Daddy Wrote:

I love what you write to me and I mew you very much. I really do think you are a gift from God. I am ecstatic.

Dollie Wrote:

You know, every now and then we really do get what we deserve. And I think we both deserve each other.

Daddy Wrote:

Yes! Once in a while the big switchboard in the sky gets it right. Squeal ya swoon, baby. Back to bed for me, with a boner, a smile and a happy heart.

Dollie Wrote:

You make me squeal...and swoon. And damn, I wish I were there to help



you out with that boner. My mouth (and more) is watering just thinking about it. I'm salivating from both ends.

Daddy Wrote:

I just sent this to my friend Howie Kafka:

Subject: Why Submission is a Gift.

My sub has on her bCom profile, "I can be your footstool, but I'll never be your doormat...."

This is part of what attracted me to find her, to seek her out in person.

I do consider submission a gift. And my sub is so NOT a bitchy princess. And she would never top from the bottom. We also have no safeword. One is not needed. I can read her eyes and movements and soul and have never taken her too far.

She lives to serve me and it's the greatest gift I've ever had in my life. And I treat it in my heart with sweetness and kick-ass appreciation, even as I'm caning the fuck out of her ass or biting her as we mate.

Dollie Wrote:

That's beautiful, Sir. I don't even know how to react to that. But I do know that I love being shown off.

Daddy Wrote:

Hey Dollie! I miss ewe!

I kiss you dearly, my slutty, slishy little cream pie dolly.

I'm tired but at the coffee shop on my laptop with my wireless. I've got so much work to do on so many projects, and feel like, "If I had an office job I'd have to show up even if I were tired." So, to be a worker among workers, I dragged myself here.

I often get what I call "reverse insomnia." I fall asleep fine, but get up too early, mainly because I'm so excited to work on my many projects.

I got up early today because I'm zapped with sexual energy for you. You've awoken a very powerful napping lion. I may have to pray for sanity on that. I'm not sure that being a little obsessed with our buzz is sustainable. But it's sure working now. (Though when something affects my sleep and work, I have to look at it.)

I think it will be fine, the pendulum will swing back to the middle soon, and I'll just fuck you five times a day rather than ten, and only think about you most, instead of all, of the time.



I need you.

Dollie Wrote:

Daddy, I admit I'm a bit blown away too. But I know we'll find our peace along with the bliss we've found.

Daddy Wrote:

You know, I love fucking your mouth, pussy and ass. And I love that you give yourself an enema and clean out your ass before we play in your backyard. Your asshole is a perfect, clean, lickable little porthole to love, available for me any time. Wow....I'm gasping with the implications.

I wanna brushy brush your pretty hair, pet you and lick your ass. And kiss you on the lips and look you in the eyes while I fuck you.

Dollie Wrote:

And now you've set all those varied orifices a-flutter, along with my heart. Nothing compares to looking into your eyes as you make me cum — again and again and again. I sniffed your T-shirt at work today, in the bathroom, and masturbated in the stall.

Daddy Wrote:

I'm gonna wear the same underwear until Wednesday and make you sniff it. Maybe give it to you if you're good.

Dollie Wrote:

Mmm, pheromone-saturated man-panties. Guess I better be extra good if I want more rewards.

Daddy Wrote:

Also, I want you to wear a bra when you're with me, in private, and in public. I like the look.

Dollie Wrote:

Anything Daddy, anything you say.

Daddy Wrote:

I'm sure the neighbors can hear us fucking from out in the hall. No one's mentioned it yet, but I'm sure.

I had a funny dream last night. I dreamt an angry dyke couple moved into my building. I walked out in the hall one day and they were there, one was eating a sandwich. The other one made mock sex noises and the first one sarcastically said "Hey...why don't I share my sandwich with you and you can fuck me in the ass all night long?"

I ordered more lube from www.gunoil.com. I make a great mix, the perfect viscosity: It's 2/3 Gun Oil H2O, and 1/3 silicon-based Gun Oil. The silicone stuff is way too slippery by itself, and hard to clean up. The water-



based stuff cuts it and makes it just right, and also easy to clean up with water. (It's like salad dressing though...you have to shake before you use.)

Daddy loves you. You're such a good girl.

Dollie Wrote:

I love being called "good girl." You make me twitch, Daddy.
I live to please you. Slime me, Daddy, inside and out!

My day was OK, but it sure has gotten better with you to think of. You make me feel beautiful, loved and cherished. And I still don't know what I did right, but I sure want to keep doing it!

Daddy Wrote:

When I was a bike messenger in Frisko I used to get so horny from looking at all the women working in the offices, and riding my bike a lot made me even hornier...my ass vibrating up and down those hills, that I'd beat off between deliveries. Often in a stairwell.

Dollie Wrote:

Mmmm, I'd love to do you in a stairwell. On my knees, and you standing above me—hands full of my hair as I choke on your cock. Fuck my face, Daddy!

You know, what makes you happy makes me happy.
I'll do anything you ask me to. Anything.

Daddy Wrote:

Would you suck a stranger's cock if I told you to?

Dollie Wrote:

Yes.

Daddy Wrote:

I probably won't, but the fact that you would makes me happy. Very. I love that you want to please me in every way, not just in sex.

I wouldn't ask you to do anything stupid though...I hate those masters who try to limit the slave's access to their family, the ones who answer and filter their slave's e-mail, etc. I want you free, even though you're giving me latitude, hell, giving me *everything*.

Dollie Wrote:

Well, I do have my selfish motivations. You see, I figure if you're happy, and I helped make you happy, you're going to be more inclined to do the same for me. And stick around longer.



Daddy Wrote:

It makes me want to slut you down and love you and pet you even more.

Dollie Wrote:

See??? I rest my case. (Told you I'm a greedy wench.)

Daddy Wrote:

Subject: I'm not really Cash Newmann any more

....and I really do love you.

(The following is my response to an excerpt from a novel that Daddy wrote called *Starving in the Company of Beautiful Women*. The story stars Cash Newmann, a character based on Daddy when he was an active drunk and junkie. A selection from the book was attached in the e-mail Daddy sent me. In it, Cash and two older women abuse Jillian, a clueless 18-year-old girl, in bed, with her permission. Her permission was only granted because of her low self-esteem. Cash Newmann and the women shoot the innocent gal up with speed, and make her have sex with them for about 72 hours. And videotape it and put it on the Internet. Cash Newmann feels so bad that he kills himself (or maybe ODs accidentally) a few pages later.

Dollie Wrote:

I'm glad I read the subject line before I read your story. (Which by the way, I truly enjoyed. But it also made me want to cry, for Jillian). It's like this—whether you can see it or not, I'm really a scared little girl inside, afraid of being hurt. Oh, not physically, but afraid of the kind of pain that takes my breath away. The kind that vibrates out from the center of my chest and makes everything I see gray and black. It's a part of me I don't often admit to, maybe most especially to myself.

You asked me what Dollie was emerging from. In a way, it's a bluff, to myself and the world, that the pit that sucked me in for so many years is really only a puddle of tears that has evaporated, leaving only some salt to season the rest of my life.

Yet in a way it's true. I don't wake up feeling broken anymore. But I am also ever aware that the Superglue I used to put those pieces back together only needs the right solvent to dissolve. And part of the compound that makes up that solvent is me—my feelings—my vulnerability. But I also realize that letting myself feel/trust/love is the only way that the glue is going to stick for the long term. What I'm really trying to say is, forgive me if I continue to tell you, "I love you, Daddy." But know this: The day I say "I love you, Michael" (instead of just "I love you, Daddy"), I will truly, completely mean it, and I will have handed you my heart and soul and breath and being.



No matter how this sounds, it is a compliment. You scare me, ThornDaddy. You scare me because I can see in you so much of what it's going to take to finally dry up that puddle. And I've lived so long like this that change frightens me. I'm afraid to soar because I can't stop thinking of crashing. But I want to fly.

Daddy Wrote:

I will try to keep you flying as much as I can, and pick you up if you crash a little. And I treasure you more for letting me do all the things you let me do, knowing what you've just shared.

I'm digging loving with you.

Dollie Wrote:

Thank You....kisses....licks....hugs...

And I fucking love fucking you, Daddy. Pet me, I purr. Fuck me, and I'll cum under you. Cum on me, and I'll lick up every last drop. Yummy!

God, Daddy, I miss you. I miss your smell. I miss your taste. I miss your cock. I miss your kind eyes.

Good thing I can enjoy your mind like this, in writing, or I might just explode before I see you.

You know, I'd say pinch me so I'd know if I'm dreaming. But you know what that would do—just make me moan even more.

Daddy Wrote:

It's a gestalt....

("Behind every great man is a good woman he steals all his ideas from."
—Cash Newmann)

Dollie Wrote:

Ah, now that's a Cash Newmann I could become quite fond of.

I miss you. I want to be there with my mouth and pussy and asshole wide open.

Daddy Wrote:

Baby kitty, I bow my head before you and humbly kiss your heart. You are my sweet slave who has given me her body to use on command. I love our love, and your mind. And I think I really *can* take all you have to give.

Dollie Wrote:

Brave man. Thank You.



Daddy Wrote:

Sweet petting and soul kisses to you on this wonderful day.

I'm feeling blessed.

Dollie Wrote:

Yes. That is just how I feel. Kisses to you, my love.

Daddy Wrote:

The virgin Christian slut stopped writing me. I guess she prayed and the answer was no. Oh well, there's cuter, younger girls out there.

I'm going to contact some of them on our behalf for our future rainy-day fun.

Don't worry, you're my momma cat. If we slap around a kitten, I'll still just love you.

Dollie Wrote:

Hey Daddy, lover. As for getting a slut slave girl, yeah, I'm probably ready to play. Whatever Daddy wants. Just don't make them so young and cute I start feeling inadequate, old and wasted :-D

Daddy Wrote:

How young is too young? 18? 20? Lol....

Dollie Wrote:

I'm half kidding, and half serious. Well, maybe insecure is a better word than inadequate. Part of me thinks it'd be fun to play with you and some other slut, and half of me is nervous. I'll get over it, but please indulge my foolish worries.

Daddy Wrote:

I'll probably make sure they're plump, that's for sure.

I'd probably make her scrub out my toilet. I'd rename her too. Call her something like "Lisa Marie."

That woman I sent photos of, the one I call "Anonymous Slut", thinks you're adorable and loves all the pix we took. She says when she gets back to LA in a month, she'll be our whipping toy for a trial basis. She's 33, I think. And plump. And smart. And I like her but could never fall in love with her. Good choice.

Dollie Wrote:

My previous nasty comment notwithstanding, I'm gonna push my karma and tell you I don't think she's all that cute in the photos you sent. However, is that a requirement for me? Maybe not. Might make me feel *more* secure. Oh lord, now I'm being petty and superior too. I better shut



up before I really incur the wrath of the powers.

Daddy Wrote:

Subject: Plump buffet, skip the bib.

I was watching some movie and a character made a comment about "Fat girls are the grateful type...." I was offended.

I don't think plump women are grateful because someone fucks them, I think they just naturally enjoy sex more. Plump women are plump because they do not deny themselves the finer things in life. They are gals who can't get enough food, dick, love, hugs, cocaine, booze, cigarettes, chocolate etc.

I love the look and feel of plump women more than them skinny little things, and I love the spirit more on the squishy kitties.

I want to be plump with love and kisses at the all-you-can-eat plump buffet.

P/s

I have strength to help you help yourself be whole.

Dollie Wrote:

Thank You, Daddy. I think I need it. And in return, I'll do anything You want me to. I'll be your little suck-fuck-cook-and-clean bot.

Daddy Wrote:

Hmmm....You just capitalized "You" to me in the middle of a sentence. I've noticed a lot of slaves do that. Was it an accident?

Dollie Wrote:

No, it was intentional. You're so sharp, Daddy. i didn't know if You'd catch it. You are my Daddy and my Master and i want to show my respect and love in my writing.

Daddy Wrote:

And you just made "i" small case. I love it! Feel free to do it, but you needn't do it every time. Just when you think of it.

Dollie Wrote:

i will, Daddy. It's fun and i like to do it for You.

Daddy Wrote:

I'm gonna nap now. I'll pet myself and think of you, and sleep for an hour. I'll send you some sleep to refresh you.



Dollie Wrote:
You do refresh me.

I hope you sleep happy! I'm feeling much more myself today. But I still miss you.

Daddy Wrote:
I will accept your full love when you're ready. And don't need it before. Take your time with me. Even though we are moving fast, it's not a bad thing. We both needed this, and it came when we were ready for it. I believe in a god that helps with things like that. Like the big switchboard in the sky, routing deliveries.

Dollie Wrote:
i like that switchboard idea more every time You mention it. i may have to steal it from You (with Your permission, of course). And yeah, i think the speed this is going at has hit me. But, as You said, not a bad thing. i just need to relax a bit and let it move me.

This Saturday cannot come soon enough for me, by the way.

Daddy Wrote:
After we get our massages on Saturday, I will fill a condom half full of lube, half full of hand lotion (and a little warm water), mix it so it looks like cum, and pour it all over you while I fuck you. It's a new & improved formula I came up with, even better than before.

Dollie Wrote:
I read that at work, just before I left, and I have to tell you, the whole idea made me really wet.

Daddy Wrote:
Also, should I wash the sheets before you cum here? I would like to not wash them. Something about fucking again on our scents turns me on. I won't let it go too far, I'll wash them before you come back again next week, but let me know if I should do them before Saturday.

Dollie Wrote:
Confession: I was hoping you'd not wash them. But I guess I was too shy to say so, silly me.

Daddy Wrote:
Also, do you mind that I ask your permission sometimes before I have my way with you with things like this? It seems natural to me to ask, and I like doing it, at least for now. But I guess if it's a turn off, I could try to be bossier.

Dollie Wrote:
It's never a turn off! Here's how I see it: I believe in consent, in this kind



of thing, well, all things. So, I agree, it's natural and right to check beforehand. Once I've said yes to something, it's up to you to decide when you wanna. If it's something I might or might not want to do, I'll tell you so, and trust you to check again to be sure before you do it.

I purr at you, Daddy...

Daddy Wrote:

Good. I'm gonna soak you with a tall glass of fake sperm on our dirty sheets and swim in the joy.

Dollie Wrote:

Whoohoo!!!!

Daddy Wrote:

God, it sort of hurts not having you in my arms.

Dollie Wrote:

Hurts not being there.

Daddy Wrote:

Subject: Sluts in our bed

If it's OK with you, *it will* happen one day. Daddy knows what's best for us.

Dollie Wrote:

I'm sure it will be alright. I guess I was just letting you know it's something I'll have to grow into.

Daddy Wrote:

Is this a problem? As I've said, I kinda think slave girls should be plump. And maybe young. Makes 'em more vulnerable somehow.

I loves me some yummy little fungible plumplings.

Dollie Wrote:

No, it's not a problem. I might have issues if she were too young, and by that I mean some kid in her early 20s. But that's more an experience-and-does-she-know-what-she's-getting-into thing than anything else. (That's the mom in me!)

Daddy Wrote:

These photos of her are recent.

Dollie Wrote:

OK, maybe it's because she's got her mouth full of cock, but I think these are more flattering, lol.



Daddy Wrote:

Another consideration in slave girls is that they not fall in love with us, and be sane, and have similar likes and willingness in the bedroom. Anonymous Slut fits the bill.

Dollie Wrote:

Yep, you're reading some of my concerns.

Daddy Wrote:

If you would prefer, I could only look for 18-year-old drop-dead gorgeous model types looking for love with open hearts, would that work better? Lol.

Dollie Wrote:

Ummmm.....

Daddy Wrote:

I think a slave girl should be inferior to you in several ways. And because you're my sub, whoever she is, she will be your sub also, in a way. She will serve you too, when I tell her to.

Dollie Wrote:

OK, I'm feeling better about this....

Daddy Wrote:

Good. This girl, when we're ready, and when she appears, is gonna be your dirty little cum rag as well as mine. Picture Jillian (from my story) without the drugs and the lies. Daddy knows best. Trust Daddy.

Dollie Wrote:

Yes, Daddy...

Daddy Wrote:

I like our relationship so much I want to explode. I love being with you. My room is so precious with you in it. I love nesting with my little slime tube of desire.

Dollie Wrote:

As long as you explode all over my face, OK with me.

Later that day:

Daddy Wrote:

So, Anonymous Slut has confirmed with us for when she gets back from her rescue mission for cats and dogs lost in Hurricane Katrina.

She's gonna lick you cross-eyed while I beat her ass with a cane. That little tramp.



Dollie Wrote:

Mmmm....Do I get to suck you while you do, though??

Daddy Wrote:

You are absolutely the dirtiest woman I've ever met.

Dollie Wrote:

You say the sweetest things. I love you Michael.

Daddy Wrote:

Wow. You said it. Thank you!

Dollie Wrote:

I mean it. But carry on....

Daddy Wrote:

I'm also gonna tie your pussy shut with a pretty ribbon through your loops.

Dollie Wrote:

Ooo! Can I be your present, Daddy?

Daddy Wrote:

Yes. You know, most women can't even keep up with me, let alone like the things I like, let alone touch my heart, let alone inspire me to fuck twice as much as I usually can.

Dollie Wrote:

I keep telling myself you're real. It amazes me that you are.

Daddy Wrote:

I fucking adore you.

Dollie Wrote:

And I you, my dear Daddy.

I love us. And I still love the idea of that fake cum all over me...mmm, slippery...slimy...so sexy.... Purrrrruff.

Daddy Wrote:

That foxy plumper woman from the OC that I was gonna do before I met you (the one who brought her daughter over for coffee last week) called me tonight. Saw your photos and wanted to warn me. She thought you looked evil or something. Like bad news for me. I think it was just jealousy. But I listened to her, then chatted.

She's the only person who's said anything negative. Everyone else digs



you, and I've been over-sharing the pix.

Dollie Wrote:

I think I'm just going to believe she saw all the wonderfulness in you that I do, and was being genuine and caring.

I've been ruminating about what you said earlier, about being offended to hear that plump women are grateful, when they're really just more into all life has to offer, and more vulnerable. But it's so true. We are more vulnerable. I know it's cliché, but it's also a fact that this society does an excellent job of making large women feel like dirt. Not that I think being a chubby man is a piece of cake, either. But it just doesn't quite carry the same level of failure, unworthiness, ostracism. Maybe I'm just overly sensitive, but it's always been an issue for me. I love that you make me feel sexy and beautiful. It doesn't mean I'm going to decide I really like how I look, but maybe I won't hate it as much either.

Daddy Wrote:

You're not plump to the point that I wouldn't want to show you off every chance I get. I cherish you.

Dollie Wrote:

See? That's just what I mean. You make me feel so good.

Daddy Wrote:

Ever heard that old biker joke?:

Q. What does fucking a fat woman have in common with riding a Moped?

A. It's fun until your friends find out.

Dollie Wrote:

Tell that to any plump female and see if she thinks it's funny. (Told you I was sensitive.)

So I have a trivial question for you. Since I'm going to have my nails done this Saturday before I come over, you have any preferences as to color?

Daddy Wrote:

Any shade of red.

Dollie Wrote:

Thank you, Daddy. Vixen/slut/whore red they will be.

Daddy Wrote:

While we're at it, I'd like you to grow your hair longer, and also not get any more tattoos without talking to me first. And I've changed my mind about the piercings in your labia. Take them out. They get in the way when I fuck you.



Dollie Wrote:
Of course, Daddy.... Anything you want.

CHAPTER FIVE

Whore jammies

Daddy Wrote:
I just paid the annual taxes on my rattlesnake land in New Mexico. \$7.50.

Made me happy when I mailed it.

Dollie Wrote:
My wonderful landed gentry Master...I may have to start calling you "Your Lordship."

Daddy Wrote:
Cool. I'll be "Lord Master ThornDaddy". And I'll have to buy a purple cape.

But seriously, I would like to have you wash my feet again when you get here. Kneel, wash them, anoint them, kiss them.

I love you.

Dollie Wrote:
Of course, m'Lord. It will be my pleasure. I have some very yummy foot soak and lotion stuff. I'll bring it on down with me.

I love you.

Daddy Wrote:
I'm gonna experiment with not letting you talk when you get here, or only letting you say the word "Daddy." I am also going to start not letting you talk sometimes when we're out to dinner. You know how I love to live in my own head.

Dollie Wrote:
Whatever you want, Daddy. I am happy just to breathe the same air as



you. I am a strong and smart woman but love handing my mind's reigns over to my lover.

And you know what else I'd love? When you beat off when I'm not there, can you please please please cum onto a plate and put it in your freezer? And then when I've been a good girl, when I've served you well, maybe you could give me some cum-pop ice chips as a reward? We'll have a beautiful kittyfest and photograph it for the ages.

Daddy Wrote:

My bed is a sperm bank every time you're here. You got it lover. I'll make sperm pops for you.

Damn, I love your mind.

Amy Wrote:

Why are you and Dollie comfortable inviting me in your bed when you aren't with some others? Again, asking out of curiosity.

ThornDaddy Wrote:

She wants what I want. She does everything I ask her to, but is comfortable saying no if it's something she really doesn't want to do. She's my slave pup, but out of the bed, we are equals. I dig her mind and have utmost respect for her.

I like you because you're fun to talk to, sweet, smart and very sexual, without being too "in the life."

Most gals that spend their time in bondage clubs scare me. And a lot of people I've checked out profiles of seem very broken. You don't. I'm saddened by women who want to literally be tortured, and by women who aren't allowed to check their own e-mail and whose "Masters" do it for them.

I'm freaked out by the idea of "Masters" anyway. I don't want to control every area of my play doll's life. Just the times when she's in my bedroom.

Dollie's into playing if Daddy wants it, and Daddy wants it. The only suggestions she's given me are "over 30 and not rail thin" because that would intimidate her. She's cute and plump.

You fit the bill.

Amy Wrote:

Last night, when I was talking with Steve he asked me what I liked the



most about having sex with him and my response was "It's intense and I like the way you smell."

ThornDaddy Wrote:

I love sniffin' on Dollie, and she on me. She spends many minutes just sniffing my balls and cock, and loves that I don't get frustrated and make her suck me right away when she does that. She says I'm the only man who hasn't.

I love being nuzzled by her nose.

I stopped wearing deodorant for a few days (but I'm still bathing). I'm stinking up another T-shirt for her to take home. I think I told you she took our bed sheet home and is sleeping with it.

I adore being adored by her. She's so good and wonderful about it. I think about her constantly and I feel distracted and it's hard to even work. I'm getting it done, but I keep checking my e-mail, and keep melting away into thoughts of our last time together, and thoughts of our next time. She's coming over tomorrow night! Yeah!!!

If you come over to play, you couldn't call me Daddy. We'd have to use "Sir" or something. I'm only Dollie's Daddy.

I feel like Dollie is a gift from God, and I say prayers expressing that, several times a day. And I pray with her. We like to pray naked, we pray thanks, and pray for people, and also pray "for all the kitties in the world." We end our prayers not with "amen", but with "a-mew."

Then we fuck and cum and hold each other, trembling like wet children cleaving to their parents.

—ThornDaddy

I love my whore jammies.

One of the many happy coincidences with Daddy was our mutual love of lingerie. He particularly loves women in slips or little nighties. We have one special favorite we call the "whore jammies."

The whore jammies is a very short baby doll nightgown, blood-red nylon, with white lace trim. It goes just to my hip bones. Very silky smooth to the touch, the perfect combination of Daddy's little girl and dock whore on payday. Even sluttier when combined with lace-top thigh highs and skyscraping pumps.



I love the whore jammies.

When I wear the whore jammies, put on trashy makeup and too much perfume, I know he likes what he sees. And as I've said, nothing is more important to me than pleasing Daddy.

In the whore jammies, I am the lady from the drawing room transformed into the wanton woman in the bedroom.

In the whore jammies, I am the bad little girl, precocious and naughty, in need of a good spanking.

In the whore jammies, I am the hooker he can slap in the face, just because he wants to.

In the whore jammies, I am his sweet little baby kitty, sexy and cuddling.

Daddy bought the whore jammies ten years ago in San Francisco, for fifty cents, at a used clothing store that sold clothes for six dollars a pound. I don't know how many women he's dressed up in the whore jammies, nor do I care. He has given them to me, and they are mine, as long as we're together.

When I must be away from Daddy, he lets me take the whore jammies with me, so I can sleep in them. I've even worn them when I leave his house, under my clothes. We have a wardrobe of slips that we use to dress up visiting slave girls. But he was kind enough to agree to allow me to keep the whore jammies for myself.

In the whore jammies, I'm infinitely accessible to him.

In the whore jammies, I'm never without Daddy, no matter where I am.

Every woman needs whore jammies in her life.
But not these—they're his.
And for as long as I please him, they're mine.

(Daddy sometimes sends me little role-playing e-mails while I'm working to brighten my day):



ThornDaddy Wrote:

Subject: Your transgressions in the workplace

Ms. Llama:

I was disturbed today to receive several complaints from other employees about you smelling of semen. I have reviewed your behavior with my colleagues and superiors, and we have decided we are all going to punish you. Please meet us in the copy room at 3:15 PM. You will be blindfolded, and you will turn your face away from us. We will bend you over the copier and take turns spanking you, whipping your ass, cumming in your ass, and cumming in your pussy. You will kneel and lick all of our assholes, our balls, and suck our cocks.

Since you will not be able to see, you will not know how many men you are servicing. It will be between three and seven. And we may or may not take photographs for your file.

You will then be sent home early, with a stern warning and without pay. You are to go home, give yourself an enema, wash your dirty fucking pussy, and arrive in non-sullied clothing tomorrow.

You are a woman, and as such, you are a filthy fucking kneeling slut. A dirty little crawling-on-your-knees ass-licking whore created exclusively for the pleasure of men. We are going to make you pay with your gaping, raped, swollen asshole for coming to work with the semen of other men in your panties.

Respectfully,

—TD

President of Vice

Dicktated, not read.

Dollie Wrote:

That was so hot, Daddy. I just got back from the bathroom. I had to make myself cum while reading it over and over.

Daddy Wrote:

Reply to it. In business speak.

Dollie Wrote:

Dear Mr. Daddy:

Please allow me to sincerely apologize for any disturbance I may have caused in the office today by my shameful failure to properly attend to my



personal hygiene, i.e., the smell of semen emanating from my clothing and person. I am so very sorry that my behavior caused you the bother of having to discipline me on such a distasteful subject. Certainly the entire effort is below your dignity, and a disrespectful waste of your time.

I fully understand and accept that I will be taken in back and used by you and your associates like the dirty, slutty, cocksucking whore bitch that I am. I am so ashamed, Sir. Yet, I can't deny I hope it happens again so I may suffer the punishment I will have so richly earned. I hang my head in shame before you.

Abashed, but aroused,

Ms. Llama

Daddy Wrote:
That was great!

Baby....My bedroom is a warm, subtly lit nest of privilege, patience, pleasure and sweet dark desires. It transcends time. It's the only place I know where time *slows* when you're having fun.

Come have fun with me again tomorrow.

Dollie Wrote:
I WILL! I NEED TO, DADDY!

God damn, today is crawling. Not in a good way.

Daddy Wrote:
Subject: Spare the rod and spoil the pussy cat.

I pet you, pussy doll.

I'm gonna slap your ass and legs black & blue, babyfuck. I've been slack-ing.

You are my concubine, whore, hooker, harlot, houri, geisha, madam, trol-lop, mistress, prostitute, loose, jezebel, magdalene, floozy, tramp, defiled, nubian, wayward, risqué, vulgar, indecent, immoral, immodest, irresponsible, unruly, man's ruin, racy, vulgar, bawdy, dolly, sperm-trap, unscrupulous, unethical, unprincipled, unwholesome, unclean, unsavory, ungovernable, unchaste, uncouth, libertine, licentious, tainted, promiscuous, wanton, permissive, easy, reckless, babydoll, use-me-doll, do-it-for-a-dollar-dolly, dirty-girl, fast girl, good girl, bad girl, good-time girl, wild girl, girl, lady of easy virtue, lacking morals, woman of low morals, woman of questionable morals, lingerie model, lady of the evening, lady of the



night, belladonna, consort, escort, downfallen, wicked, tart, common, meretricious, corrupt, fornicator, hose-hole, trash, hustler, party-party-girl-doll, party-doll, doll, dirty, dirty doll, dollie, debauched, perverse, free, free-love, morals-of-a-cat, pussy, ass, piece-of-ass, cake, piece of cake, cheesecake, jailbait, lolita, masseuse, cum-pot, cheese-eater, sperm-burping river rat, cum-guzzler, receptacle for semen, cum-can, cum-hole, toilet, skirt-lifter, slattern, sinful, sinner, succubus, siren, sullied, street walker, strumpet, bitch, wench, slut, slave, submissive, skeezer, skank, shameless, shameless hussy, sailors' friend, port-of-booty-call, stripper, taxi-dancer, dime-a-dance girl, two-bit whore, always after me lucky stars, adulator, homewrecker, heartbreaker, toss up, temptress, decadent, and lastly, my dick-smoking fluffer.

Daddy really really loves you. You are a good girl. Daddy is proud of you.

Dollie Wrote:

That was a great list! Purr, Daddy! Hey...Will you call and tuck me in more often? Please?

Daddy Wrote:

Subject: Tuckin' you in at night over the phone.

I love doing that. We both need more sweetness in our lives and in our hearts. And we both provide. And it's a perfectly tailored sweetness. The big switchboard done good.

Dollie Wrote:

And you know I love you doing it! You're right. Sweetness is a quality that has been sadly lacking, for me, anyway, and I'm still amazed at how wonderfully you fill that void.

I love you, Daddy.

Daddy Wrote:

When you get here, I'll meet you downstairs when you call. I'll kiss you. You won't talk. You'll go in the bathroom and get dolled up. You can't talk until after I cum in your pussy and your ass once each. And beat off and cum in your mouth.

I'll kiss your pretty red nails.

Dollie Wrote:

Yes, Sir. Just as you wish.

Daddy Wrote:

Subject: I just found a good one

"The sex was so good even the neighbors had a cigarette."



Dollie Wrote:
Big smile! I think we qualified for that.

Daddy Wrote:
Subject: "...But I have a prejudice against short men."

You know, I almost didn't contact you back when, because you said that on your bCom profile.

Dollie Wrote:
Embarrassing to know how superficial I was. Thanks again to the big switchboard in the sky for allowing me not to stay blinded and stupid. You are simply the most wonderful person that has happened to me, ever. Makes me humble to know how I almost blew it without even realizing. Not only are you good for my body, you're good for my soul.

Daddy Wrote:
I am your pocket mojo.

Dollie Wrote:
And I am so damn lucky. I love you, Daddy.

Daddy Wrote:
You also posted, "I prefer my partner(s) to be: A lot taller than me"

I'm gonna spank you for that one.

Dollie Wrote:
Please? Lord knows I deserve it. You're my redemption, Daddy. I worship you, your Honor.

Daddy Wrote:
I am stunned with you, with your joy. I adore my babykitty. Daddy loves you much.

I can't wait to pet you and make sweet love to you and whisper in your ear.

Daddy loves you, little gurl.

Dollie Wrote:
Me too. I can't wait. I'm all fluttery today, tomorrow seems so much closer. Hooray! Today seems like a waste. Just a bridge to tomorrow. I'll try to get something done, but...arggggggh!



I'm trying very hard to be good and not bother you too much, but it's not easy! Even if I'm not checking my mail, I end up opening the pic of us I sent to my work e-mail, and just looking at it, all goofy inside. Or finding reasons to roam the office so I can chat with my friends about you. But on the upside, my day's about half over, which means tomorrow's even closer.

Hey-- Name tag idea for bondage social mixer or munch....

"Hello my name is:
It doesn't matter—I'm a slave."

Daddy Wrote:
Fuck yeah, baby girl. I love it!

Dollie Wrote:
Kisses, Daddy. I love you madly.

Daddy Wrote:
Subject: When you arrive tomorrow

I want to make you kneel in front of me quietly, and submissively show me the toys and clothing you've brought. I'll make my choices and send you off to change in the bathroom. I'll lay in the bed and say a prayer of thanks to God, and you will then come to Daddy wordlessly and submit.

You will pleasure me with all your slutty cum holes, with your heart, your hands and your eyes.

You were put on this world for many reasons, but a very important one is to please me in any and all of my twisted desires. You are but a cummy little doll, made for my pleasure. You are coming here to wait hand and foot on my body and mind.

By serving, you will find release and spiritual redemption. By being served, I will find the same.

Daddy loves you. Very very much.

Dollie Wrote:
I loved this message, and I respect you too, Daddy, so very much. It will be my honor and pleasure to serve you as you desire.

If it would please you, Sir, I can start taking every Wednesday off as well as seeing you on the weekends. I have vacation time I need to use up, and you said you wanted to see me more.



Daddy Wrote:

Do it. Two nights a week ain't enough.

I need a lot. As much as you can give me.

Baby, I have grown spiritually this week with you. By leaps and jumps.

Dollie Wrote:

As have I. I've thrown away stupid prejudices and found a new freedom and joy in doing so. I sincerely meant it when I said you are my redemption.

Daddy Wrote:

You are my equal, but I love to have you serve. It's beautiful and perfect. It is prayer and there is godliness in it.

I've waited for this for decades. I'm ready for this now.

I wouldn't have been ready though, before. Cash Newmann wouldn't have been appreciative of you. He would have used you and emptied your bank account and burned your bed by smoking cigarettes while nodding out on heroin. He would slap your face even though you don't want it. He would fuck your daughter. He would wreck your car. Or vice-versa.

And he would not have adored your serving. It would have been wasted on him.

Dollie Wrote:

Everything in its time, we were just lucky enough to have made it to our time. And again, I have to utter a prayer of thankfulness for you.

Daddy Wrote:

I'm gonna go buy some slut snacks and maybe a present for you. I have a pocket fulla cash and I feel good. And I'm getting more money Monday. And more at the end of the month. God is rewarding all my thankless work on art by giving me abundance this month. In everything.

Mew.

Dollie Wrote:

It makes me smile to hear you so happy. I never want to see you sad, hungry or hurt. You deserve nothing but goodness.

By the way, Daddy...I changed my bCom profile again.

I added this:

I was here as part of my ongoing search for the right partner. But, I've been found, and he's marvelous. See more of us here at his profile ([link](#)). I am no longer looking. He found me, and I feel blessed.



Daddy Wrote:

I'm so honored. I adore you, sweetie.

Dollie Wrote:

I forgot to ask you earlier, what kind of outfit would you like me to bring to wear for going out to dinner with your business associates on Sunday? I don't have much in the way of very short skirts (other than a couple of kinda school-girl play things, and a VERY short latex mini, but I don't know how you'd feel about those/not sure they're quite the thing for this). But I do have some pretty longer ones. And perhaps it shouldn't be too revealing, as I don't know what state you're going to have me as far as marks by then, and most of the ones from the other day are still there, or have blossomed further. But I leave it to you, Daddy.

Daddy Wrote:

Something classy.

Dollie Wrote:

Oh, and for playtime, shall I bring along some shoes from the collection too? I know you asked for some more lingerie and stockings.

Daddy Wrote:

Mmm, lovely. You make me oscillate. You can tremble and together we'll cause an earthquake. You are my honey kitten, my angel food. I love when I fuck you until you twitch and tremble, and your eyes roll up in your head, what you call "girlquakes".

Dollie Wrote:

That's the way I always thought it should be, both of us, quivering. Daddy, you make me shake, you make me weak. I revere you, Daddy.

Daddy Wrote:

As for play gals, it's gonna be a tough choice to make us both happy. Not too ugly and not too cute. I think that's your parameters. Right?

Dollie Wrote:

Close enough. But, I'm sure it'll work out. Frankly, for me, it's more of a "How secure do I feel?" issue. And that is coming right along.



Mission statement Daddy wrote about potential slave girl "victims."

The best situations of submission are with people who understand the basic idea (a lot of Masters don't.) It's this:

A good sub is not someone who wants to be abused. She's a smart, strong person who gets turned on by taking a "vacation" from the responsibility of making all her own decisions. She's able to temporarily hand this over to trustworthy people who won't take advantage of it and take it too far. I'm one of those people.

Dollie is a sub. And she's very smart and understands this. We are sweet folks and will be respectful if we choose to play with a girl.

We are not looking for a triad—not looking to be a three-person couple. We are a strong two-person couple who wants to play with an occasional sparkly, sexy third. And if all three like it, we could do it again.

Daddy Wrote:
Subject: Cash Newmann

Having some slave girls in our bed might bring Cash Newmann out a bit too. I won't treat them quite the way he treated Jillian, but I won't treat them as nicely as I treat you.

It would be nice for you to meet that guy too. Cash Newmann is more fun than a barrel fulla strippers, and he's a legend in his own mind.

And just so you know, Daddy can kick his skinny, pretty, petty ass.

Dollie Wrote:
Daddy. You make me smile.

Daddy Wrote:
Subject: maybe a gal or two for us

Here's some photos of a gal I call "Princess." The Blonde.



I wrote her on Alt.com before you and I met. Alt isn't as good as bCom, but there's more people on it. But most of them seem to be into football and beer. bCom seems to be more artists and thinkers, and lots of cool computer geeks. Anyway, she finally wrote back yesterday. She's a little foxy, but not threateningly so.

She likes our pix and is into serving us. There's also a little bite-sized whore slut named Betty that I've been chatting up.

Dollie Wrote:

I have a fear of petite little girls. Is she under 5' and under 100 lbs.? If so, she'll make me feel like a house. I'm just being honest.

Yet, I am feeling less threatened by the whole idea, so....

Daddy Wrote:

No, the little one has a little bit of belly and flesh. You know I prefer plump for an expendable slave pup. Round and vulnerable. But we could push this one around a little harder for being slight, to make up for it.

She's really into the idea of a time with us.

She sent a close-up of her pussy too. My reaction was "OK, you have a pussy....so?"

Betty's a little dumpy looking. We could beat her down and use her up. If she has a will and a mouth on her, we'll ball gag her. My ball gag is the small size anyway.

And she's not looking for anything serious.

Request permission to peruse her for us, ma'am?

Dollie Wrote:

No prob. And thanks for asking me in such a way that makes me less twitchy about it all.

Daddy Wrote:

Thank you for doing Daddy's desires.

I'm already happy as could be. (But I have junkie wiring in my brain, even without the drugs. My synapses tend to say, "Things are great. Why not make them a little greater?")

Thanks for indulging my huge ego and low self-esteem. Tee hee hee.

I think we could really instill some long-term strength in each other though. And I will pet you and cry with you.



CHAPTER SIX

A slip, lipstick and a whip.

Daddy Wrote:

Did you like the enema I gave you, my little purrbot?

Dollie Wrote:

Yes, yes, yes, Daddy. If I could turn myself inside out and scrub it all clean and fresh for you, I would. The better to absorb you...soak up everything you.

I was contemplating my reaction to the enema you gave me: I know it caught you a bit off-guard that I cried afterwards, but I'm not opposed to doing it again sometime if you'd like. Although I kinda went away, left my body, it was also very profound, and touched parts of my little subbie heart that I do want to open to you. I feel safe with you, Daddy, and want to give you all you want that doesn't tear me apart.

Dollie Wrote:

That Dom from the polyamorous family that I used to play with wrote me tonight. He wants to make a dungeon run weekend after this. I wrote back and told him I was busy.

Daddy Wrote:

I would get jealous, but I'd let you. Because Daddy loves you.

Oh damn... I'm still wearing those panties. Forgot to give them to you to sniff. Oh well, I'll wear em 'til Saturday. Bring the others back, we'll trade so you can beat off to them. I love how sniffing my underpants makes you tremble and twitch.

Dollie Wrote:

Daddy, I give up nothing by foregoing a dungeon run with others. You are all the man I need.

I love this line in your novel: "Your pantyhose are ripped and your soul is forever redeemed." That's just what I need. And somehow, I think you're the man to do it. Thank You, Sir. I loved your story, and not only because it made me cum.

I love that you're open with me about everything, about your desire to fuck other women, about herpes, everything. Honesty is the only way



things work. I love our truth. Thank you for telling me before we met that you have herpes. It could have scared me off but didn't. And thank you for being honest with your heart.

Lies are like a cancer. They build up in the darkness and pretty soon even something beautiful turns into a malignancy. I desire you, Daddy, so much.

Daddy Wrote:

Mew. Thank you so much for loving me.

Dollie Wrote:

Purrrr. You are the best thing that's happened me. I love you, Michael, my sweet Daddy.

Daddy in the Dungeon

When I first met Daddy, one of the things that attracted me to him was that he was not in the "scene." I liked when he said, "I've never been to a dungeon. I just like whippin' on ladies."

Before I met him, in the first three years I spent exploring BDSM, I was a regular at two Los Angeles area dungeons. Both are in North Hollywood. (Porn capital of the world, but other than *that* film industry, North Hollywood has nothing in common with Hollywood other than the name. North Hollywood is in The Valley. The Valley is a vast expanse of industrial parks, strip malls and suburban housing tracts. And my house, up in the hills.)

Both dungeons are members-only private clubs. You have to be sponsored in by a member, pay a membership fee, attend an orientation, and be "checked out" by the owners. That keeps it a safe place to play and keeps out people who don't "get" it. And keeps the facilities on the right side of the law.

Each venue has its charms. Both have a bit of a "family" atmosphere, everyone seems to know each other, and people spend as much time sitting around the firepit in the courtyard, or in the kitchen eating the yummy food as they do in the many rooms playing on the great equipment.

Before I met Daddy I went often to both places. I'd often show up without a partner, and find someone to whip me, or meet people in person that had contacted me online. I am a natural-born exhibitionist and love being flogged in (semi-)public. And it's easier than having sex with a stranger (which isn't hard for me....I have even been to a few non-BDSM swing parties and had sex with five men at once, and another time, seven men at



once...But I prefer BDSM.) I will allow myself to be whipped by people I wouldn't have sex with. It's kind of the kink equivalent of a single gal going to the dance and waltzing with all the best dancers.

A lot of people into BDSM are very into protocol...That is, the proper "rules" regarding forms of address and behavior between a Dom and a sub. Many are also into the dress, and the "scene." I loved that Daddy wasn't. Many people also make it their "life", to the point where it's all they talk about. They spend every waking moment learning more, attending classes, reading books, and talking to others about "the life." Daddy wasn't like this. He "just loves to whip ladies." And he's a natural.

There are a lot of people at any given dungeon who are very into "show." Intricate rope bondage, fancy bullwhipping. Those people are lots of fun to watch, but Daddy says it's not for him. He says, "All I need is a whip, and pretty girl in a slip wearing lipstick." (Though Daddy prefers a leather slapper to a whip. But he does like me in a slip. Daddy prefers girls to look girly, rather than having them done up in leather or latex, which is a little more common at dungeons.)

After we'd gone out for a few months, curiosity got the best of him, and he asked me to take him to a dungeon. I put on my best whore clothes, covered them with a long coat, and drove him up to North Hollywood. I showed my dungeon membership card, paid my 20 bucks, he signed the "guest release form", paid his 30 dollars, and we went in.

He loved it! And I loved being there with him. He loved walking around showing me off, whipping me in the many play stations, and nibbling the good food around the fire while petting me. He enjoyed reaching up under my slip at random moments and rubbing my pussy and making me cum in front of people he'd never met. I absolutely adore that....I love the feeling of vulnerability of my Master deciding when and where I cum, whenever and wherever he pleases.

After a few trips there, he applied for membership, and got it. We started going a couple times a month, and both looked forward to it immensely. I work extra hard at dolling myself up as pretty as possible, with clothes he'd pick out. Daddy would never dress up; he always wears a comfortable pair of stretch pants or shorts, sneakers, and a T-shirt. No one else there dresses quite like my Daddy. I think it turns some players off, he has a very slacker attitude toward it all, and as I said, some people take it very seriously. ("The Purple Cape People"...Folks who dress up like it's the bondage prom or something....We sort of giggle at them to ourselves sometimes.) But we did get a small following of cool folks there who loved to watch us play and would follow us from room to room.

Daddy isn't like the other Doms in a lot of other ways, too. For one, the music that most people bring (there's a CD player in all the play stations and dungeon rooms) sucks. It's mostly Euro-synth disco, totally bloodless



electronica or at best, Nine Inch Nails. I like NIN, but their music has become cliché at dungeons, along with Enigma. Daddy burns CDs specifically for our dungeon runs, and the stuff is great. He will whip me and lovingly torture me to Nick Cave, Johnny Cash, Bomb (Daddy's old band, they're great! I love being whipped to the sound of Daddy's creamy voice...), Tom Waits, New Order, Joy Division, Led Zeppelin, Minor Threat, Monty Python (it's true, every sperm *is* sacred!), Brian Eno, David Bowie, Joan Jett, Alice Cooper, Lou Reed, Love and Rockets, Rancid, hell, even Joe Walsh. A lot of people don't understand using this kind of music to play to, but it touches me to the core of my soul. My Daddy has *style*. And he honestly doesn't care what other people think of him.

My favorite thing about playing with Daddy at the dungeon is that he is alternately very cruel and very loving to me. He will whip my ass to hamburger, then pet me and murmur sweet things in my ear. Then torture me more, and then pet me and tell me he loves me. Slap my face then gently kiss the same spot he just slapped.

Some hard-core scene people consider this very un-Domly...like you're "supposed" to treat your slave like an object and it's not manly to show emotion. But my Daddy does what he wants, and he wants to love on me in the course of the beatings. The men watching usually leave the room when he starts doing that, but a few girls sit on the floor and watch intently and smile.

I want to distinguish what he does from aftercare. Of course Daddy will tend to me lovingly once he's done and I'm a speechless mass of twitching nerves, trying to find my way home from subspace. But what makes his play style so hot is the polar contrast, the paradigm shift between cruelty and kindness *during* a scene. It keeps me from settling into any one "space", jolts me out of any comfort zone, leaves me defenseless and utterly under his control.

I also love just kneeling before Daddy at the dungeon. Bringing him food and water, rubbing his shoulders and feet, generally just showing my submission to him and allowing him to show it to the world. He also loves watching this in others, and a dungeon is a great place to see many women kneeling before their men.

Daddy's favorite play space at the dungeon is on the small stage above the big stage in the main room. He says, "It isn't about people being able to see me so much as me being able to see them." He reminds me a little of a king looking down on his kingdom, but more of a cat looking down from a high place at the world.

But the one thing that Daddy does at the dungeon I love best of all is he *has sex with me*. You might be surprised, but it's not that common. He drags me over into a corner and I blow him (while voyeurs watch), and he



will fuck me silly while people watch. I get so happy when that happens! (And then he'll do it again soon after...Because my Daddy doesn't lose his hard on after he cums. And I cum just from sucking his cock. Hell, Daddy can make me cum just from whispering in my ear!)

After a good night at the dungeon (who am I kidding? They're *all* good nights!) Daddy and I are simultaneously very relaxed and very, um....*activated*. Daddy always fucks me well and frequently, but the day or two after a dungeon run he's an *animal*. (Or actually a manimal!) I remember one Saturday we went and played hard, for four-and-a-half hours (longer than usual). Yet when we got home he fucked me silly. Then we woke up and he broke all previous records for fucking me even further into hypergalactic subspace. He started by licking my buttocks, then pinned me down and fucked me beyond words. My eyes rolled up in my head and I went limp. He kept fucking me, alternating between my pussy and my ass, whispering sweet love talk in my ear the whole time (well, some of this I wasn't quite, um, *there* for, but I believe Him). Then he spanked my ass and came a flood into me. As I puddled in his arms and cum dripped out my ass I slowly drifted back to consciousness.

Recently a woman Daddy had dated *25 years ago* found him on the Internet and sent him a flirty letter about how she still thought of him often and missed making love with him. I was referring to this when I stuck my finger in my ass, licked Daddy's cum off my finger and said, "That's the best one yet, Daddy. I guarantee I'll still be thinking about *that* in 25 years."

Daddy said, "Well, pretend it's Mother's Day, mamma. After all, I *am* a motherfucker. Happy Mother's Day, lover."

MEW!

Daddy Wrote:

That little bite-sized whore Betty passed on our offer after I told her I had herpes. She was incredibly appreciative of the honesty though.

Dollie Wrote:

As she should be. All too many aren't. Her loss. How did I ever get so lucky as to be found by you?

Waking up to the alarm can't compare to waking to you between my legs. As you said, being in your room is like leaving the world for our own reality. Time runs on a different schedule.

I wrapped myself up in your sheet last night to sleep. I needed to soak your smell into my skin.



Daddy Wrote:

Your pussy and kisses and butt bend the time/space continuum.
Me jack meself now, cum on me tummy, and sleep again.

Dollie Wrote:

Imagine me lapping it up off your belly and fingers like a cat. I want to stand naked in the rain in front of you while you lick the droplets from my skin and the tears of joy from my cheeks.

Daddy Wrote:

I adore you. Sorry if I say that too much.

Dollie Wrote:

And I adore you, Daddy. You can never say it too often. I live to serve you, Daddy. Dress me as you like and tell me what to do. I can only serve you.

Daddy Wrote:

Do you have a tiara?

Dollie Wrote:

Alas and alack, this princess is without a crown. But I'll get one if you like.

Daddy Wrote:

I like. Get one, sluttypup.

Dollie Wrote:

Yes, Daddy.

Daddy Wrote:

Subject: Spank the baby princess while she sits on her porcelain throne.

Dear Dollie: Tonight I'm gonna tie you to my toilet. And sweetly treat you like a bad little girl. And punish you with an enema. While you suck my cock.

I don't want you to speak for the first two hours you are here. I want you to kneel and serve, and be loved by me. Speak with your eyes. I love them. I want to swim in them.

I whoreship you and feel like all other sex and love I've had has been practice for you. This is huge, baby kitty.

I am filled with respect and adoration for your body, your mind, your mouth, your spirit, your ideas and your words.

—Daddy



Dollie Wrote:

Yes, Daddy. Whatever you wish, however you wish, whenever you wish.
All I can do to be the slave you desire.

Damn, now I'm even more excited.



ThornDaddy Wrote:

Dear Amy,

To answer your question, Dollie and I don't have a safeword, she trusts me, and I take her desires into account. I ask ahead of time if some things are OK, and she tells me if something's not to her taste. I love her and am very sweet with her, in between beatings, and even the beatings are compassionate.

Attached is a photo I took of her thigh yesterday after fucking her up with a whip while fucking her ass.

I love her. I spend as much, if not more, time kissing her neck and lips as she spends sucking my cock.

And yes, enemas feel warm and nice.

Dollie and I give them to ourselves before special dates, to make anal sex and butt play clean and happy. But I think me giving her one while she sat on the toilet and I told her, "Hang your head, sit there and think about what you've done," may have triggered some repressed childhood memory.



It was delightful to me, but also so very ethereal and spiritual.

She and I also prayed together yesterday. That was beautiful. We both cried a little bit.

I made her dress up in whore clothes and lap water out of a dish like a kitty on all fours today. It was SO cute! I also have been not letting her talk for hours at a time. I thought it would be a power trip, but it's more just cute and romantic. She moans and purrs a lot. When I do let her talk we have great conversations as equals. I love it. The kitty dish too, was less a power trip and more just plain adorable. We went out to dinner, watched a movie today, and went for 90-minute Thai massages. Also went out for Thai food, then coffee, then came home and luxuriated. And she's covered with welts from my whip. I love her. I also kissed the hell out of her neck and cuddled her for hours. Mew.

I told you I have herpes, right? I only get about one outbreak a year, and I have one now, so I'll be good for a long time after. And without an outbreak, it's not really an issue if you and me fuck someday, because I use condoms with everyone but Dollie. But I wanted to tell you.

Amy Wrote:

No problem. I have herpes, too.

ThornDaddy Wrote:

Neat!

I fucked Dollie until her pussy was bleeding. So I fucked her ass all night. She came so much, I might skip the pussy next time. It was great.

Amy Wrote:

Until she bled? WTF did you do to the poor woman! Do you have barbs on your cock like a kitty or something? Or did you fuck her so hard you triggered her cycle early?

Daddy Wrote:

The latter, I think, though I did fuck her pussy probably 12 times before I switched over to her ass.

Dollie Wrote:

I so appreciate the way your spirituality melds with your sexuality. Like I told you the other day, for me, sucking cock has always been a form of prayer. It humbles me to have such an effect on another person, and humility is essential to spirituality. Sex, in any form, is a glorification of the body and soul; I can't think of anything more intimate that people can share. And the ability to share something so marvelous just has to be a gift of whoever designed mankind. You are a gift to me.



I love you, my wonderful Daddy.

Daddy Wrote:

I worry about you getting covered with visible bruises. I hate hate hate wife beaters and would die to be confused with one. To quote Daedalus from Bondage.com, "BDSM is safe, sane and consensual. Domestic abuse is none of these things."

I lived below a wife beater in New York and it ruined my serenity for three years. And they had a baby, and he beat her when she was pregnant.

I called the cops on him all the time, called Child Protective Services, and the couple finally both threatened to kill me. I took them to court, put a restraining order on them and moved to LA three hours after I left court. That's how I ended up here. I couldn't afford a different apartment in that city, because my rent was way below market value, and my landlord was cool about keeping it that way.

The couple still has the kid as far as I know.

The other day when you and I raised the roof with fucking, slapping, whipping, screaming and endless butt sex, my neighbor lady gave me a funny look in the hall later.

A couple of years ago I was fucking Sally and she was cumming very hard and screaming. The next day I was on my second-story back porch, alone, sipping coffee. The Latina grandma who lives in the house next door yelled up to me, "Close your window next time you do that. There's children in our house!"

Funny thing is, my window WAS closed!

I haven't had the desire to fuck a woman until she screams bloody murder for a long time. Probably a year. You have made me alive again, and in fact, more alive than I've ever been.

Dollie Wrote:

That gave me shivers. Good ones! Yes, Daddy, do what you want to me. And call me what you like as long as it's never La belle Dame sans merci. I appreciate you. Need you. Want you. Miss you. Kiss you. Suck you. Fuck you. But more than anything else I love You. You make me damn happy. I haven't smiled this much since I can remember. Maybe ever.

And don't worry about the bruises. That's what they make long skirts and concealing makeup for!

Your fluffy baby kitty loves you, Daddy.
—Dollie



Re: "La belle Dame sans merci"....The reference is threefold: It translates literally as "The beautiful woman without mercy." It's also the title of an *amazing* painting by John William Waterhouse of a damsel in court dress, and her knight-lover. The painting is based on a cheesy poem by John Keats. In the poem she captures his heart and stomps on it.

Daddy Wrote:

Thank you for letting me post our photos on the Internet. I made a Website, www.AskDollie.com, and put a few of our letters up on our site. Both yours and mine, as you said I could. I love the idea of showing our thoughts and photos. I don't feel like we're exhibitionists. I feel like our private love is too big to be contained in my room. It needs to be shared with the world, because it can *change* the world.

Second pressing note:

www.askdollie.com started as a plan to have a BDSM advice column. But we quickly realized neither of us were into that, so we turned it into our free BDSM podcast site.

Podcasting our thoughts (and the sounds of us having sex, and of Daddy whipping Dollie!) is something we totally LOVE. We look forward to it every week. We feel almost religious about it, and totally feel like we're on a *mission*. We love to share a little peep into our lives with cool people. And we've actually become good friends with some of the listeners of our podcast.

Dollie Wrote:

I'm overflowing. Our love is bigger than the both of us, there's that gestalt thing again. But wow, as elated as I am, I don't want to pressure it, either. I just want to wake up happy, every morning. I've waited my whole life to feel this good.

Each smile I share with a stranger tells them I'm in love.

And I love that we're both Geminis. It almost means there's four people in the bed, and it can get complicated. But always fun. A friend of mine once



made a comment regarding Geminis and sex: "Put two Geminis in a room, they're going to end up fucking...and then tell everyone e/se to feel guilty."

Daddy Wrote:

Yup! We're smitten like kittens!

Squeal ya later.

Purrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr....

Dollie Wrote:

I love it when you make me squeal.

Daddy Wrote:

So, tomorrow let's get up, make leisurely love, go to the coffee shop, and drive to The Valley. We'll go visit my cat, Pussy, again - sometime between 4 and 7. That works for her Master. Should we go to your place before or after?

Dollie Wrote:

Sounds purrrfect. I like Pussy, and not only because she looks exactly like my cat, Wicca. I love that we have matching cats!

Daddy Wrote:

Me too, except they don't totally match, Wicca weighs about ten pounds more than Pussy.

Dollie Wrote:

Well, yeah, Wicca is a big fat pussy.

As for when to go to my place, I'll try to get some clue from my daughter what her plans are for the weekend, so we don't collide. Not that we need to avoid her, but if she's home we'll have less freedom to play, and I really do want you in my bed. I am absolutely burning for your kisses and touch. All day, I've felt like some kind of fraud, bustling around the office, wearing the face I must present in this world. While inside I ache to be at your feet, hair tousled and lipstick smeared, feeling the gift you left seep from my secret places, as I light your cigarette and silently bless all the powers who've ever listened to me for the joy of being your baby girl.

—Dollie "allow me serve you like a geisha" Llama



CHAPTER SEVEN

Don't make Him a god.

Daddy Wrote:

Don't make me a god. It's a lot of pressure and I make a shitty god in the long run. And it's hard to pray with someone *to* God when they think *you* are a god. But I'll be your Daddy any day.

I kiss you, baby kitty. I will ream your ass and pet your heart. I'll cum so hard your heart will be wet.

Dollie Wrote:

I love God, but I am not in love with God. I am in love with a man—my Daddy. And that is all he ever need be to me.

Daddy Wrote:

I just woke up from a really cool dream where I got caught in the middle of a charity run of plus-sized models. I loved it. It was a plump buffet.

Dollie Wrote:

And I bet you lured a few of them off to the bushes for "refreshments" didn't you?

I have real frustrations with my dreams. The only ones I ever really remember are those I wish I didn't, and the good ones seem to evaporate the second I wake up, leaving me feeling mellow, happy, or purring, but the details simply "poof!" and are gone.

Daddy Wrote:

Daddy wants to hold you and pet you into having good dreams you'll remember. You're my good girl.

Dollie Wrote:

I don't feel deprived, Daddy. The way you make love to me, fuck me, it's better than dreaming and less elusive. And Ohhhhhh Daddy, I LOVE it when you call me a good girl! Makes my pussy twitch. Literally.

Daddy Wrote:

Good girl! I love it and I love you.

Oh yeah, I showed Sally the photo where I made you cum 30 times in 90 minutes. She said, "Wow! She looks absolutely sultry! Simply magical. You



go, kitty humper!"

I said, "The photo of Dollie looking mellow and normal while she's driving should be compared with the photo after she done cummed 30 times. Before and after."

Me and my cock should have a reality TV show called "Slut Makeovers."

Dollie Wrote:

Frankly, I'm just shocked it appeared my eyes were focused in that photo. My mind certainly wasn't. Pure brain stem activity: breathe, make heart beat, and cum. You do have a magic cock, Daddy.

Daddy Wrote:

You were asking for it, the way you were dressed.

Dollie Wrote:

You dressed me!

Daddy Wrote:

Exactly.

I exalt you and desire you immensely. And it's good. It doesn't really feel like a distraction today, just something very beautiful and special in my life.

Dollie Wrote:

Maybe it has something to do with being fucked cross-eyed yesterday, but I know what you mean. I'm not crazy, not desperate. Not that I miss you any less, but there's a greater peacefulness about it all. I was accused again of "glowing" today by one of my girlfriends in the office. I told her she wouldn't believe me if I tried to explain, but that whatever she imagined, to multiply it, and then multiply it again. She threw a cookie at me and told me to leave her alone in her despair.

Daddy Wrote:

Are any of them cute, and divorced or widowed? Lol.

Dollie Wrote:

Daddy, I promise. If I thought any of them had potential for us, I'd let you know.

Daddy Wrote:

Subject: Panties

After you stop bleeding, I want you to wear a pair for a few days so I'll have something to sniff and snurf when you ain't around.

I love us, baby kitty.



Dollie Wrote:

Anything you wish, Daddy. I love us too. We're dirty.

Today at lunch I wandered down into the bowels of the building where my car hides out during the day and had a lovely chat with your panties. Now mine are all soggy, and I wish you were here to sniff them. I emerged for a smoke, since a sign posted in the garage assures me that long exposure to the air down there will probably cause brain damage or cancer. Curled up on a chilly cement bench in The Valley mid-day heat (what the fuck? It's October fer chrissake) and spent some time with a copy of your second novel, *The Simple Pleasures of a Complex Girl*. I really enjoyed the main character, Cali. I can see what it's like in her head. I have so much to say about it, so many thoughts. But not enough time to set them all down here right now. Let me just say I like her, I really like the book, and I love you for writing it. And if I haven't said so today, you do make me feel like "a beautiful cat in a room full of gerbils".

Daddy Wrote:

Subject: Dice games

When you come over tomorrow, I'm gonna roll a die and let it decide where, or if, my cock goes in your body:

1 = Your mouth

2 = Your pussy

3 = Your ass

4 = Lick Daddy's ass, get an enema, wash Daddy's feet while getting verbal slut talk.

5 = Fuck your pussy with a vibrator in your ass

6 = Fuck your ass with a vibrator in your pussy

Dollie Wrote:

The way I see it, Daddy, I win no matter what. Guess I won't need to look for those loaded dice. I love the games you come up with, Daddy. And you know, every hole is there for you to choose, any time.

Daddy Wrote:

Subject: challenge

I rarely cum when I'm blown. No matter how good it is. I can be blown for hours. A girl once blew me for eight hours and I didn't cum. I have cum from getting blown, but it's been over a year. Think you can do it?

My favorite thing in the world, however, is to have my balls blown and butthole licked while I jack myself. It results in much stickiness, for sure. And you do it so well.

Dollie Wrote:

I'll try, Daddy. I'd love to make you cum in my mouth. I /love sucking



Daddy dick.

Daddy Wrote:

Subject: Damn, my dick is fiiiiiiiine!

I'm fine. I got my new vet checkup results tonight. I'm HIV negative. Also negative for Gonorrhea, Syphilis and Chlamydia.

I hate holidays and do not celebrate them. Same reason I don't like to go out on Saturday night: too many idiots in my way. Tonight it worked to my advantage, though. I figured Halloween would be a good night to go to the clinic for the results. I was right, a very short wait. Most people are out getting diseases tonight, rather than testing for them.

My neighbor did give me some candy. I ate it all except the ring pop (candy pacifier). I'm gonna make you suck it and bow your head in (pretend) shame, then raise your head in real triumph. (I love doing both of those things.)

Dollie Wrote:

It surprises me sometimes that I enjoy doing both for you as much as I do. I've been reflecting on just that very thing, and the best I can figure is that so very much has to do with my comfort in knowing that deep down you don't mean the shame, and it's only a game. No great revelation, I know, but as I've told you, my self-esteem can be pretty fragile sometimes, so I've tended to play it very safe in that regard. You're the only one I've really let play with it, and though sometimes I do get weepy, I can see that it'll be something I'm less worried about as time passes.

Candy pop kisses fur Daddy,
—Dollie.

Dollie and Daddy Wrote:

Hi Princess. We like the photo and essay you sent us.

We are a couple looking for a third for rainy day fun. Is that something you'd like?

You're pretty (at least what we can see!), you seem sassy, smart, and very full of spunk.

Photos of us are on our profile.

—ThornDaddy and Dollie

Princess Wrote:

Hello ThornDaddy and Dollie, It has been raining here in Topanga Canyon



a lot, maybe a road trip to LA would bring out the sunshine. I like your profile, it is full of fun, energy and knowledge of the submissive world. You can find me on yahoo chat and email at _____. Look forward to meeting you.

—Princess

A forum posting Daddy put on Bondage.com

ThornDaddy Wrote:

"Beating your slave as therapy and prayer"

I awoke Dollie today with a long fuck, starting while she was asleep. I fucked her in the pussy until she came, then in the ass until she came, then back. Did this five times in each lovely entrance. I petted and loved her in between, kissed her neck and breasts, pulled her hair, and sprayed her with perfume. I adored her body and spirit. I also whipped her a little with the cane as I fucked her. She squimmed and squirmed and came quicker.

We went out for a luxurious breakfast, then walked down to Echo Park to watch the ducks. We talked and made out in the sun. It was lovely.

We came home and I ordered her back into her whore clothes. I spanked Dollie and made her stand before me. I put Tiger Balm up her ass, and made her hang her head in shame. Then I made her raise her head in triumph. I whipped her ass red, then threw her on the bed. She looked like she was going to cry. I pushed her around, slapped her ass and called her a little child, and worse. She started to really cry. I asked her, "Is this OK? Are you sure?" She said yes. I called her names until she was bawling. I fucked her silly as she flowed tears. I came quickly. She did too. She wept and wept and couldn't stop.

I got up and got warm water and soap. I removed her pumps and stockings and gently washed her feet. It really felt real, not role-playing, but real. I really wanted to make her whole again, and had no need to worry about the Master/slave roles, the nametag bullshit. I just wanted to wash her feet and love her.

She cherished it and thanked me. We talked for an hour about the manifestations of D/s theory, and about us, and about our relationship. It was beautiful.

I was worried I'd taken her too far. She said I hadn't, but that she'd never let anyone go that far with her emotionally. She's let strangers beat her



bloody, but never let some simple strikes and words push her so deep.

She said that she has lost her desire to go out and be whipped by strangers, has lost her need to be that girl. She's not ashamed of this past, but is morphing. I said "Now or in general?" She looked up and said, "Both." I took a photo of her, so we could capture the epiphany for the ages, but it just looked like she was napping.

She's laying on the floor at my feet as I write this. She looks resplendent.

It's been a good day.

Many forum posters replied to Daddy's post, and some said that this was not "Proper behavior for a Dom." (To be fair, some people also jumped in and defended us...and we made a few good friends. And may have picked up a couple future slave girls in the process.)

Many of the responses were merciless...Ranging from the aforementioned "You're not a good Dom because you *asked* if you could hit her" (you were too nice) to "You were too mean with the things you said to her" to "You made this all up" to "Is your sub a blow-up doll?"

Finally, I posted in his defense. It was my first post ever, even though I'd been on the site for over a year:

DollieLlama Wrote:

i don't post to forums, and this thread is a good example of why i don't. However, rules are sometimes made to be broken, and i'm roused to action. One of the first things i learned when new to this lifestyle was YKINMK: Your Kink Is Not My Kink, tolerance, don't judge others based upon your own preconceptions and prejudices. We're all oddballs by most "norms" and should seek to be compassionate. i may not agree with or appreciate your style, but i will defend your right to follow it as you wish. It is the small and damaged mind/soul/ego that seeks to build itself up by tearing down.

Please accept my verification of the facts in the story. i was there; i know it's true. And i am not a blow up dolly. i trust this man with my body. More importantly, i trust him with my mind and soul. Largely because he knows when to ask, and when not to. You do not know my inner demons, the whys and wherefores. Do not presume to judge what is awful for me to hear. That horror may just be the metaphorical slap that frees me from the quiet hysteria. You who seek to play in the wilderness of someone else's mind should travel with care, love and understanding. And be ready to help in the rebuilding of it into something new and redeemed, even if it flies in the face of your own preconceptions. You just might be wrong.



Daddy Wrote:

So what is your take on people into BDSM who just wanna give/get pain and don't love sex? I have no desire to do this stuff without sex. To me, it's something to make sex better.

Dollie Wrote:

I agree. I don't understand the concept. That being said, however, I can't say I really know anyone who completely fits into that category. I know of people who play the pain/dominance/control game outside of other committed vanilla relationships—They're married to/involved with a partner who doesn't like to play that way, and so the Dom or sub plays with others to address needs that are unavailable inside their primary relationship, often without engaging in traditional sexual contact with their play partners. (And generally with the permission of the spouse.) You once said the idea of playing in a public dungeon had no appeal for you, and I understood that. But for me, going to the dungeon was a way to try and exert a little control and precaution over circumstances when I began exploring this side of myself. As I told you, I made some stupid choices early on, and put myself in situations where I could have really been hurt. Not the kind of adventure I was looking for. And as a result of the murky state of the law when it comes to D/s, BDSM, whatever, it's not unusual for public spaces to want to regulate out and out sex. Pro Dommies, for example, in my understanding, very rarely, if ever, engage in what passes for sex to most people with their clients. Because that crosses the line to prostitution.

Likewise, kinky folk playing in public often skirt the edges of sex in favor of pursuing other games. As you've found, there is a certain theatrical quality to playing in public that one can't get at home, especially as most folk don't have all the props most dungeons offer, not to mention the exhibitionist angle. Also, many people who have no qualms about whipping or stripping and being whipped (or whatever other kind of game you want to play) in public feel less comfy getting down to actual genital penetration with an audience.

All this is a long-winded way of saying that I think, in general, that people who play in public, without sex, aren't necessarily doing so because they don't want sex with their play, but instead choose to indulge in that kind of play in a more intimate setting.

I did it, when I first started out. But my focus was on exploring BDSM play.

Daddy Wrote:

Personally? I am waaaaay more into sex than into needing to bind, dominate, hit or frighten my lover.



I have had a lot of good sex and great sex that involved none of the above. I can totally enjoy sex without kink. And do not much enjoy kink without sex.

But together they are two taste treats that taste better together.

BDSM, to me, is spiritual, dirty, mean, beauty-fuel. It's sweet me-fucking-ooooow! For me, It's basically about my love of the endorphins produced and accentuated, and about the bond formed by the people, even if they're strangers, even if they never meet again. Like you say, they're honeybees sampling all the flowers and loving it. (But lately it's better with one I love, and soon maybe shared with another I only like.)

For instance, I have no desire to do elaborate rope bondage on you. I am amazed by the artistry of photos of rope work done well by others. I appreciate it on an aesthetic level. But I got kicked outta Boy Scouts for smoking and never learned ropemanship. And also, ropes take up valuable time we could be fucking. But I dig a quick switch on your ass before, during and after. And most of what I do involving "dominance" involves the very corrupt stuff I whisper and shout into your ear during the act. And stuff like not letting you speak. Nice little power play for a little man like me. And you love it.

I live to celebrate you serving me.
—Daddy

Daddy called me on my lunch break. As usual, he launched into the conversation mid-sentence, no "Hello, how are you" BS. Just took up from wherever his mind was at the moment. I love that about him.

"So, I am digging that you are a pervert in the same ways that I am. Ya know?"

"Lovely when your kink *is* my kink, isn't it? My endorphins are just crying to get loose, Daddy.....But I've had a long, hot day. My brain is starting to shut down."

"I like that in a smart woman, Dollie."

"That's good, since you sure know how to shut mine down. All it takes is a whiff of your crotch. I'm in love with you, and with your smell."

"My brain's alive and well. I've been posting up a storm, slutting all over the Internet. I just posted on bCom that people should 'Find the love-of-your-life brilliant primary sub on Bondage.com. Then find a vapid slave girl for you to both push around on Alt.com or CollarMe.com. And feed your brain on Literotica.com.'"



"Daddy, you're so funny! But there is some truth to all that."

"Yup. Damn, Baby kitty.....I loved last night. I love that we pray together. And I'm touched that sometimes you cry when we do it. Let's pray for all the kitties in the world. Amew."

ThornDaddy Wrote:

Dear Amy:

Dollie is my equal outside the bed. She's very educated, detail oriented (she's a paralegal), worldly, astute, wise, loquacious, romantic, eloquent, and a lover of fine art and travel.

We actually have the exact same IQ. (143—not that I put much credence in those tests...but it's a fun bit of triviality that we dug for a minute when we discovered it about each other.)

By the way, we wouldn't necessarily do our intense mental/spiritual deep-dark stuff with a play girl. We're up for just some good old fun, too. All things are negotiable and able to be agreed upon ahead of time for anyone we'd play with.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Serving my Man

The telephone rings. It's Daddy. "When you get here I'm gonna make you dress like a trailer park whore in the new black slip I got for you. I'm gonna call you by different girls' names every five minutes. I'm gonna whip your ass, hard, and make you say over and over 'I'm Daddy's little whore, I'm Daddy's little whore, I'm Daddy's little whore.' I will provide you with blue and purple redneck slut eye shadow, unless you've got some. But I wouldn't wear it to your law seminar if I were you."

"So wise, Daddy."

"You will be Daddy's li'l fuck toy. And my imaginary uncle and brother's little fuck toy too."

"You think this all up and then call *me* the dirty one, lol? Then again, you have to know that I'm going to be much more than willing to play along. So, yes, it's cool. And yes, I think I have the eye makeup covered, I'll bring it along and do it there. Wouldn't want to scare the attorneys at the seminar. Wait, let me rethink that. Maybe I would."



"I'm gonna push your wet panties in your mouth."

"I love that. Some would consider this a squick, but I don't. But then again, stuff I like is changing as I play with you more. I may have to go change some of my likes and dislikes on my bCom profile. But I don't really care one way or the other, because I ain't trying to land a man any more. You are the only man I want, Daddy."

ThornDaddy Wrote:

Dear Amy:
MSINYS
My Squick is Not Your Squick.

"Your Kink is Not My Kink", is often even abbreviated by 'Net nerds like us as YKINMK. It means "Don't judge what I do."

I used to think that bathroom control was pretty dumb, until I was talking to a sub on bCom. She said that after a few hours of her Master using the cane on her, she asked "Sir, may I please use the bathroom?" He made her wait a while.

After she told me this, I started thinking about bathroom control in a positive light. It had never occurred to me as something I'd like to do, and I kinda got turned on.

I've been thinking about this, about my ever-expanding repertoire, and how stuff that is odd to me at first is later adopted by me as fun and beautiful. For instance, I never wanted to go play in a public dungeon, and now, with Dollie, I love it.

I got a new one to describe this:
MSINYS
My Squick is Not Your Squick.

Because stuff I hear about sometimes makes me balk, and or think to myself, "Those people are just stupid." And then I try it, and like it!

I adore my slave, and we are growing together. Dollie blows my mind, and teaches this old dog new trix every day!

Dollie Wrote:
Daddy. I love your mind. And I love what you write about us.



ThornDaddy Wrote:

Subject: Cum here, Tiffany! SLAP!!!!

Dear Amy,

I discovered something cool today. Dollie comes even quicker when I call her "Daddy's little sperm toilet" over and over. I even got her screaming "I'm Daddy's dirty fucking cum dumpster." And I was calling her "Tiffany" while doing it. Not after anyone real, but Tiffany is about the girliest name there is. Also, there's a TV comedy skit with the new bitch guy showing up in prison and the big black O.G. says, "OK, you're mine. You're gonna sit down when you pee. Oh, and from now on, your name is Tiffany."

Lol...

Come join us in bed soon, Amy.

—ThornDaddy.

Dollie Wrote:

Daddy, are you eating OK? Beyond providing the occasional out-of-body experience, I have never understood the value of starvation to an artist. I'm not offering to support you, and I think you know that.

Daddy Wrote:

Yup. and I wouldn't let you. Any man who lives off a woman is a punk. I really believe that.

Dollie Wrote:

Nor am I trying to give you an excuse to avoid maintaining your own high standards. I am, on the other hand, in love with you and would be horrified to know you went without something as essential as food as an exercise in integrity.

Daddy Wrote:

I'll let you shove some food down my kitty gullet occasionally. It makes me feel very sweet to be cared for like that, actually.

The majesty of the Nest.

I love Daddy's studio apartment. It's so pure and quiet and filled with love and sex and perfection. We spend days in there, leaving only for provisions. We don't go out to see movies as much or do other things that couples do, we're content to just share each other's company.

I started calling Daddy's room "The Nest", and the time we spent together I called "nesting." Daddy loved this, he'd call me up and ask, "Do you want to come over to The Nest?" or "I miss you, let's do some nesting." We talk often about "The Majesty of The Nest."



Sometimes, the bed is the nest. "Make the nest, dear." But in a larger sense, it's the whole apartment. Or more specifically, the state of us being in the apartment, the calm and purity and solitude we experience there...Nesting comfortably.

When we went out of town on a trip we called my car "the porta-nest". (Daddy hates to drive, so I always do, often while he naps—or beats off under a blanket—in the back seat.) When we got a hotel room, we called it "the rent-a-nest."

I started buying groceries for Daddy. We called them "nestables." We also used this term for any other provisions we bring in to make our time more comfortable—rented movies, lingerie, cat food for Pussy (she's back living with Daddy), and cigarettes.

I know Daddy had told me not to support him, and I really don't. I never pay his bills or his rent. (Though I lent him his rent once when he was waiting on a royalty check. He paid me back promptly.) But I buy him groceries often, then cook the food and eat it with him. I also do his dishes, clean his apartment, do laundry, and all the assorted house bot work (housebottery?) that makes me feel so special. I love serving as Daddy's maid (in heels and a slip), and I love to make his stay on Planet Earth more comfortable.

Part of this was me trying to secure a longer place in his life: He was very honest with me about his fickleness with women. He has a history of falling madly in love with a girl, and then tiring of her and falling out of love just as quickly. He said part of this is him, but part of it is that they pushed their will on him too much. By turning my will over to Daddy, I have a better chance of getting to stick around longer. And he knows I know this. I even tell him sometimes. He just giggles and pets my head and calls me a "good girl." Or says, "Suck my cock", and I do. (Did I mention that I often cum from sucking Daddy's cock, without any stimulation to my clit? I've never experienced this with any other man. It's part of what makes my Daddy so special, and part of why I know I was meant to be His slave.)

And he's finally cumming from me sucking his cock, every time. He used to have trouble doing this with most girls. This makes me very happy.

I'm proud to say my service to Daddy isn't limited to the domestic and sexual. Daddy is a brilliant writer, and has often asked me to look over passages he's written, and make suggestions for editing. I consider this to be a great honor, and take it very seriously. It's a special thrill to know he values my thoughts, and I know I have done well when he smiles and tells me "good proofbot".

Some slaves and subs have written contracts with their Doms. Daddy and



I don't do this: We don't need to. He set out a few grounds rules upon collaring me, and I simply know his needs and seek to satiate them, even before he feels them nagging. I do the dishes when they need doing. I feed him when he's hungry. I blow him when he tells me to, but never ask for sex. He can wake me up in the middle of the night by fucking me in the ass, even if I've slept two hours and have to get up to go to work in two more hours. I offer backrubs and foot rubs when he seems stressed, or headed that way. (I sometimes even cum from giving him a backrub!) I listen when he wants to talk, and offer intelligent conversation. I shut up when he needs to think. (He sometimes says "Please shut up", even when I'm in the middle of a sentence, and I happily shut up.) And I would never, under any circumstances, tell Daddy to spend more (or less) time with me. He determines the level of our involvement, and I accommodate.

I don't feel diminished or put upon by any of this, I feel useful, sexy, and loved.

I love to serve my Daddy and know it might help ensure that I'll be around longer. But mainly I *love* doing it. I love deferring to my sweet loverman. It makes me feel fulfilled and perfect. When I serve him, when I do his will, focus on his needs, my own problems and worries melt away.

My entire attitude on serving Daddy is best summed up by my favorite Shakespeare quote, from *The Taming of the Shrew*:

"My hand is ready, may it do him ease."

Brandy-Lynne Wrote:

(Brandy-Lynne is the redneck name Daddy made up for one of our potential fuck puppets—a rainy day fun girl for Daddy to push around in his bed with me.)

Dear ThornDaddy-

Does Dollie have herpes too? I am worried about it, but not so much that I wouldn't entertain the idea of play as you described. When when when????? Do I sound anxious? Cuz I am.

Daddy Wrote:

Dear sweet slut, Brandy-Lynne,

Dollie doesn't have herpes, and I'm cool with not fucking you. We'll just play, with vibrators, and you and my gal can blow each other, and we'll talk dirty and I'll push you around, with love. Lol.... I'll fuck her crazy with you in my bed, and diddle you with toys while we do. And call you dirty names, and pet on you.



Besides, if we fucked, even though I'm fixed, since I'm a kitten and you're a squirrel, you'd give birth to squittens!

You really are a little slutty doll, ya know that?

Our first theme with you is going to be white trash. Dollie's gonna put on purple eye shadow and moan in a southern accent while I call her "Carla Jo." Keep this in mind while you're getting dressed and ready.

Hey—bring a slip and pumps. I like my slutty man-toy sperm dollies in a slip and pumps. We have makeup for you. And a ball gag, you willful woman. I have lipstick. And an asthma inhaler. Lol.

Daddy Wrote:
To: Princess

Subject: party party girl doll kitty pile

Wanna go get coffee and/or play with Dollie and I this Wednesday? She has it off. Or any time this weekend.

If so, send your phone number and we'll call you.
—ThornDaddy.

Princess Wrote:
ThornDaddy....I'd love to! I can be there by 6.

Princess' profile listing of activities enjoyed:

Biting; Blindfolds; Bondage; Candle Wax; Chains;
Chastity Devices; Chinese Balls/Ben Wa Balls/Anal
Beads; Cling Film; Collar and Lead/Leash;
Confinement/Caging; Cupping (Suction of the Skin);
Discipline; Domination; Hair Pulling;
Handcuffs/Shackles; Masks; Master/Slave; Nipples;
Power Exchange; Rack/Medieval Devices; Sensory
Deprivation; Spanking/Paddling; Talking Dirty;
Voyeurism; Whips

I called Daddy from the freeway on my way over to his house. He launched into his thoughts: "Hey Dollie—We've got that hippie slave girl, Princess, coming over tonight. Her safeword will be 'humus.'"

"Hmph. 'Princess.' I still think that's a pretty high rank for a slave girl."



"Not if I'm being a little sarcastic. Cash Newmann called Jillian some sweet names while abusing her."

"As always, Daddy knows best, and Daddy certainly knows Cash Newmann better than I."

"And you sound a little willful for a slave."

"I'm sorry Sir. Please forgive me."

"Done, baby kitty. And this is gonna be fun."

"Yes, it will be fun. But I have to admit I'm a little nervous. Not unhappy or upset, just a bit edgy. But a good kiss or two should deal with the problem."

"Well, it's like my friend Rueben said, 'A real man will have sex with any woman, anywhere, any time.' Gotta run babe. Stop and pick me up some smokes on the way over here."

"Yes, Daddy."

CHAPTER NINE

Playing with Princess

ThornDaddy Wrote:

Dear Amy:

We met the girl on Alt.com. She seemed down-to-earth, not crazy, and called herself a "natural sub" in her profile.

We exchanged photos, three e-mails, and one phone call. She's a cute 40-year-old mother with blonde hair down to her ass. And fake boobies. I don't usually like fake boobies, but they were nice ones.



She drove down from Topanga and we took her out to dinner. Small talk and fun chat. She decided to follow us home.

I named her "Princess." We also didn't let her talk. She was allowed to say "No" to anything we did, and we would have stopped, but she never took the opportunity to say no.

I sent my girlfriend into the bathroom to get dressed up in a slip and pumps. I made Princess strip in front of me and made her wear a little purple baby doll slip. Dollie came back from the bathroom and I pushed Princess onto the bed. She was there three hours.



We petted her, and she us. We both blew her. She kissed me while Dollie blew me. (Princess is a really good kisser.) I tied Princess' ankles together



with restraints, and she and Dollie each licked one of my balls while I beat off. I fucked Dollie and called her sweet, dirty names.
—ThornDaddy

Daddy called Princess a dirty little whore, and whipped her ass a little, and dripped candle wax on her. But overall we were very sweet with her. I wanted him to be a little meaner to her at first, but we actually ended up liking her a lot.

Daddy invited her to come back any time.

One of Daddy's sex tips:

When you want to be sucked off and beat a woman at the same time, it's best to use two women. Whip one while the other one sucks you. Beating the same woman who's sucking you is not recommended, as people tend to involuntary bite down while they're whipped.

Daddy Wrote:

I loved messing around with you and Princess.

As for Anonymous Slut—Think of her as a plump vibrator...that loves cats! And has very good boundaries.

Dollie Wrote:

I'm just getting grumpy imagining that your bed is going to be full of vibrators one day. I don't want to get lost in the crowd. I'm sorry, there's that pettiness and selfishness again.

Daddy Wrote:

Baby. I celebrate you and love you and will take your fears into account. I'll take a step back from this. Not not do it, but will mellow out on searching, and the enthusing about them to you. There *will* be a parade of slave girls, a plump buffet, but I will *love* only you. I will work harder on showing you just how damn much I appreciate you. I'm just a kid in a candy store having a perfect cake (you), and desiring a little candy on the side. You are the summation of everything I've ever wanted. And your willingness (more or less) to play well with others is just a nice dish of bon-bons after the meal.

Baby, it's OK if you feel a little queasy about it. I'd feel a little queasy about you with the sexy sailors you used to play with, but I'd still give you permission any time you want. If you don't want it, I'm honored, but you still can if you want. (You can't go searching for other play partners, but



since you played with them several times before you met me, I feel they're grandfathered in.)

That book *The Ethical Slut* taught me that in relationships where play is allowed, some jealousy is natural. It's natural and OK, as long as you're not a dick about it. And you're not.

I love you and pet you.

Dollie Wrote:

Thank you for the permission (because that means more than the play ever would) and for the wisdom and understanding and affirmation (because I need that).

And I'm not gonna play with the sailors when they port in Los Angeles next month. Even though she was really fun to play with and he looked better in stockings and heels than most women.

Daddy, you're all I want. I can't wait to kiss you all over.

Your voice in my head, your cock in my pussy, your hand beating my ass is all I need sometimes. The rest of the time I need your love in my heart. Your lips on mine, and your arms around me.

Daddy Wrote:

Baby, I'm gonna redeem the hell outta you and slap the Anonymous Slut's face.

Dollie Wrote:

Daddy, lover, Marvelous ThornDaddy...Thank you. I'm sorry to say I needed that, but it's true. I feel so crummy not being as excited as you are, but I also need to be honest with you. Thank you for considering my feelings. I don't want to be one of those women that says "Yes" and then whines about it. But I think I have been. Please forgive me. Or spank me. Or both.

You treat me better than anyone I can remember, and it feels cheap and petty to step on your fun. I don't like me when I do it, and I'm sorry I complained.

Daddy Wrote:

I would never do this if you didn't feel like it, but I have a bug up my ass to whip you tonight, hard. Outside the bed, with kind words whispered in your ear, but fucking welt your ass and tits in a way I have never done. Maybe because you complained about the other women, maybe just for the hell of it. I want to whip you...starting soft and building up and up and up. Then pull you into the bed and kiss you and pet you and lick your tears, kiss your neck and your pussy and hold you down, arms above your head, while I love the hell outta you.



Dollie Wrote:

Yes Daddy! Anything you want, Sir.

That night, Daddy gave me a dozen roses. He wrote a note and handed it to me with the flowers:

Dear Dollie.

Trust, respect, communication, and more.

It's hard for me to fathom, but the relationship with you as my slave is the healthiest relationship I've ever had, including the vanilla ones back when.

And we have more respect in both directions, and more love and communication than I've ever experienced. And it's because, even though we spend more time fucking than I ever have with anyone, between the canings and hot wax and dirty psychotic mindfuck talk in the bed, we talk a lot, eye to eye and heart to heart. We talk and go out for dinner and walks in the woods and hold hands. We're stupid little kids in love, with the intellectual and romantic capacities, bank accounts and skills of adults.

Because of this, it's totally alright to do things that would have been "time to break up" red flags in previous relationships: whip you, call you terrible names, wake you up in the middle of the night to abuse, make you stand in the corner, make you lick my asshole, make you do dishes, make you sit in a chair and read until I feel like using your body, tell you "You cannot talk for the next hour", and say "I'm bringing another girl over tonight and we're both gonna do her", etc.

This stuff would be grounds for divorce, and maybe a lawsuit, in the 'nilla world. But it's a beautiful thing with us because of our communication and love.

—Love, Daddy

Daddy petted me on the head, and I cried tears of joy, holding the roses in his hallway. He said, "Baby...I didn't like that you pouted when it was time to leave last night. I want you to spank yourself hard right now, and go stand in the corner for five minutes and think about what you've done."

"Yes, Daddy, I will do as you say."

Unfortunately, that didn't quite resolve the issue.



Daddy Wrote:

I will explain, and not harp on it again:

The Master gets to have his pussy and eat it too. I will give you all of my life, more than I have ever given anyone, but only when I want.

When I feel like having my time back, I will dispatch you, you will bow your head in respect, and kindly depart with no tears and no crankiness.

I adore you, but this is how it will be. Always. When the Master is done playing with his slave, she must leave, and not complain.

And if I want to have plump vibrators, other women, in our bed, you have a choice of going along with it, or I'll fuck them without you.

Dollie Wrote:

Yes Daddy. I understand, and would much rather fuck them with you.

I love you so much. I do understand. At least, I do understand what you require of me. Anyway, I've just finished having a lunch-long conversation with myself about it. I will do my best to never give you the kind of dissatisfaction that I did. You have been so very generous of your time with me, and as I hope I've told you, I don't want to ever become a burden or a trial, or any other sort of interference. If I am compelled to be less than happy when I leave from you, you will not know about it.

I love you. And therefore I will teach myself to do it your way.

Daddy Wrote:

Thank you baby. I think that all things considered, considering this is the closest thing to brattiness I've ever seen from you, and it wasn't intentional brattiness, I have a damn good slave.

Dollie Wrote:

Thank you Daddy.
Purrrrrr....~!

Daddy Wrote:

Good girl!

I LOVED talking to you last night and praying with you. It's good and keeps us sane, focused and even more beautiful.

Dollie Wrote:

Yes, it does. I am so glad we did talk; I needed to hear you tell me your take on the "spank and stand"—making me punish myself—I'm just too damn serious and ready to chastise myself most of the time. But I'd still like to stand in the corner for you anytime in play.



As for praying with you: If church and religion had ever made me feel as whole and peaceful as praying with you does, well, I'd be Ned Flanders. It's humbling and uplifting, spiritual and sexy, and feels as purely right as it did kissing my sleeping babies when they were new.

Transubstantiate me baby, all night long....

Daddy has a list taped to his wall. It's two columns, written two years ago. The first column is his priorities (in order) at that time.

The second column is his goals for his priorities for a year after he wrote the list. (Which would have been a year ago.) I love this about him.

Column one (old priorities)

1. Myself
2. Art
3. Sex
4. God
5. Cats
6. People.

Column two (new priorities)

1. God
2. People
3. Cats
4. Art
5. Sex
6. Myself.

I read it and think on it every time I'm there. I still don't know how my own lists would work out right now, but I do know I find his inspirational. I find *him* inspirational. Not in a "When I grow up, I wanna be just like Daddy" way, but I admire so much how he keeps working on making himself better in the eyes of God and the world and especially himself. I can learn a lot from him about being honest with one's self. Just another gift of being in love with Daddy.

That night in bed, after a good caning, fucking and me sucking him off, he said, "I feel like being in my head tomorrow. I have a lot to think about. Bring a good book and I'll just tell you, 'Shut up. Sir needs to think.'"

"Yeah! Yay! Yea...I will do what you want, Sir. I know you have important thoughts, and don't want to disrupt them with my chatter."

"I love you, baby kitty."



"Shucks, Daddy baby. I love the way you look me in the eyes when we talk, when we are silent, when we are alone and when we are with people, but I love it the most when you're inside me and I feel more naked and alive than I ever have in my life. I love the way your hands feel whenever you touch me and how you feel to my hands—when I pet you in passing, when I hold your hand as we walk, reassuring and solid, REAL, but none so much as when I hang from your shoulders as you lie above me—I feel grounded and floating free, all at once."

We fell asleep in each other's arms.

Daddy Wrote:

Dear Princess,

You are cordially invited to come over again, either this Saturday evening or any time Sunday, and resume service as our rainy-day Princess. You will be licked, spanked, tied, bound, whipped on the ass, called dirty names, and just generally pushed around into any Princess-like service I can devise.

If you chose to cum over, we would like you to cum for five hours this time, rather than three.

You would begin your service, without talking, the moment you walk in the door. We will take you for Thai food and pleasant chatting after.

Please call me "Sir." You cannot call me Daddy. I'm only Dollie's Daddy.

You're a good little cock dolly. Sir is very proud of you.
Please RSVP, and indicate a time if you plan to cum.

Respectfully and with appreciation,

—ThornDaddy and Dollie



Princess came back one more time, but never again after that. It's hard to find a secondary play girl for an existing couple. And even harder to get them to keep coming back. Most women don't wanna be the second, even if they're into being a sub. They want to be the *one*. Daddy will throw down some anonymous chick with me, "More body parts in the bed to play with" is how he puts it. He'll spray his cum all over her, and rub her in special places. But he calls me his "Sweet little nesting doll," "My best friend and partner in life," things like that, in front of the girl. They want that from someone, don't get it from him, and don't come back.

Daddy Wrote:

Dollie, I love you so much that I'm gonna pop. And I have frozen sperm chips for you. And she won't get any.

—Daddy

Dollie Wrote:

Kisses for my Daddy.

Time for me to run away from my desk, since it's lunchtime.

—Dollie

Dollie Wrote:

Daddy,

You're the best thing that's ever happened to me.

Daddy Wrote:

You're the second-best thing that's happened to me. First was getting sober. Without that I have nothing. Without that, you wouldn't be in my life. I'd be living in a cardboard box under a bridge like a common troll. And trying to make a woman out of soiled pantyhose fished out of dumpsters. And the deepest interaction we'd ever have is maybe you putting a crumpled dollar in my dirty paper cup as I beg....

I will be so into stimulating our minds hearing the Raymond Kurzweil lecture tonight. Feed our minds as well as our bodies.

But first our bodies....Get your sweet, pink ass over here NOW, boo boo kitty fuck.

—Salivatingly (Saliva tingly!) yours, Daddy.



Dollie Wrote:

I'm leaving work now, Daddy! And drooling at either end. Be there soon.

Daddy Wrote:

I have so much fun with you my mind is swimming. My body is sated.

Mew!

That night, after the lecture, Daddy took me outside the lecture hall in the moonlight and put his arm around me. He said, "I just can't get over how much my life outlook has changed since falling in love with you. I'm in a perpetual state of blissed and blessed."

"Daddy, I can't stop thinking about you cumming in my mouth while Princess was blowing me. I woke up three times during the night because I was dreaming about it, and came twice while dreaming it. I've heard other women describe feeling powerful and omnipotent while blowing men, but for me, it's always been different. An act of reverence, service, adoration, an offering to lay upon the altar of everything male. Unlike you, my God has always been a man."

"My god is a woman, you are right. But she reaches me through her sisters. And you are the best sister ever. And it blows my mind when you cum without touching your pussy just because I cum in your mouth."

"Shucks, Daddy. You have that effect on me."

"It's hard to get me to come with a mouth alone. Probably 6 out of 150 or so lovers have been able to do it. Takes a long time. I'm not like the other boys. I'm speechless with our spiritual sex. I praise you. Blow me."

I did, right there in the bushes behind the lecture hall at the art college in Pasadena. After I came a few times, and he came, I licked his cum off my lips and said, "It's how I'm wired. I don't make commitments easily, but when I do, it's complete. You make me feel much more of a woman, and I can only offer all I am in return."

"You are my little honeydew melon, Dollie. The best kitten this cat's ever had."

"I love how very sexy and wonderful I think you are. I loved you singing for me yesterday. You were making fun of how my friends would perceive it, but who cares? I think it's beautiful and romantic, and so are you. I wanna suck your cock, lick your asshole and do *anything* else you'd like....I wanna be Daddy's on-demand little cum dumpster and butthole licker."



"And you are, my sweet."

Daddy Wrote:

Subject: Sing me a song of sperm

Singing for you in my bed was more fun to me than a lot of gigs I've done for hundreds of adoring fans. I'll do it again anytime you ask. I want you to start asking for things too. I love being able to use you as my dolly, but I like a live dolly who tells me her desires. I can always say no, but I invite you to ask me more and tell me more about what you'd like.

Dollie Wrote:

Yes, Daddy.

I'll try and learn to ask. It's never been something I'm particularly good at. Thank You, Master, for giving me permission and incentive.

Daddy Wrote:

Other than being a super stud, I think the reason it takes me a long time to cum when blown is this: Most women are doing me a favor when they do it, and I imagine they'd rather be doing something else.

The fact that you consider sperm in the mouth a sacramental benediction makes it that much easier for me.

Dollie Wrote:

Sperm in the mouth is a blessing and a gift, in my eyes. It's the ultimate expression of appreciation for something i love to do. i have often experienced a loss of distinction between my mouth and pussy when blowing someone, but never as strong as it is with You. i love the subtle changes that occur in Your cock as it gets closer to orgasm, and i can sense those changes all the better with my mouth. i lose myself in the act, feeling/hearing You cum in my ass or pussy often triggers my orgasm again, but that is so amplified when You're in my mouth. i want You to know i love to do that for You; i need You to know it.

Daddy Wrote:

Sperm of the mouth, or as the French say, "sperme de la bouche." You are my slutty little sacrament.

Let's eat....

Dollie Wrote:

Je t'aime... et mangeons!

Daddy Wrote:

I would like to cane your ass while I look you in the eyes and sing my songs to you some time. We'll put on one of my records and I'll sing to



you while I beat you.

Dollie Wrote:

YES! Thinking of it gives me a choked and gasping feeling. i know i'll cry if You do, but they will be purifying tears.

Daddy Wrote:

I love you and am honored that you drive an hour each way to see me every time we meet.

Dollie Wrote:

i'm fluttered by you. i can't think of doing anything else. i love You, and need to be with You. i'd suffocate if i didn't breathe the air around You.

Daddy Wrote:

And I'm sorry I had to punish you with extra ass whippings last night. It was the first time you've questioned me on that, and it took me aback. I asked you to suck my cock NOW, and you said I was being impatient. Wow. Such willfulness. I'm glad you understand.

Dollie Wrote:

Thank You, Daddy. i *do* understand. i was selfish and willful, and i don't know where it came from; it scared me. As soon as the words left my mouth, my stomach flipped. It felt like someone else had taken over my head, and was speaking through me. i deserved the punishment You gave me. The pain and the tears washed me clean, let me atone. i couldn't have done without it.

You are my Daddy, my Father confessor. Through You, Your love and Your discipline, i am made whole and pure.

i woke up with you on my mind and wishing you were on my tongue. No sweeter place than in Your arms, Daddy. The world goes away and i snuggle like a kitten with a tummy full of milk.

CHAPTER TEN

Anonymous Slut

Daddy Wrote:

I need to go to The Valley to do some final editing on my new film at 7 AM tomorrow. I'd like you to drive me and hang out. By the way, it might be a long day. And night.



Dollie Wrote:

It will be what it needs to be. i'm content to share space and air with You, wherever, and trust You'll let me know if there's anything i can do, no matter how minor or menial.

i need You.

i need You to spank me.

i need You to blind me with Your eyes.

i need You to whip me scarlet and violet blue.

i need You to pull me down by the hair, gagging me on Your cock.

i need You to fuck me evil, pounding my ass, call me Your cum dumpster dolly whore gurl.

i need You to pump my pussy until it overflows and puddles the sheets with the soup of our slime.

i need You to hold my face, kissing me so i can't breathe anything but You.

i need You to tell me You love me because i'm Your bitch.

i need You to hug me so tight i cry.

i need You.

i love You.

ThornDaddy Wrote:

Dear Howie,

My sub's pussy twitches and she literally physically jumps a little whenever I call her a "good girl." I discovered this a while back.

We both laugh a little when I do it, because her response is absolutely involuntary. And it even works over and over if I say, "good girl good girl good girl good girl good girl good girl".....

It's amazing. It's like I have a buzzer in my hand, and it's attached to her in special places.

It's a special blessing.

Dollie told me last night "I'm your slave and I will do anything you want in bed, and anything you want, within reason, outside the bed."

Sometimes we go have dinner (she often pays) and I tell her, "Do not talk for the whole meal." She brings a book, reads it, and smiles.

The other day she was licking my balls and I said "Suck me now." She said "You're impatient", then immediately realized the error of her ways. I caned her ass red with welts and she apologized profusely. And she loved me for it.



She's an amazingly cat-tastic woman. With her, I always feel like a well-petted kitty. And I dig her mind and heart. This bitch has *soul*. I have wanted this woman my whole life. Every woman I've fucked or loved has just been training for this one.

She calls me "Daddy." I've trained her: Any time I tell her, "Get in bed and open your legs!" she has to lay there with her legs open and say, "You can do anything you want to me, Daddy. ANYTHING." Every time we fuck.

I'm not even really cocky about it (no pun intended). I'm very very grateful. And I know I couldn't make decisions like this if I were drinking. If I were drinking (and this is just me), I would treat this gal like shit, then empty out her bank account. But not before fucking her 23-year-old daughter.

Dollie's a widow. Her husband was a junkie. I guess that makes me look pretty good.

I am not really very rigid with my demands with my sub, but I really don't need to be. Other than the other day, she's never said "no" to anything reasonable ("blow me now", "make me coffee / bring me coffee", "blow that girl I brought over", "drive over and see me tomorrow", etc.).

We do not have a 24/7 power exchange, it's more like a 24/4 PE. And I have never asked her anything unreasonable like "Make something up, leave work early, NOW, drive an hour, blow me and leave" or "Skip your son's birthday and come see me instead."

Giving my sub this kind of latitude has actually made her *more* servile to me. Today I woke up and she had cleaned my kitchen for like four hours. It was cleaner than it's ever been. She's more and more into being helpful.

I did tell Dollie to lose twenty pounds and quit smoking. But I also said I'd lose five pounds and quit smoking too.

We're on hour 72 of no smoking. I gotta run. I need another blowjob.

Howie Kafka Wrote:

Cool. You're the man, man.

Send me a photo of her and one of your other girls holding up a sign that says "Hi Howie!"



Anonymous Slut wrote:

Hello dear Sir and Lady:

Would love to talk more and currently need a serious caning. Feel free to call me at _____. I do not have regular computer access at the moment so please excuse my late responses. I will try and call you soon.

ThornDaddy and Dollie Wrote:

Hello missy. Thank you for writing back. I'm about to love my lady silly, so I'll be brief. But we both agree you might be a fun afternoon some time.

Do you like movies? Art? Sunsets? Life? We do. Ass whippings? We do. We also like dirty dirty sex, loving, submission, and fun bondage games, with rules discussed ahead of time, and cuddling.

I also like gals in lingerie. Are you willing to comply? Nice slutty slip? Heels?

What is a good time and date for you? I would totally take into account what you want, and work it with what I/we want, and make a nice day of it.

We could meet for coffee before hand, so there's no pressure, and we'd be fine with you telling an understanding friend where you'd be, and you calling in with her, so you know you're safe.



Also: I have herpes. I don't get outbreaks often, and know when I'm getting them. It's not really an issue.

I'm fixed, but if you and I fuck, we'll use condoms.

Dollie and I are both HIV negative. (I got tested recently, and have results in writing.)

You got any issues to run buy us? Or any questions or comments?

Meow ya later. If this is agreeable, send three more naked full-body photos and write a 500-word essay on what you are willing to do for us.

And thank you for addressing us properly as "Sir and Lady." It made us smile.

Lovingly,
ThornDaddy and Dollie

Dollie Wrote:

Daddy, i'm glad she answered, and is interested, and seems to fit so well into the scheme. She's slishy. i know that Princess not answering back was bugging You, and i didn't like it. i meant what i said yesterday. i think i do understand why You need this, and more than anything i want You to be happy. No, i'm not being a martyr, and not simply tolerating this. That wouldn't be healthy, and would eat away at what we have. i don't ever want to feel like i've tried to smother You. i'm enough of a slut to understand why i think You need this. Perhaps there's a bit of Cash Newmann in me too. i've never equated love and sex. One can exist without the other. i know You love me, and that's what's most important to me. And i do love You so.

ThornDaddy Wrote:

Dear Gypsy,

I really believe that I found Dollie because we were both at a place where we felt complete by ourselves. I wasn't looking for someone to "fix" me or "complete" me. I was just looking to get laid once in a while. And I found SO much more.

Maybe you just should find someone to get laid by, really well, once in a while, and still work on yourself.

If you're as vulnerable as you say, you will probably fall for someone easily, even if he's not "the one", especially if he fucks you really really well! That's been my experience with vulnerable women in the past.

When I was younger, I always wanted a harem of monogamous (to me)



women. I sort of had it when I was in a rock band. But it was hell on my heart, and on their hearts.

I love what I have with Dollie. Absolute perfect love, and I can fuck another woman once in a while, with Dollie involved. I fucking dig it. We have another gal coming over this week. I think I'll call her "kitty."

Princess never responded to the offer of a third play date with us, even though she said she had a great time. Dollie says some "players" are like that: They're honeybees sampling all the flowers. Princess e-mailed us after the first play date and said, "What a wonderful night to share with the two of you. It made my day go by much faster today, thinking of all the fun." And then she never came or wrote back the last time we asked her to.

What Dollie and I want (or more accurately, what I want and she is quite willing to accommodate, because I am Daddy and my will is the Way, and she's strong and smart) is one or two women who will play with us one or two days a month, be civil and sweet, but not fall in love with us. We're still looking.

Dollie and I have no interest in playing with anyone who is "taken", and it sounds like you are now, so it sounds like Gypsy is off the menu. But I'll still be your friend and try to be helpful.

Gypsy Wrote:

He claims to be a Dom. And yet leaves much of the "work" to me, and has yet to take me to places...well you know. I'm feeling stagnant here...maybe it's just the pressures of a new relationship...I just feel like something's not right...your thoughts?

ThornDaddy Wrote:

This is probably a phone call. And I don't know if I'm the best person to give relationship advice, many of mine have ended less than beautifully. Though to my credit, I'm still friends with most of my exes, so maybe that says something good. But I'll offer advice or at least thoughts. And I love telling people what to do. Lol.

Dollie Wrote:

i have to say You asked her all the questions i would have, and i'm curious to know what she says in response. Had she ever mentioned this "Dom" before to You? Sort of surprised me.

i do appreciate/like/love what You had to say about Yourself. And i do think it is very much to Your credit that most of Your exes remain on good terms with You. Not something i've often managed to accomplish, but then, too many of them knew me when i was more or less a kid. Now, i



suppose things are different.

i loved hearing you telling Gypsy on the phone that "We (men) do that" (try to impress women by showing only their best side, and also try to keep women on the shelf until a "better" woman comes along).

It was so charmingly matter of fact, no pretense, no excuse. That may be one of the things i admire/enjoy most about You. i never feel as if You're trying to be anyone other than who You are, and that's all too rare in male/female relationships, in my experience. It leaves me free to decide if i can accept You or not. And i do accept You. You are precious to me, Daddy, in who You are and what we are. And i like that You offer to be her friend, sounds like she needs several.

Many kitty kisses for You.

You're a good man, Daddy.
—Love, Dollie

Daddy called me at work. It was especially sweet, as work was grindingly boring that day. He said, "Dollie, I had the best sex of my life yesterday with you. It felt like I connected with you physically and mentally and spiritually over and over in a way I never have. This sounds cheesy, but it's the only way to explain it: I felt like I was playing an instrument—like your body was a Futureworld sex cyborg that responded to and anticipated my every move, and programmed me in return to make the right combination of very hard and very soft responses. I had the time of my life."

"Me too, Daddy. Sometimes you overwhelm me. You seem to be able to crawl inside my head, and read me so perfectly. And not just when we're in bed. Although with you, I've had the most wonderful sex I've ever experienced. I cherish our times together, sitting on the porch with you, reading books out loud, and having Thai food, even last night, despite all those damn people in *our* restaurant."

"I love Thai food, but love it even more with you."

"I love *everything* more with you. I love to be curled up in your bed, watching movies. I am so at peace with you. I can face my demons when you're there; they don't clamor in my head with the same ferocity. Every time I have you in my mouth, I thank God for you. Every time you're inside me, I am closer to God. When I cum, looking in your eyes, I feel you in my soul. There is a sweetness in your kisses that brings me alive. I love you. And I loved when we went and fed squirrels in Griffith Park the other day."



"That was sweet. Those fat little squittens were something, weren't they?"

"Yes. And Daddy, your statements aren't cheesy at all. You do get inside me — mind, body, soul — in a way I've never experienced. You know what I need/want and do it, before I know myself. Or maybe I'm just not conscious of it/them and you have the capacity to read all the subtle signs. Either way, the resulting music is beautiful, ethereal, magic."

"Bullshitting takes too much effort. Which is probably why I never 'date.'"

"Good answer."

"Most women I've been in longer-term relationships with, I've fucked within 24 accrued hours of knowing them. We 'date' later, after that first fuck is out of the way."

"That does eliminate a lot of time wasting. If two people aren't good in bed together, better to figure it out right away and just be friends, if anything."

ThornDaddy Wrote:
Subject: What D/s means to me

Dear Amy:

Dollie kneels before me every time we meet. There is no shame in it. It



does not mean she is less than me. She is my sub, I am her Master. But it is an equitable relationship. I am less without her, and she is less without me. And I NEVER maliciously humiliate her. I just shimmer in the beauty of her submission.

Even when I call her a dirty cock-loving, ass-licking whore, I mean it with love.

Often, while whipping her or fucking her, I will say or whisper, "I own you", and she will coo and smile and say, "Yes you do, Daddy" or something like that.

She also dresses in bed as I tell her to, and does it with glee.

She is ALWAYS available for my cock. I wake her up in the middle of the night and make her blow me. She loves this, and lives to serve. I make her sleep in her "whore jammies", a very comfortable slip, and nothing more, so her pussy is always available for my hand, tongue or cock. I often wake her up by blowing her.

She also waits on me hand and foot, brings me my coffee, rubs my shoulders while I work, blows me on command, tells me she loves me and adores me, many times a day.

She now asks my permission before going to the bathroom sometimes. I almost always say "Yes." I sometimes make her wait two or three minutes extra before I let her go, but never longer than that. She loves it.

I also take time to rub her feet and back, and blow her at least once a day. I take care of my slave. And I tell her often that I appreciate her, and that I consider her submission to be a blessing and a gift.

We go out occasionally on "vanilla" dates too. We're a somewhat normal couple outside The Nest. Though sometimes when we're in a movie theater, I'll quietly tie her hands together with ribbon for the duration of the film.

I actually think that the sub woman wins. The Dom gets to be in charge. He gets to wave his arms with a lot of pomp, talk loudly and demand stuff, but the sub woman gets to cum five times harder and five times more than the man.

The sub's coffee fetching, subservience, blow jobs and the threesomes with another girl where it's all about me just make it a little more equitable.

I love my babydoll.



Gypsy Wrote:

ThornDaddy,

I'm open to whatever other tidbits and advice for the newbie you may have. Like the difference between a sub and a switch. Can't we be both?

ThornDaddy Wrote:

You can be anything you want. But it is more common for people to switch top and bottom (sometimes even from minute to minute). Doms are generally Doms and subs are generally subs. Masters are Masters and slaves are slaves. But Tops and bottoms can switch.

But there are no rules. I suppose you could be a Dom and a sub to different people, and there is apparently a tradition of starting as a sub to apprentice being a Dom, but that's with people really into the protocol. It's been my observation that switching occurs more in Top/bottom than Dom/sub or Master/slave relationships.

I think generally some people are born subs and some are born Doms. And some folks are not made for this kind o' kink at all. And others are and don't know it. And that causes conflict, especially if it's a Dom living with a non-sub. (As Baadmaster once wrote, "I've never seen a sub say 'Get your own damn beer' like vanilla women do sometimes.")

I am a Dom and usually a top but can switch bottom with some people. But it usually isn't talked out, it just happens.

I have let Dollie top me a few times, but only with me being a Dom, i.e. TELLING her to top me...push me around, treat me like I'm the gurl. She is a natural-born sub, and would never try to top me on her own. She'd only do it if I told her to.

Before I got into this as a studied thing, and was just going with the flow of what was available in my life, I was more of a switch. I rolled around with girls and let them go at me, bite and scratch me, and then I'd roll them over and go at them, sort of the way puppies play.

Since getting on bCom, I've talked to a lot of Doms and subs. I've learned more, and gotten very into being a Dom. I'm a natural at it.

Love,
ThornDaddy.



Daddy Wrote:

Subject: beautiful idea

Dollie, I love that you kneel to me every time we meet now.

And when you leave, we should bow to each other with our hands held together to our chests like we're praying, showing mutual respect, and that in the end, even though you are my slave, we are equal as humans and partners, and we complete each other.

Dollie Wrote:

I love it. And I love you, Daddy.

Gypsy Wrote:

ThornDaddy,

I thought about it, and I think I am a switch. It's natural depending on the partner to accommodate. It's just part of tuning in to your partner's cues, isn't it?

ThornDaddy Wrote:
Yes!

I used to be a switch, but didn't know it. I have natural inclinations to being served that have come out more recently.

I mainly didn't know there were MANY women who loved doing what I loved, and had not found any (at least not any sane ones) until I met Dollie. I've been into kink for 20 years, but only became an active Master recently. But I'm taking to it well.

This life, for me, is all about growth, spirituality, and learning who I am, and who I want to be.

Here is part of my first bCom personal ad.
It's a lot more "switchy" than I am now:



...I have even let a woman flip me over and have her way with me. In certain circumstances I allow a lover to wordlessly take control. I don't like the pre-assigned "I'm the Master and you're the slave" game. That seems contrived to me. I like it more the way that bother-and-sister puppies or kittens fight: They take turns being on top.

I also like a woman who can sometimes top from the bottom. And I love some plump on my partner. Makes me hard and makes me wanna work harder to pleasure us both. Even if I'm in control....

(Note, I didn't know it when I wrote this, but "top from the bottom" is an insult in the BDSM world. It means you're a bossy slave, only concerned with your own desires being met. That's not how I really meant it here. I meant something more like "We will be equals, and we will take turns.")
—ThornDaddy

Dollie Wrote:

Thank You for last night, Daddy. As always, You know what i need better than i do. After talking to You, i went to sleep happy. i loved Your pep talk on bringing out the artist in me. Not that i believe the failure demons are gone, but i'm reassured that there are ways to fight them. Things You say and what You write in Your books are beautiful; i needed to hear them, and will need them often. Maybe every time i sit down to write something.

Maybe if i do, someday i'll really believe, like i once did, that some of what i do is art. That sounds bleak, but it isn't.

Despair is the knowledge that you're valueless. Belief that you might not be is the light breaking through the cracks in the blockade.

i love Your light and i love Your heart.

Daddy Wrote:

Yes babydrol. I love you and want to draw everything good out of you in the best ways.

You know I only date artists, and you are perfect in every other way, so I'm going to make you into an artist. You are in your heart already. You see beauty in the ordinary. And your writing is great. Your e-mails are some of the most entertaining and eloquent I've ever experienced. All you need is encouragement, mentoring and editing.



Dollie Wrote:
i love You, Michael.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

On Being Collared

Getting To The Collar....

I never really expected Daddy to collar me. Oh, I wanted him to, but figured he was too dedicated to his independence and sense of freedom. I just hoped against hope that he'd find me entertaining enough to keep around for his use for a good long time.

I had been collared only once before, three years ago when I was just a baby sub and had no real idea how these things worked. I met a (Dominant) man online and played with him a couple times. One day he announced, with no real ceremony, that he was claiming me for his exclusive use, and wanted me to wear his collar. I just went along with it, not even sure if I *could* refuse. (I was so naïve!) The arrangement lasted about nine months, and I ended it when it became clear he had no real feelings for me. And there was no real trust or respect coming from him. (I discovered he was moving to another state and hadn't bothered to tell me. I guess he figured he'd do so once the movers arrived. Enough said.)

Being collared in BDSM can seem to be a sort of one-way commitment. It is different for different people, but is somewhere in scope between going steady, being married, and being owned. A collared sub or slave is usually even called an owned sub or owned slave.

A Dom may often collar more than one sub, but the sub generally has only one Dom (unless other arrangements are made). The understanding usually involves the Dom placing an actual collar on the sub. Sometimes it involves a complex ritual or lengthy contract, sometimes not.

A Dom can "divorce" a sub easily. All he has to do is remove the collar, say "I release you" and the sub has to go away. Technically a sub could leave as easily (like I did), but if there was trust, and no abuse, it would be shameful to do so. But a Dom can release a sub with no explanation required. (Although done too often it might not be a good thing karmatically. And you'd acquire a wretched reputation that would make it hard to find more slaves.)

After returning my first collar, I played independently with a few selected



men (and one woman) for a while. Eventually I fell in with a small poly family (polyamorous group) with whom I felt quite safe. Led by the Dominant male, Sir X, the family was comprised of his primary (female) sub, one other woman (submissive to him, but being mentored as a Domme), and me. I filled the role of heavy bottom, as I enjoyed intense pain more than the other two women. Sir X loves his single-tail whips, and I enjoyed standing in front of them. Most of the time we all played together in public dungeons, without actually having sex. My arrangement with the family suited me. It left me free to pursue "the Dom of my dreams" but kept my needs for play and kinky society fed in the interim. Also, being with the family helped keep me from falling prey to any less-than-desirable Doms on the prowl. I am still friendly with the family members, and frequently exchange e-mail and the occasional phone call with Sir X.

Sir X spoke of offering me his more formal protection, in the form of a limited collar, but I always demurred graciously, yet sincerely. I knew I would never be happy as a beta sub and so did not wish to make things more than casual.

This was the state of my affairs when I met Daddy.

Almost from the start, if not immediately, I knew ThornDaddy was special, and I wanted to be with only him. I never believed he'd formalize our relationship in any way. Early on he had told me he loved me but had no idea how long that feeling would last – it could be two weeks, two years or forever. No way he could say.

I respected his honesty, and I reveled in his love, but my long-standing fear of being hurt made me try to carry no expectations beyond today/here/now.

One day Daddy asked me if I had a necklace, like a choker, with a locket or heart-shaped charm. Or even a ribbon to wear around my neck. I didn't, but of course determined to get one before I returned for my next visit.

I half-jokingly mentioned having seen pet collar tags shaped like hearts, and was pleased to hear him express approval.

As I've said, I love approval! It makes me squirmy and wet for such a sweet and wonderful man to tell me, "You done good."

I went to the craft store, bought some pretty satin ribbons in black, red, and white. I also found some simple silver heart charms. I went to the pet supply and, as directed, made a red heart tag engraved "ThornDaddy's Babygurl."

The next time I was able to see Daddy was Thanksgiving weekend. I was



excited by the prospect of so much time together, but a bit apprehensive too. I knew neither of us were “into” the holidays and had even admitted to each other that the whole holiday season tended to make us edgy and snippy. (Oh yeah, we also quit smoking together around that time.)

Notwithstanding, I gleefully packed up my frillies, stockings, shoes and new neckwear and headed off to see him.

Daddy loved the ribbons and hearts, and was most complementary about the engraved tag. It thrilled me to wear it for him.

Our play that night was marvelous, even more so than usual (it’s always pretty damn spectacular). I was transported by the beatings he administered with the cane, and when he fucked me, my orgasms were earth shattering. I felt such an exquisite connection.

Daddy was in me and over me, looking me in the eyes, when he started talking about the ribbon around my neck. He said “I’ve collared you” and I smiled, thinking he was just being playful. Then, the look on his face changed, and he told me he really wanted me to wear his collar, and would I?

My tears were flowing so fast and hard, my throat so constricted I could barely croak out “Yes!” I was overwhelmed, ecstatic, flying. I can hardly recall what I said next but I think I repeated “Yes yes yes” and held onto him like a drowning child. And I came and came, over and over. Later that night he also gave me keys to his house. But said, “You have to call before you come over. No pop-ins. You must still respect my space.” I said, “Yes Sir.”

We celebrated the collaring the following day by having a new girl (the one we call “Anonymous Slut”) come over to play. Daddy beat us both very hard, especially Anonymous Slut, as she loves a good caning. I found I was less jealous and nervous this time than I had been in the past. Wearing Daddy’s collar had granted me serenity and grace. (This is not to say that I had no further obstacles with my behavior vis-à-vis the play girls, but rather, the glow of the new collar was very strong, and carried me through our celebration with aplomb, much to our mutual pleasure.)

What Does It Mean to Me to Wear Daddy’s Collar?

—It means I am *owned*.

—It means I am *protected*.

—It means I am *loved*.

—It means I am *nurtured*.



I feel secure and safe wearing Daddy's collar, even when we're apart.

Daddy's collar around my neck is a symbol of my dedication and the love I have for him as his slave; the complete surrendering of my will to his desires.

In turn, it is a symbol of his commitment to me, to be upright and honorable in his dealings with me, to love me as long as it pleases him, and to care for my well-being in the exercise of his power and control over me.

As snugly as his collar fits around my neck, the peace and serenity of his ownership wraps itself about my soul.

It is not a promise of forever. But I find that I don't need that as much as I once thought I would. I have grown in his care, and have learned to worry less about what tomorrow will bring and to truly appreciate the joy in what I have today.



ThornDaddy Wrote:
Dear Howie,

I've never had a girlfriend whose mind, perversions, sex drive and sense of humor so matches mine. And it feels sustainable. We don't feel crazy in love, just in love.

And I think I've learned from a lot of my past mistakes, not to be a dick. I'm very humbled by knowing her, and not taking it for granted.



Damn, I just fucked my woman SO fucking well. And she's on her period.

My bed looks like a crime scene!

Daddy Wrote:

I'm glad you don't want kids, Dollie.

My friend Frank just saw me in the coffee shop on my laptop and asked me "What you working on?"

I said, "Looking at pictures of nekid ladies."

Some dyke with her crying baby over in the corner shot me a dirty look. I felt like saying, "You cannot possibly be as offended by me saying that as I am offended by you bringing your screeching hatchling, your blob of useless, shitting, melping protoplasm, into my range of hearing and vision."

Dollie Wrote:

You make me laugh out loud at work and force me to make up excuses about what I'm laughing at. I love that.

And I agree, crying kids belong anywhere but in public (and I've raised two of them). These sentiments, on both our parts, make me think about how my idealization of kissing my sleeping babies affected us both.

Daddy Wrote:

Yeah. You gotta kiss 'em before you abandon 'em in the woods. Lol.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Servals are us.

Daddy took me out to dinner. I wanted to do something nice for him, so I wrote him this letter, and brought it to the restaurant and gave it to him:

You've often told me that i am the best thing that's happened to You except sobriety. That without Your sobriety, we wouldn't be what we are to each other. Similarly, i see You as the best thing that's happened to me since overcoming depression. i know that had i not put aside a lot of the issues i used to carry so closely, You wouldn't want anything to do with me, and i could never have entered into any kind of relationship, certainly nothing as wonderful as my time with You.

You are a godsend.



You've reintroduced me to God, and that's as marvelous to me as You are. It's something i will have no matter what becomes of us in the long run, and that's a gift i will always cherish. For so long before i met You, the only time i talked to God was when i was desperate. Now, everyday i offer my gratitude and hope and appreciation to God. Although i still have my worries and fears, i no longer feel like a pretender to my beliefs; i feel sincere. And in my heart and for my peace of mind, that makes all the difference.

You've brought passion back into my life. Not only the lust and love and joy i feel with You physically, but a brighter light in every day. i wasn't unhappy before i met You, but there is a world of wonder in life that i didn't see.

i love working with You on my writing. i can feel creativity stirring in me that had been dormant for so long i thought it dead. i have no idea how it will express itself, but i know i'm more open to that expression and will nurture it with less fear and trepidation. You give me confidence in myself.

You fulfill me and give me an outlet for so much of what i am at the core. i love to serve You. There is a grace in selflessness and service that is almost religious and ecstatic. i feel like a good woman, and i need that. You make me love myself, and that means i can love others.

Surrendering to You takes me to places i hardly know how to describe. Knowing that Your dominance is driven not by meanness, pettiness or cruelty, but by love and happiness, purifies my submission and glorifies both of us. You redeem me from all that is ugly.

You make me laugh. You make me as giddy as a little girl. My heart is lighter when i'm with You, even when i'm sad or troubled. You give me wings.

You make me think, not brood. i know myself better than i did before, and i'm liking what i discover.

i love You.

—Dollie

Daddy actually cried as he read it. I was moved to tears by his tears. We hugged and held each other, then wolfed down yummy Thai food.

FUCK ME LIKE AN ANIMAL

Daddy was in Arkansas, doing a book signing, and lecturing at the college. He sent me this e-mail:



Dollie Dollie Dollie Dollie!

I had the fortuitous occasion to meet a Serval. Servals are wild African cats, they weigh about 50 pounds. They are majestic beasts.

I love that Serval sounds like "servile." Ironical, because they are anything *but*. They can tear you to shreds. (They can also be crossbred with housecats. Ouch! And keep in mind that housecats are also wild animals. And we're foolish enough to have them in our homes. They're damn cute, but they'd rip your fucking arm off and eat it if they weighed five times what they do.)

I was a guest on a talk show, and the Serval's handler was the next guest after me. The uber-kitty was from an animal rescue/refuge that specializes in big cats like lions, and smaller wild cats like this one.

They brought the Serval out. I was astonished. The kitty was so sleek and nifty and mysterious. He was also in a bad mood, and mauled the handler a little (but not too badly) when someone moved too quickly nearby.

I took lots of pictures, shared them with my friends, and stared at them a lot. The encounter with the big pussy had a heavy effect on me. I actually had insomnia that night, because I was so darned excited. I also was extra horny. Not in any "I want to fuck a cat" way (I have no interest in inter-species love), but because the proximity to true wild animal nature woke up a little more of my own. I beat off nine times that night (since you weren't available to slime myself on/in).

There is something in wild beasts that is also in us. But we've cloaked this primal urge, and almost bred it out of ourselves. Secure in concrete and glass, cultivated under fluorescent lights and imposed structure, our bestial nature has atrophied. We've denied and almost forfeited our beautifully brutal constitution.

Primitive man woke up when he wanted, grabbed any female he could catch, and fucked her if he felt like it. When he encountered an animal, he either ran, or killed it and ate it. I'm not saying I want to go back to this state entirely, but I know we still have it in us.

Further consideration brought on a blinding epiphany: There is some connection between BDSM and the wild animal nature that all mammals possess. We deny it, but it's here. We really are noble beasts, and BDSM brings it out somehow, brings out our elemental, primeval selves.

Something about the fact that this cat could, and did try to, harm the person caring for it awakened something deep in me.



Dollie Wrote:
Purr!

i loved what You wrote me about the Serval. And i woke up this morning after having the most marvelous dream - i was blowing You, really getting into it. You were so incredibly hard, moaning and grabbing my head, pushing me down on You. i was hyper-aware of every detail - each ridge and vein of Your cock, how full Your balls felt, the way my tongue was stroking You, my lips all swollen and over-sensitive. i was cumming like crazy in my sleep, i could feel wetness just running down my legs, all the muscles clenching and jerking. I left a small puddle on the bed.



In the dream, You pushed me off, and started fucking me - i was on my knees, face down, and You were biting the back of my neck, holding me down, arms pinned over my head, and all of the sudden we were leopards, black and sleek and feline, making all these wild noises and growls. i could feel Your teeth grow, get sharper, the scruff of my neck still tight in Your teeth. i could feel my tail wrapping around You and i felt so sinuous, fluid. You came, biting me harder, and i could feel it spray inside me, running out of me, making me cum one last time. It felt like my entire body had an orgasm, not just my pussy.

i woke up, heart racing, and tingling all over. When i finally calmed down enough to get up, my thighs were wet. My pussy was so sensitive i barely touched it and came again.

Daddy Cat, You make me crazy. i've always been sexual, but there's something in you that brings out my absolute inner slut.

God, i can't get enough of fucking You.

Yet i know, if it weren't for the man You are outside the bed, it couldn't



be the same.

i am so very lucky. Thinking about You makes my tummy flip over.

Bless You for being in my life, and letting me share in Yours.

—Daddy's baby kitty.

p.s.- i think i have to go make myself cum again. Writing this has made me twitchy and nuts.

Daddy Wrote:

Baby!

I've known you for a while now. And I'm so happy. (And have you noticed? We haven't gotten in a single serious fight! That's new for me. And I don't see us getting in one. I just don't think it will happen. You always do what I want you to!)

I am sitting here reading your bCom profile again, and I just wanted to say how fucking smitten I am with you. And how you make my heart, mind, soul and cock sing.

You are proof that there is a god. As if I ever doubted it. (And anyway, I prayed for you and you arrived.) You are the best woman to ever enter my life. And I love training and owning and loving you. You are my love doll, to fuck 10 times a day, whenever I feel like it, and you always love it!

You're my kitty.
Mew!

Dollie Wrote:

i'm stunned, Sir. And always here for You, for as long as You want me.

Posting from Daddy on Bondage.com:

Why do subs want to be dragged off to a cave?

BDSM: It's a hell of a ride. And I love it.

I used to be a bisexual switch when I lived in Frisko. (It sort of goes with the turf somehow. You can't renew your driver's license in San Fran without being open and active in all ends of the sexual rainbow.) I've fucked, flogged, beaten, whipped, bit, blown and been blown by about 150 women and probably 10 men. And some of them spanked me.

But I became a Dom only when I discovered bCom a few months ago. I



had NO IDEA there were strong women who loved and lived exclusively to serve men. Wow. Blew my mind. And I found my hot sexy beautiful smart dirty sweet sub, Dollie, in FIVE DAYS on bCom. Fuck yeah. And found more rainy day fun gals for us not too long after.

I love bCom. Changed my fucking life!

I've always had some rough sex, for at least the past 20 years. But it was always with women who were switches, or had low self-esteem and let me do whatever I wanted because they would do anything for attention. (And a couple of them turned out to be stalkers after I dumped them. No surprise there.)

So basically, I've been into kink for 20 years, but only become a Dom recently. Because I didn't know it was possible. I'm doing well with it though, because a lot of what makes a good Dom is vanilla life experience and common sense, and respect for humans, which I already had.

I'm still trying to figure out the female sub psyche. I am enamored with it, elated with it, and swimming in it. It consumes me, and every day is new and shimmery. The power I've been given is a little frightening, but I'm enjoying the ride. And I'm learning from it every day, not just sexually, but as a human in general.

There's a little cave woman in all women. (As in "Women want to be dragged off to a cave by the hair and raped...." I'd always add to this, "...With permission, by someone they love.")

My sub is proof to me that there is a god.

Dollie Wrote:

Daddy, I can't hear all this enough. I am continuing to live my life in beauty and adoration to you. You've made my already good life great.

Daddy Wrote:

Dear Dollie—

The text below is quite cute. It's a personal ad I wrote in 1991, looking for subs, without knowing what subs were. I tried to get on the Internet to post it, but didn't know how to get online. (It was a lot harder to get online back then and there weren't many people, especially women, on the Internet in 1991. This was before the World Wide Web even existed.)

This is the first thing I ever wrote on my first computer (an OEI XT 8086. Your watch has more computing power now.)

I ended up nailing our flyer on poles in San Francisco. We didn't get any takers.



CASUALLY SEEKING "CINDY"

(OR "SISSY." OR "SUSIE." OR. . .)

LOVE TRIO ON A FUN-FILLED MISSION TO OBTAIN A FOURTH PARTICIPANT TO ENGAGE IN FANTASTIC AND FITFUL FROLICKING, IN AND OUT OF THE BEDROOM.

WE ARE: 2 WOMEN AND 1 BOY, IN LOVE AND IN OUR MID-TO-LATE 20S.

GIRL #1 IS: JAPANESE, BRAZEN, CLEVER AND CAPRICIOUS. SHE HAS LONG LEGS, DEEP VIRGINAL EYES, PIGTAILS, CROOKED TEETH AND A PRETTY MOUTH THAT BEGS TO BE KISSED. SHE IS SMART, STUNNINGLY GORGEOUS AND LOVES TO LAUGH.

BEHIND DOOR #2 IS A BELLA ITALIAN-AMERICAN GAL WHO'S TALL, BRUNETTE, OVERWHELMINGLY ALLURING, PRETTY AND POETIC, FEARLESS AND ATHLETIC, STRONG IN MIND AND BODY, WITH FELINE FEATURES AND EYES, PROBING MIND AND HANDS, SUCCULENT LIPS AND STRIKING FACIAL STRUCTURE.

THE BOY IS A BLOND, SHORT, BEAUTIFUL ANGLO-AMERICAN-ADONIS. HE IS OVERSEXED. (THE GIRLS CAN'T KEEP UP. . . THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN, HONEY.) HE'S UNDERFED, WITH DEFINED CHEEKBONES, ROMAN NOSE, A TATTOOED, HAIRLESS, SINEWY CHEST, FULL LIPS AND A GREAT ASS. (HE LOOKS GOOD IN A SKIRT.)

HE POSSESSES PIERCING EYES AND AN UNMISTAKABLY KEEN MIND THAT REQUIRES AS MUCH, IF NOT MORE, STIMULATION THAN HIS SACRED AND PERFECT BODY.

YOU ARE: AN INSATIABLE YOUNG GIRL (AGE: 18-27) WHO IS EAGER TO PLEASE AND ANXIOUS TO BE ENJOYED. YOU ARE SWEET BUT SMUTTY AND LOOKING FOR MORE LOVE AND EXHILARATION THAN ONE PERSON COULD EVER POSSIBLY INSPIRE.

WE'LL KISS AND FUCK AND TALK AND GO FOR WALKS AND MAKE MUSIC AND COOKIES AND GO TO SHOWS (FROM THE MELVINS TO JOHNNY CASH TO SYMPHONIES, ART SHOWS AND ANY EVENT IMAGINABLE) AND LAUGH AND CRY AND LOOK AT THE MOON AND MORE. IF YOU ARE THE RIGHT WOMAN, WE WILL NURTURE, PROTECT AND ENCOURAGE YOU IN ALL YOUR AMBITIONS, AS WELL AS USE YOUR BODY FOR OUR OWN SWEET ENDS, AND WE MEAN THAT WITH ALL THE LOVE IN THE WORLD, BABY.

WANNA CUM ALONG? EXPERIENCE NOT REQUIRED.



START THE NEW YEAR RIGHT!

Send a photo and 69-word essay to:
PO Box _____
San Francisco, CA 94142

Dollie Wrote:

That's cool Daddy. Very cute. At 18 or so I'd probably have answered it.



Daddy Wrote:

"Yeah, but I wouldn't have been appreciative. I would have said something like "I didn't fall in love with you. I fell in love with your mattress." I was so drunk back then that I not only pissed my pants sometimes, but I once shit my shoes.

A poem for Daddy

Cock worship:

It's spiritual.

It's prayer.

When you're in my mouth, nothing else exists.

I live to nuzzle you, breathe in the smell of you.



The transformations your cock goes through amaze me, seem miraculous. The variant textures: the shaft like iron in silk; the balls, crinkly and tight or at rest, treasures to be fondled. Like eyeballs in cream.

For me, cock worship cannot be limited to arousal. I am at peace when I can simply hold you, cup you, when we're in repose.

I submit to the whole man, but the essence of him is as much in his cock as in his eyes, his heart, his mind.

When I take your cock in my mouth, I'm taking the entire man into my being.

The Evolution of Consent

My submission to Daddy occurred in stages.

The first time we met in person, I was prepared to give over my body for his use, at least for the night. As I've said, I enjoy the intensity of pain in play, I find it easy to allow myself to be used that way, and I can give up my body without giving over too much of my mind.

I was also prepared to be pleasing to him in my dress and demeanor. Again, simple things that don't pull too strongly on my core, and which are also pleasing to me.

The first meetings with Daddy were spectacular. Very sexual. Rather a welcome change for me as I had been playing mostly in public, and limiting my play to pain scenarios, with little or no sex. Satisfying in themselves, but not the basis for heartfelt romance.

And I wanted romance.

While I was willing to compromise on who could beat me, my heart and soul were only going to be given to the right man.

My early conversations and correspondence with Daddy made me suspect that he might *be* that right man.

After that first time, every time I saw him, I found myself opening up, giving up a bit more of myself to him. He never took what I wasn't willing to give, frequently asked to ensure I was OK, but also had the knack for pushing me to places I never thought I could go.

And he made me love it.



Sometimes I offered him power over some small aspect and then it would blossom. Even before we had met, I had asked him how he preferred me to dress. He offered me suggestions and I did my best to comply. Soon I found myself consulting him on what color nail polish he preferred, how to dress my hair, and what makeup pleased him best. Now I have given even my weight into his control. And I also quit my (occasional) drinking for him, because he said it makes him uncomfortable to regularly be around anyone who smells like alcohol.

I had almost never engaged in role play, knowing it was too easy for me to identify with the character I was playing, afraid of where someone might try and take that character. With Daddy, I became anything he wished – a dockside whore on payday, a precocious and naughty little girl seduced by the man she trusted, the passed-out girl at the frat party, passed around by all. I let him make me write “I am a naughty little slutty tramp” over and over and over. In all of these, I flirted with my emotions in ways I’d never dared.

Sometimes, the play made me cry. But it always made me wet and excited, and the sex left me shaking and unable to speak. And Daddy was always ready to catch me if he sensed me starting to crumple.

Prior to meeting Daddy, I had been very cautious in playing with my emotions – trying to avoid placing myself so in thrall to a man that he got inside my head. Daddy pulled me in, body and mind.

One of the most startling (to me) powers I gave to Daddy was the power to play humiliation games with me. I have always been very protective of my occasionally brittle self-esteem, and humiliation was a game I had rarely played.

I believe everyone has their own ideas of what they find humiliating. Some couldn’t conceive of crawling on their knees, but I love that. It doesn’t touch my sense of self-worth to do so. In fact, it plays to my feeling of joy in submission to bow down to the man in control. I have my own hot buttons: body image, bodily functions, face slapping. Understand that many of the powers I have granted Daddy have profound implications *for me*.

Also, just because I told him he could do these things doesn’t mean it was easy for me. There’s something in Daddy that makes it almost impossible for me to say “no.” I can’t say how much is attributable to my love for him and need to please him, my insecurity that I could lose him if I refuse him, his very infectious charisma, or the trust I have in him. It’s a combination of all these things, certainly.

I had long been in the practice of giving myself an enema before any play that might include anal sex or toys. But that had always been a private practice. Daddy told me he wished to give me an enema. I agreed, but it



was an intense experience for me. Even though there was no pain (in fact it felt rather warm and nice), I cried like a broken child. I don't regret the experience, and now am comfortable if he happens to need to come into the bathroom while I'm cleaning myself. I can even carry on a conversation if need be.

Daddy loves to slap a girl's face. This had always been a hard limit for me since years and years earlier I had been in an emotionally, though rarely physically, abusive relationship (not a D/s relationship, I might add) and had been slapped in anger and derision. Slapping the face seemed no way to play, and Daddy respected my saying so. But I knew there was no malice in Daddy's desire to strike me, so I eventually agreed to let him. This happened after I saw him do so to one of the play girls, and found it intensely exciting, in part because of the thrill I saw in his face (and the girl's face) when he did it.

He could clearly see my hesitancy in giving him permission to slap me, and checked over and over to be sure I meant what I had said. The first several times he slapped me, I cried. A lot. He held me and reassured me. It confirmed that he loved me and wasn't angry or unhappy with me. He asked if he should stop. In fact, he did stop for awhile...Until I begged him to do it again. It still made me cry a bit, but I had found I loved the sharp, arresting sensation of his open palm smacking my face.

And it abruptly knocked all thought, including worry, out of my head.

Daddy's slaps purged me of the emotional burden I had carried for so many years. Being slapped, with love, by the man I loved in return, washed away the evil. Once again, I had found redemption in facing my fear with the support of Daddy's love and kinkiness. Now when he slaps me, I feel electric. If we're fucking, it more often than not triggers an orgasm.

While I have conquered my struggles with face slapping and enemas, I continue to battle with my acceptance of his need for other women. Early on in our relationship he let me know he was not the monogamous type. I knew this about him before we ever met in the flesh.

By the time I truly had to face the issue, I had fallen so hard for him I couldn't think of being without him. In that way, I really had no choice but to accept things on his terms. Not because he said so, but because of what I believed. I could have said "no" to playing with other women. And I believe he would have tried to honor such an agreement, but eventually would have grown too restless to maintain it. I don't believe he would ever go behind my back. I think he would be honest and pursue other women without me, which would be agony beyond bearing.

So, when he offered me the option of always being a part of any dalliance



with others, there was no choice I could live with but to agree. He's even been generous enough to seek only women I don't feel too threatened by, physically, intellectually, or on any other grounds. And when we have been with other women, he is *very* clear to them as to their role compared to mine in his life; I am his love, they are for fun and entertainment. In these ways he acknowledges my fears and honors my love for him. And I try my best to be generous in return, and gracefully accept the outlets he needs.

But it is not easy for me.

I don't know if it's jealousy or fear of being replaced – that old insecurity and lack of self-esteem. I don't doubt Daddy loves me. What I fear is that I don't deserve it, and he might figure that out. But I know it is foolish to question him, to be willful on the subject, because that is what is most likely to push him away.

I gave my consent, I agreed to his generous terms, and I really have no basis for complaint.

When my internal struggle breaks out and I allow Daddy to see it, or worse, act in a way contrary to that to which I have agreed, he has every right to be upset. He has the right to discipline me in any manner, and to whatever degree he feels my actions, words, or attitude warrant, as demonstrated in the following exchange of e-mails. I have given him this right by my promises and acceptance of his collar.

He is better to me than any man I've ever known. I truly am a fortunate woman.



CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Big trouble in paradise

1:03 AM

Daddy Wrote:

You told me on the phone last night that you don't always like my choices in the girls we use for play dates. I'm tired of this. It's been going on for months, but last night was the straw that broke this kitty's back.

Is questioning my choice of other women really submitting to the whole man?

Baby, I'm really conflicted about the anger I feel at you right now. When you willfully told me you didn't want me to choose certain women for our bed, I felt it violated the agreement we have, where you told me that I own you and that I can do anything I want.

You've given these rights to me, and I love it.
And I know you want to honor it.

Part of me wants to react by telling you "I am going to start fucking these women without you if I feel like it."

Part of me wants to stay with you and only play as you want. That seems saner, but it's still too much of a compromise for me.

I REALLY want to call and wake you up, but I have too much care in my heart for you. I want you to sleep well. You need to sleep, to be fresh for work.

I really cannot tell if I'm being a prick or a good daddy by demanding that you not question me. I feel like crying. And I know I can tell you that without thinking you'll take it as ugly weakness.

Help.

I love you so dearly. I don't wanna fuck this up. But I really wanna have my cake and eat it too. And you said I could.

I'll have to pray on it.

And I love you I love you I love you so much.



Ultimate love,
Daddy

1:47 AM

Daddy Wrote:

RE: Putting you in line with regard to other girls, and my choices with them.

I think I'm gonna have to slap you a few times and then we'll talk more about it.

—DADDY.

3:39 AM

Daddy Wrote:

And if you complain again, about anything, I am seriously going to go out of my way to find women who are young, gorgeous, and/or very mentally intriguing.

I haven't so far.

It is unwise to test a Daddy with his ever-expanding options.

I'm pissed off right now. You wasted a lot of my time tonight with this.

And I'm mentally fucked up over it and wasting more time.

—Daddy

5:15 AM

Daddy Wrote:

So, I've wasted four hours worrying about this shit. When I could have been working. But I've been worrying instead. Worrying hurts my heart.

I can't work now. It's a viscous sticky cycle.

I'm still fucked up over it, but a little hopeful.

What are we gonna do baby? You have been really willful lately. I think this is the third time I've been mad at you, and this time I was fairly furious.

This is all bringing out the worst in me.

And in turn, I'm feeling really bad for feeling this mad at you. I want to be happy with you like we are most of the time. Please help me find ways that we can do that and still have me eat my cake. And smear it all over my chin. And have you lap it up.

I'm not gonna stop fucking other women.

But I like fucking them with *you*. I'd rather do that than fuck them with-



out you, or behind your back. (I'd die if I lied to you.)

But you might lose me as your lover over this. It's possible.
It's been my reaction with girls in the past.

I feel kinda trapped about all this.

I don't want you to be a doormat, I want you as a sub with a mind.
I don't want you to go along with things out of fear.
I want you to want what I want. Baby kitty, I wish you wanted what I want.

Sally once taught me the best lesson ever: She said that all people need to know this: "Don't blame people for things that aren't their fault."
People often do.

I feel like I'm doing that....blaming you.
I feel like a cad.
Fuck.
What can we do, kitten?

Sadly but hopefully hopeful,
—Lover.
—Kitty.
—Daddy.

5:27 AM

Daddy Wrote:

I was feeling insanely cranky, then realized I hadn't put a nicotine patch on after my shower, like five hours ago.
I just put one on now. It relaxed me a bit.
I am still miffed at you, but not as insane about it.
Which also makes me sad, because it means that I am still fucking hooked on nicotine.
Oh well, I'm not killing my lungs, and I'll taper off of these over the next month.

I love you very very very deeply, sweetie.

And I also want to see you with other girls in our nest, for my pleasure, too.

6:36 AM

Daddy Wrote:

That girl Stella.
I just talked to her for an hour.



She's totally sane.

She's totally bi.

She's totally doable.

After she dumps her dumb Dom (she's only met him twice, and he said, "You are now my sub", and she accepted...Duh...And she *knows* this is dumb).

We are having her over to play soon.

7:37 AM

Daddy Wrote:

I hate this.

I hate being insane.

You've never seen me like this.

It's stupid, old, addict behavior to send many escalating e-mails ranting at someone.

I feel ashamed. I feel I shouldn't see you this weekend.

Yikes.

Forgive me.

P/s

I really really really value you in my life.

—Daddy

P/p/s

I'm going to sleep. I need it.

8:30 AM

Dollie Wrote:

Subject: i'm so very sorry, Sir, please, please forgive me...

i am so ashamed right now. i'm scared, shaking, sick to my stomach. i can't believe i've been so stupid and willful. i disturbed Your peace of mind and goodwill, pushed You too far. You are such a good, generous, caring and loving Daddy, and i'm afraid i've blown the whole thing.

Please forgive me, Sir!

i don't want to try and justify why i was such a snit. There's no excuse, i was wrong to question You, or resist You. You were exactly right when You told me last night that i knew who and what You are when i accepted Your collar. i did consider it, if not at that exact moment, and had already decided that i had to accept You as You are because i couldn't accept not being with You.

If i haven't conquered yet the fact that sometimes it tears at my heart that i am not enough for You, that doesn't mean it's OK to show that to You, to worry You with it, and to be disobedient and willful. i've told You



how i feel, but told You i accept Your ways, and i shouldn't burden You more with it. You have been more than kind to consider my feelings as much as You have by being willing to compromise in the women You select to play with, and limiting it to play with me involved. i'm an idiot to endanger that generosity.

i wish i could be instantly at peace with Your need for other women. i am trying to be. i believe i can be, especially if You are perhaps still willing to continue as You have in the past in Your selections. i hope beyond hope this will satisfy You, and You are still willing to give me that consideration. i am not trying to tell You how to go about it, i am begging You to give me another chance. Please. Please. Please. i do pray for the serenity to accept Your desires. You've heard me do so. Please give me the chance to reach that place and that peace.

i love You.
i love You in my life.
i love being in Your life.

The thought of losing You scares me so much i can't even cry.

i feel i've lost the right to call You "Daddy", and i pray You'll tell me i may do so again. i hope i haven't lost You. i hope You will allow me to see You this weekend, i need to see You. i need You to beat me, slap me, and redeem me from this horrid willfulness, to let me beg You to give me one more chance...to allow me to submit to the Whole Man.

i am so sorry i interfered with Your work. i have no right to do that, and i am shamed.
i am so sorry i questioned You. i have no right to do that, and i am shamed.
i am so sorry i broke Your peace. i have no right to do that, and i am shamed.
i am so sorry i made You crazy. i have no right to do that, and i am shamed.

Please forgive me, Sir.

i read through all Your messages before composing this response. i have only answered You here, to keep it as simple as i can for You. i've done enough harm. i hope i can be hopeful that You will forgive me. i am overwhelmed You would ask me to forgive You, i don't think there's anything to forgive. i pushed You, made You angry, and You told me so. That i disturbed You so greatly mortifies me, but also makes me hopeful that Your care for me will allow You to forgive me. i am encouraged by the kind words You wrote. i do want so much to be Your good girl.

i will be waiting on tenterhooks for Your reply to this. i hope You might call



me, but, i don't feel i can petition You for anything more than forgiveness now.

Please know i love You. i don't want You to feel sad or mad, especially not because i made You angry. i'm not perfect, but i want to be for You. So far, i've done a wretched job of it, but please know the desire is there.

i beseech you to forgive me, Sir. i so very much need to be Daddy's good girl baby kitty slut whore cum dumpster dress-up dolly whipping toy again.

Meekly, pleading for forgiveness,
—Dollie

2:40 PM

Daddy Wrote:

You are my forgiven, absolved and redeemed, baby girl.

DADDY loves you, and I am willing to let you prove you are a good girl once again.

And I like the letter you wrote. Very well worded.

You're a good kitty. (And a good writer.)
Let's see if you can be a good girl. (I know you can.....)

—DADDY

p/s

I osculate you and I love your new e-mail address!
(DollieForDaddy@_____.com)

That day, I wrote Daddy a letter, and hand delivered it. I knelt before him, gave him the envelope, and waited with head bowed.

My dearest, wonderful Daddy,

It feels so very good to hear You say that i'm a good girl again. Thank You for Your forgiveness, and i pray never to give You cause to be angry with me again. i've done some very intense praying for help and guidance today, and will do so every day until i get it right, all the time.

i hope You are feeling more at peace now, and that what i've done won't continue to create interference for You with Your important life's work. i'm sorry to have disturbed Your sleep this morning.

All day i longed to be with You, to kneel before You, and show You my contrition, not because i'm seeking Your further forgiveness, but because i



need to show You my surrender and submission to Your will. I hope You will accept it with the same whole-hearted humility and love that it is offered.

i adore You.
Dollie

Daddy kissed me on the head, pulled me up to his eye level, held me strongly in his arms and said,

"I value your submission to me. I forgive you. You are a good girl. I love you. And I am pleased with you."

I felt wonderful.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Are we really Sadists and masochists?

ThornDaddy Wrote:

Dear Amy

I do not "have" multiple subs. I have one sub and use other subs. I don't own them. I like them, and chat with them on the phone and am friends with them, but they ain't "mine."

For me, the formula for eternal happiness is simple:

—Have one totally love-of-my life sub gal, Dollie. Pump her full of spunk and love, and dominate her all the time, with love. Beat her ass red, then write love poems to her.

—Play with and fuck (with condoms) any other playdoll girls I want, as long as I involve Dollie.
(Involving Dollie is my choice, not hers, but she really likes it. And I know she would be sad if I played with girls without her. And she **LIKES** girls, and likes seeing me happy even more.)

—Tell the playdolls their place, i.e., Dollie is my collared lover, the others are basically entertainment. Like getting a new sex toy or renting a movie.

I tell the playdolls this before, and also in Dollie's presence, in bed.



We're nice to the other gals though, sweet to them, helpful, even mentoring, but they know they will never be the "one", and we will never be a triad.

—Never play with gals that are owned, married, have Doms, boyfriends, girlfriends, etc. without permission of the boyfriend/girlfriend/owner, etc.
(And we do not trade. No men get Dollie except me.)

—Tell Dollie over and over every minute of every day how much I love her, and mean it.

Somehow this all works out very well.

I do not regulate Dollie's other activities much. I make suggestions, but she can do what she wants outside of The Nest.

I do not monitor her e-mail, and do not access her bCom account. (Or her bank account. Believe it or not, some Doms demand that of their subs.) I have her bCom password, but only to upload new pictures for her, because I'm faster at it. I never log in and check her e-mail. She's a big girl, a good girl, and I am too busy a man for that type of overlording. Also, it would be a little disrespectful for me to do that, IMHO. (Besides, she gleefully shows me all the squicky e-mails from faux-Doms demanding "Kneel, bitch!" We have a good laugh at them.)

I give her a lot of freedom. Isn't it enough that I tell her how to dress, when to have sex with me, and that she cleans my house and cooks my meals? In a slip and pumps? That seems like enough control to me. Who cares if she has friends I haven't met? She's a smart lady and I trust her.

She tells me that she still talks to a few men she used to play with who are still her friends. I don't care. I trust her. She asked me if it was OK, I said, "Of course." (And I still talk to many of my ex-girlfriends.)

And Dollie physically runs to me every chance she gets.

My casual play with other subs is pretty intense, emotionally, if they are willing to do that. I look them in the eyes lovingly, and speak sweetly to them, and crack their ass very hard, if that's their game. It can look like love and can be confusing.

That's why I have to be very clear with them.

We also play with some girls that I do not physically whack at all. Dollie and I REALLY like sex, and it does not have to be very kinky to make us smile. (Conversely, there's one we play with who I whip that we don't have *any* sex with.)



I am the unquestioned lord and Master in the bedroom, but sometimes my bondage is mostly mental with one or two of the sub-subs. (Most of the other ones so far are total fucking pain sluts—more so than Dollie even.)

—ThornDaddy

Brenda (A 21-year-old bisexual switch from San Francisco) wrote Daddy on bCom asking him advice about compromising with one's lover. She had a switch boyfriend that she loved, but he got jealous when she played with other men.

ThornDaddy Wrote:

Hey Brenda who looks a lot like my daughter:

Thanks for asking me about this. I love telling people what to do. From my experience, two switches in bed is difficult.

Personally, I'm much happier with the Master/sub thing I have now than I ever was with my switch/switch Frisko romances. And Dollie compromises for me and I barely do for her, though I respect her boundaries.

But the thing that I remember worked when I was switching was to not have it pre-assigned...like "I'm the top today and you're the bottom." I liked it better when it was more organic...more moment to moment.

I'm listening to a band called The Beanweevils. You ever heard them? Best band that never got famous and should have. I can e-mail you an MP3 if you like. They were my roommates when I lived in Frisko.

And yeah, I know I'm not supposed to call it "Frisko", and I don't care. Lol.

—ThornDaddy

Brenda later dropped the guy, and we hooked up with her in San Francisco when Daddy did a book signing up there. We brought her to the hotel room, and she was cute and plump, but Daddy decided against playing with her. She was willing, but so damn melpy and lackluster that Daddy didn't even undress her. He drove her back to BART, gave her money for train fair, and politely sent her home.

Another gal on bCom wrote this to Daddy:

Dear ThornDaddy.

I always read all your posts, and love them. I love to hear a Dominant man talk about his sub the way you do. It does my heart good. Hopefully



someone will someday say the same types of things about me that you say when speaking of your girl.

—soloSub21

ThornDaddy Wrote:

Dear sub,

I hope you find someone wonderful. Looking at your profile I'm amazed you're currently alone.

I hope you're not sad.

I really do get sad seeing a pretty girl sad.

I want you all happy.

Women are wonderful, and need to be petted and loved.

I hope someone there makes you smile again soon.

But I know that being alone can be good to regroup. I was alone for two years before I found Dollie. I had a weekly fuck buddy, but no love or romance.

I am fair but sweet with Dollie. I never hit her ass or back with anger. Only love. And she loves and appreciates it.

I really believe that she is a whorishly beautiful gift from God. A religious friend of mine thinks that's the Devil talking, but I stand by it. I love Dollie so much, and love her submission, and love submissive women. They're the prettiest thing in the world, and I'm only now discovering them. Wow. My little pink ass is twitching and my mind is blown.

I hope you smile soon, kitten.

—ThornDaddy.

(This gal later got a wonderful daddy and they're still together.)

When Stella was leaving after playing with me and Daddy one day, she asked me if she could have lunch with me some time. I said "Yes", then immediately realized I should have asked Daddy first. Daddy later punished me for not asking if it was OK. He made me stand in the corner. (He does not regulate my activities outside of play, but this was in the context of a play date.) He told Stella that he'd punished me, and she got worried.

ThornDaddy Wrote:

Stella—

You really shouldn't feel bad about that thing today.

And Dollie likes you, and wants to go to lunch with you, and she thinks



you're sweet.

We have a lot to talk about with you. A lot of comments, suggestions, praises....

By the way, Dollie LOVED listening to you and I chat over her wasted body when she was subspacing out. She didn't want or need to be held. She was digging on the sound of our voices. She mentioned it after you left and half-jokingly, half-seriously said you were topping from the bottom by telling me I should have been hugging her. It's what *you* would have wanted for you, but she didn't need it.

You have a bit to learn, but you are a great diamond in the rough, sweetie.

I think I've got you figured out, at least some things about you, maybe better than you have them figured out yourself. If you'd like to hear my theories, call me some time. It's not bad stuff. It's good stuff. It mainly has to do with romance and sex and what you want and what will make you happy in your life.

They're only theories, and I could be wrong. But we'll talk.

And it wasn't your fault about asking her for a lunch date without asking me first. You're new. Dollie has experience, you don't. She should have known not to say "Yes" without asking me first. And I was right there in the room, it wouldn't have been hard.

You gonna be up for a while? I'm mewing to Dollie on the phone and we're giggling and having fun. But I'll call you when she goes to bed if you're up.

Stella Wrote:

Yeah, part of me knew that, and part of me was feeling all protective of her. It's good that you told me not to top her, because I actually might have at certain moments, although I was feeling submissive to her in others.

ThornDaddy Wrote:

It's not your place to top. When you're playing with a couple who are a top and a bottom, and you're a bottom, you do not top the other bottom without permission. You bottom to the wishes of the top. And my wishes were for you to pleasure my woman a lot, and me some, and you did fine.

You were in *my* room. I'm a Top, you'd agreed to bottom, and to not top my woman, and not top me. I know it's your nature to top some, but when you agree to be the sub, you need to remember your place, sweetie.



Being a bottom, for a switch, can be hard, but it can be a great vacation. No need to be in charge. It can feel stunning if you quit fighting it.

Let go of the damn camera, sweetie!

(Stella kept grabbing Daddy's camera from Him when we were playing, and kept trying to take pictures herself.)

Also, I spend about 7 hours a day, literally, hugging and spooning Dollie. She's not starving. And she's also totally confident. Don't worry.

I am also pretty much psychic to her needs, and she to mine. I knew she was fine, and she just wanted to listen to me chat with the help.

STELLA! STOP FEELING BAD!

Stella Wrote:

OK. I'll try, Sir. I just sort of thought she felt left out.

ThornDaddy Wrote:

You felt bad because you are starving for affection and love. You crave it. You were projecting on Dollie.

Dollie and I can teach you a lot about how to get and give real love, romance, affection, sex and how to do it in a healthy way with mentally stable people, and what to look out for and what to avoid. Dollie would really enjoy mentoring you. She told me that after you left. And I'll do it by showing you, and by having these little post-game talks with you.

Also, let me know by tomorrow if you wanna come over Tuesday. I told Anonymous Slut about you, about our day, asked if she was cool with you being there, and she said, "The more the merrier."

Anonymous Slut is a VERY good bottom. I think you'd learn a bit from being there.

My ex, Sally, may come and take photos. She'd just watch, though.

We mew you, kittalina,
S&M kisses.
—ThornDaddy

Are we really Sadists and masochists?

The use of the term "S&M" is somewhat of a misnomer. But it's a short-



hand that a lot of people understand, a quick identifier.

The "S&M" or "SM" means "Sadism and masochism", but I am not a masochist and Daddy is not a sadist. A true sadist wants to give real pain to people (and sometimes animals) who do not desire it. A real masochist seeks out pain, often with no concern for their personal safety.

Neither "Sadist" or "masochist" defines us. Daddy may take a cane or a whip to my ass during our lovemaking, and we both adore it, but pain is the vehicle, not the destination.

I think a more accurate description for us would be "sensation junkies" or "endorphin enthusiasts." Daddy would never strike a person that didn't want it and beg for it. And he loves animals and goes out of his way to *prevent* them from being hurt. (He even used to volunteer at an animal shelter.)

For me, giving up control is a path to freedom. My powerlessness is power, in the hands of the man I deeply love.

Most people who practice S&M are not *true* sadists/masochists, as that implies non-consent. And people who like a little pain in play don't usually like it outside of sex. A masochist likes a bumped head. A sub hates it. And she's usually very picky about who she gets her pain from, and how and when. And it is not really pain to her, but rather, extreme stimulation.

A few sick puppies *are* into BDSM, but most people who play are sensible, smart, even educated. There are a lot of lawyers, professionals, and some scientists. But mostly just all-around sane folks. I really believe there are far more rapists and predators and killers out in the "vanilla" sex world. (And the BTK Killer is NOT kinky. He's sick.)

BDSM people consider safety, sanity, consent and respect in honoring someone's "safeword" (their "STOP NOW" command) as sacred.

Daddy is my Master, but the power exchange is symbiotic. We both get an immense amount of pleasure from it. Also, he spends a lot of time kissing and being sweet to me, in between all the whippings.

ThornDaddy Wrote:

Dear Stella.

Would you be willing to let me give your phone number to potential slave girls, to be a reference for us, so they'd know they'd be safe, and also have fun?



Stella Wrote:
Sure!

ThornDaddy Wrote:
What would you tell them when they called?

Stella Wrote:
Pretty much the same thing you would, I imagine: Dollie's a total sub, amazingly responsive, sweet, intelligent, wonderful. I'd tell them that you're the luckiest man alive, that you two are sickeningly sweet to each other, that you are perfect for each other and there will be no doubt on the part of the third that she is anything but a playtoy, but you're very sweet to the third, and that you have a strange fetish for stuffed animals.

ThornDaddy Wrote:
Lol, Thanks, babe.

Daddy woke me up with a poke. I knew it was time to blow him. Then I gave him his morning backrub, then went to make coffee while he checked his e-mail and did some business stuff. I knelt beside him, head down, holding up his coffee. He used me as a coffee holder, then turned to me. I addressed him, tears flowing down my face and into my slip.
"Daddy....You make me so happy....safe....peaceful....content....squirmy....wet....subservient....loving....challenged....alive....aware....inspired....You make me smile. You make me laugh. You make every day worth getting up for. Last night, a couple times you reached over in your sleep and touched me. Made me so happy, I wanted to cry, but didn't want to disturb you."

"Thank you, darlin'. Ditto."

"Sir, your touch, your voice, your words, your mind, it's all so very miraculous to me. I had forgotten I could feel even half of this for someone. Thank you for loving me, and for being loved by me."

"Awww...Kitty. You know, I usually *hate* sleeping with anyone. I used to make Sally sleep on a mat on the floor. Remember the photo of her with all the stuffed animals? I put them on her while she was asleep. I liked it...It made it look like she'd been killed by kittens.



"I usually used to send other women home after I fucked them. I *love* sleeping next to you for some reason."

An old (conservative) friend asked Daddy recently, "How would your mother feel about you having a sex slave?"

I think his mother, as a woman who was happily in love, then dumped, scorned and bitter about it the rest of her life, would see Michael causing a widow (me) to be really really really happy, and be very very cool with it.

I think she's looking down from Heaven and smiling.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

We are truly living happily ever after.

Dollie Wrote:

Subject: Daddy dear, may I ask a favor, please?

i know You've been saving your bathroom for a slave girl to clean, but today when i was at the store some cleaning supplies just jumped into my cart, and followed me home. Would You please allow me to do some scrubbing for You, please Daddy? i really want to do it, and would so much appreciate it if You'd let me do so this evening.

And if You don't want me to, well, at least all the supplies are ready for whomever You choose to have do it.

Thank You, Daddy, for considering my request.



Kneeling with respect,
Dollie

Daddy Wrote:
You got it. You can be Daddy's little toilet gurl.

Dollie Wrote:
Re: The dungeon party tonight.

i loved spending 24/7 the last few weeks with You. Thank god for holiday vacations!

i'm thinking about tonight. i'm getting all squirmy. i can't wait to go to the dungeon with You!

It's going to be so much fun to get beat by You in front of everybody again, Daddy. i always love it when You beat me when we're alone, but the shameless exhibitionist in me is really clamoring to cum out and play.

i miss You, Daddy, can't wait to see You!

—Daddy's little cum toilet

Daddy Wrote:
I'm *there*, momma. I mean here.

Dollie Wrote:
Subject: The morning mews.

Hi, Daddy.
So good to see You last night! It's funny, when i'm not there i don't feel bereft or sad, yet when i see You - that first glimpse - the first mew - everything becomes brighter. My heart gives a little skip, my stomach a little flip, my pussy a twitch (not always so little).

i'm sitting here remembering what You said last night - that all your time in LA was in preparation for meeting and being with me. i'm still overwhelmed by that. i'm incredibly proud and flattered that You'd say something like that about me, but think i also understand just how You feel - i've said more or less the same thing about You, and i do believe that You are the someone i was dreaming of and praying for before i met You. Then again, i can't dwell too long on how big my feelings are for You and about You 'cuz it can just make me crazy. i just want to revel in the happiness i have with You, and love that You love me too.

i adore spending time with You, nesting, doing nothing. Sometimes it feels like if we have plans or schedules those things run our together



time, rather than us running it. i bliss out just lying next to You, and that's all i really need: to touch You, feel You near me, hear your voice expressing your thoughts, your hands touching me randomly and gently, or not so gently, as suits You. i want to talk with You endlessly. i want to write for You, create something special and beautiful, a reflection of what it's like to be me loving You. i want to create on my own, secure in my ability, both because i now am, and because You've helped me to be so. And i love to watch You bring your talents to the world, laughing with the joy of seeing You shine.

Daddy. God blessed us both with each other. i figure that means we deserve it, and i'm gonna enjoy it for all it's worth.

—Dollie

Daddy Wrote:

Mew! Mew! Mew! Mew! I love me some of you!

—Daddy.

That week, one of my cats died. George was old and diabetic and Daddy and I rushed him to the kitty hospital, and they had to put him down. Daddy held my hand through it all. For that, I love him even more.

Dollie Wrote:

What a majestic weekend, Daddy!

(Despite having to put down my poor sick kitty cat. i guess that's part of living life on life's terms. You helped me learn that and know it in my heart.)

It's so good to have Daddy back in form! I was sad when you couldn't cum for two weeks. Damn flu. It was frustrating for both of us for me to suck your hard cock and have it only build tension, not relieve it.

Last night was amazing. You know i especially love when You cum in me, and it *had* been so long. It felt like You were bathing my heart and soul (not just my pussy) in cum. i'm not sure i've ever felt quite so strongly the need to show You how much i adore and revere Your body & Your cock. i was overcome. Overwhelmed. Blissed and blessed. It was like coming home after a long exile. Touched by angels. You know i've told You i feel sex with You is religious. Not to make You a god, but because you bring me to God and peace and wholeness with Your love. You're the best man i've ever had in my life. My life until You has been practice, trial and tribulation along the journey to the reward i'm basking in now.



Daddy. You are my miracle and my redemption.

Daddy Wrote:

I adore you too. Deep through your soul and body. And it sure was a *lot* of cum!

Dollie Wrote:

Yes! Yum!

This morning it all just sort of hit me, how fortunate i am. No big revelations, nothing i didn't know, but somehow my experience of it was simply more visceral; i actually felt it in my stomach, like a beautiful blow. You've expanded my life so much, Daddy. Given me the opportunity to truly serve, to create, to touch the divine, to love. My Daddy is an artist, an expansive intellect, a mentor, a spiritual connection, and the finest, nastiest lover stud i've ever known.

God touched on me when You came into my life. i feel so humble and amazed. (i love being molested by God, through You!)

May i be worthy of You, and always honor You as you deserve.

—Daddy's gurl

Daddy Wrote:

I love this. But then again, I love most of what goes on in your brain.

Dollie Wrote:

I wonder, with regards to all we've encountered from the first time we met on the Internet....Is this what they had in mind in the early 70s when they waved a stack of punch cards at us and they told us how one day computers would be used for perfectly matched dating?

i think so.





Epilogue:

My daughter finally moved out of the house and got a place on her own.

Daddy moved into my house on Valentine's Day.
Now He can just sit around making brilliant art and leave all other responsibilities to His full-time housebot, proofbot, apprentice and ever-ready whore.

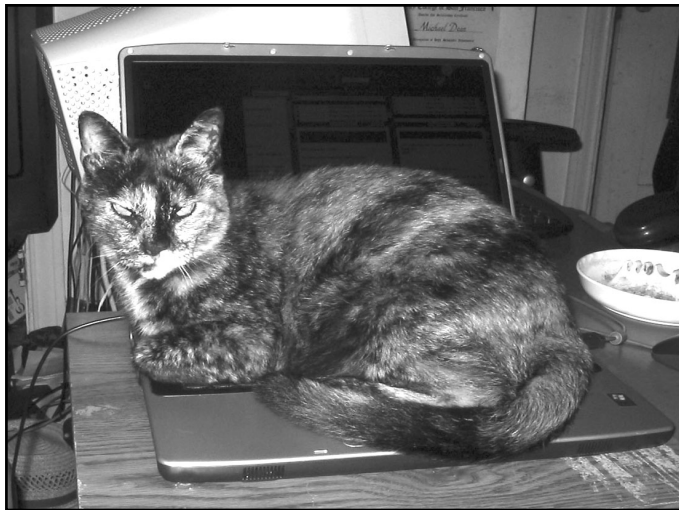
i've finally found my great man to muse for.

Daddy and i are truly living happily ever after.

(And our matching cats love each other, too.)

Second pressing note:

We got married! Yay!



Pussy on her Pentium-IV cat warmer.



Wicca trying hard to look evil.



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DOLLIE LLAMA



CLOSING ARGUMENTS

I chose to name this section "Closing Arguments" because it's the summary of the book, like the closing arguments are the summary of the case in a trial.

Unlike testimony, closing arguments are not limited to facts, they are bolstered by oratory, persuasion. The closing argument is where you appeal directly to the *emotions* of the jury. That's what I'm doing here.

BDSM is not for everyone.

BDSM is not for everyone. It's not even something everyone wants or needs to know about.

I will get shit for writing this book. Conservative feminists may send me angry or even threatening letters. This book could negatively affect my "straight" job. Even members of the BDSM community will be angry because I didn't "get it right." (Or because I *did* get it right, but did so in print before they did.) Newly informed friends will stare at Daddy and me askance, and probably quit inviting us to their get-togethers.

You either "get" BDSM or you don't. Daddy had a hard time telling someone why He almost dropped His girlfriend because she refused to go get Him a hot dog while we were out bowling with friends. Most of my friends have trouble understanding why I love to mop Daddy's floor, why I'm not allowed to ask Him for sex, and can't say "no" when He wants to use my body. And why I love this. They especially don't get why I *beg* Him to lovingly beat my ass black and blue.

"Simon", a friend of Daddy's, came by His house the other day, knocked on His back window and said he needed to talk. Daddy values His privacy and usually hates "pop-ins", but Simon had lost his cell phone and couldn't call. Also, he is one of the few people on the Earth from whom Daddy would put up with a pop-in. Daddy really likes Simon, and he's also helped Daddy out of some tight spots in the past.

Simon was having problems and wanted to discuss them with Daddy. Simon's a recovering alcoholic. Simon felt comfortable talking about his problems with Daddy because He's also in recovery. It wasn't a problem about wanting a drink, but about living life sober. Simon said that if he'd tried to talk to a non-alcoholic about something like this, they wouldn't



really get why it was bugging him so much. He'd have to start from further back to explain it and they still might not get it.

Since Daddy has the same background, it creates a "shorthand" for understanding. The same way that putting classical music in a scene of a movie is shorthand for "This scene takes place in a setting of class and breeding."

Daddy and Simon had a good talk, and Simon said it was helpful.

In the same way that a sober alcoholic can talk to another sober alcoholic and "get" him in a way that a "normie" cannot, people into BDSM can relate about issues that a "vanilla" wouldn't "get."

Society's view of BDSM

As far as how it's viewed by the general public, BDSM is the new homosexuality. BDSM occupies the same place in society now that homosexuality did 35 years ago.

The American Psychiatric Association quit considering homosexuality a disease in 1973. Participation in consensual BDSM was deemed to be no longer indicative of mental illness in the year 2000. Yet the stigma attached to BDSM still makes the thought of kink squicky to many folks, even otherwise-hip liberals.

BDSM is considered downright horrifying by a lot of people, even a lot of people who partially or fully accept gays. If I told 20 vanilla friends I'd decided I was a lesbian, 15 would probably say, "Right on."

If I told 20 vanilla friends I like to have my man beat me with a cane, and that I love it, 15 would say, "You need help, and you need to leave him. NOW!"

BDSM isn't an illness. And we do have a long way to go....

The Hot Dog Incident

I recently went with Daddy to a birthday party for a friend of His. The party was at a bowling alley. While we were bowling, Daddy asked me, "Would you please go into the snack bar and get me a hot dog and a soda?" I said, "I really don't feel like it." Daddy was shocked. I'd never refused such a simple request from Him before. He quietly asked again. I refused again. And the third time He asked it was to make sure He was hearing me correctly. I still said "No."

It ruined our night. He didn't yell at me, didn't make a big deal of it in front of other people, but when we got into my car, He told me that He



thought it was very poor behavior. I cried and agreed with Him.

Daddy was still angry about the hot dog incident two days later. He was dwelling on it, and said that perhaps He should have forgotten it. (Maybe part of this is the way He's built. It's common for alcoholics, even in recovery, to take things way too seriously. That's one of the things Daddy had talked about, in a general way, with Simon.) Daddy did forgive me, but had trouble forgetting. He'd forgive me, then become angry again, raising the issue almost as if we hadn't already tried to resolve the problem.

He dwelled on it for a week, and told me that He was thinking of getting a second slave. This practically destroyed me. This was not His intention. He just wanted all His needs met and if I wouldn't do it all, He wanted a backup helper.

It is not uncommon behavior in a D/s relationship to be appalled if the slave or servant refuses a request, especially a small one. And like one alcoholic understanding another alcoholic, it is something that is hard to understand outside of the D/s or BDSM world.

There have been several situations in Daddy's earlier life when He allowed someone to dominate His mind. It was usually an older, more bad-ass male, usually someone He was in a creative partnership with. He says He thinks that He used to have a need for something like this, and attributes it to His strong-willed mother and passively pliant father.

When this domineering person was mad at Daddy, it ruined His day. And they knew it. They used and abused this power over Him. This figure in His life would have the ability to casually say something like "You fucked up, man", and destroy His week. Or even just cast an aspersing sideways glance at Him and go back to what they're doing and make Him feel shitty. And they *knew* it. And liked it.

That is true sadism. And Daddy is not a sadist. He hates true sadism.

Daddy despised these people, and doesn't want to be like that. (And He has long ago worked the need for these people out of His life.)

Daddy didn't resurrect the hot dog issue to make me feel bad; He did so because He was shocked and deeply disappointed by my behavior, and wanted us to work through it.

It pains Him when someone He loves is having a shitty day. He is not a man who lives to cause unwanted pain. He lives to cause *love*. He does have an ego, does have a desire to be known as a great man, but He wants it through good works, great art, and friendship rather than



through Stalinistic, heavy handed mind trips. And He could see I was truly miserable, both because I had failed Him and because He could not let the problem go.

I wrote:

i love You, Daddy. No doubt, no question.

i need to believe i truly have a chance to show You just how dedicated i am to being dedicated to You. i pray that Your mind is open to that possibility, and that i haven't already failed irrevocably.

i will always do my best for You, but i am human and know better than to promise to be perfect.

i was scared and suffering a bit of social anxiety when i refused to bring You the hot dog. It's very rare for me to be like this, but i get a bit of a "deer in the headlights" feeling occasionally when out in a busy, noisy environment with strangers. i should have explained this to You at the time. But since i didn't, this is only an explanation, not an excuse.

i am begging for Your grace in giving me the chance i think i can use to show You how well i can serve You, how i can be an added joy in Your life, not a burden.

i'm begging You to please give me the chance to serve You, wholeheartedly and completely, without being willful again.

i love You.
—Dollie

He forgave me after this, and gave me another chance. He *hates* the idea of carrying a grudge, or making someone feel bad. It makes Him physically ill. He's not that kind of a Dom.

And He says i haven't let Him down since.

I'm a happy good girl.

BDSM, anal sex and guilt

What makes us do this stuff?

I think some of it might be the way we're wired.

The nerve bundles that control sex are physically located in the brain between the centers for pain and happiness. And in some of us, the con-



nection is more direct.

There are several components to BDSM, and not all people into BDSM are into all of them. Daddy and I are both into the Dominance/submission (Him controlling many aspects of my life) and also the S/m (Him giving me extreme sensations that would be very unpleasant to most people). But one thing He *has* noticed is that chicks who are into anal sex are often into all the other things that He is.

Of course there are exceptions, but often when He looks at a woman's profile on Bondage.com, if she ranks her enjoyment of receiving anal sex as a 4 or 5 (on a scale of 1 to 5), He don't even bother reviewing the rest of the checklist because it almost invariably jives with His likes in sex, bondage and submission.

Not all women who love anal sex are into BDSM. But most women who are into both are into all the other things that Daddy's into.

Daddy's good friend Duke is an otherwise rational man, and not a prude. But he has an interesting theory on anal sex. He says that all "deviant" or "alternative" sexuality focuses on the anus, which is the expeller of waste, and therefore a door to death. Whereas "normal" sexuality focuses on the vagina, which is the "giver of life."

This is simply one example of the many negative preconceptions kinky people are faced with. And Duke is not a conservative or a reactionary. He's a progressive thinker, a really good writer, and a very smart guy. And it does make an intriguing nexus with Daddy's observations on anal sex and submissive women.

My father was very pushy with me, and rarely told me I was good. As I've said, I crave approval from a strong man. And as you also know, I respond with involuntary physical pleasure at being called a good girl. Daddy has said that His father was a very submissive man, who lived under His sweet and loving mother's strong thumb. And His father now lives under His wicked stepmother's *way* pushier thumb.

It's almost as if Daddy is avenging His father by being dominant with His women.

To their credit, while my father was depriving me emotionally, he was nurturing me intellectually: giving me books on history, science and Greek mythology from age five on, and often having animated discussions with me about advanced concepts of life and the Universe, even when I was very young. And Daddy's father is a kind, decent man, and passed onto Daddy a DIY business ethic that continues to shape His every decision, to this day.

Daddy's father recently sent Him a newspaper clipping about his church



performing the Stations of the Cross. There's something about a photograph of his eighty-four-year-old father dragging a giant cross through the town square of His hometown, followed by a crowd of the pious, that somehow gives quite an inkling into the guilt that Daddy feels for no reason sometimes. He's one of those people who lives an honest life, but occasionally feels guilty when someone else commits an offense in His world...like He's going to get blamed for it.

And He thinks that somehow this guilt helped drive Him into alternative sexuality.

Submission is a gift.

There is a saying in BDSM that "Submission is a gift." And Daddy really believes it. He says that having a sexy, wonderful, smart woman as His slave, a slave by my choice, is one of the most wonderful gifts He's received in His life. He does not take me for granted.

He feels worthy, but He doesn't have a feeling of entitlement. He's confident, but not cocky.
In short, He appreciates me.

A lot of people in the BDSM world, particularly Doms, hate the statement "Submission is a gift." They seem to be of the mindset of "Kneel, lowly bitch, do my bidding, you are a dirty cunt, etc." Daddy doesn't go for this. He feels it's callous, and small, and comes from being afraid of the immense power of the female orgasm. He thinks that if you're really secure in who you are, you won't act like this.

There is a big difference between an unappreciated and/or abused wife who is treated like a slave, and an actual slave in an informed and consensual BDSM relationship. The elective slave, in an ideal relationship, is totally appreciated and adored.

Daddy loves His Dollie.

And He can tell me "Get in your whore clothes now. Put on a slip, pumps, perfume, makeup, NOW, and suck my cock. And after I cum, go cook me dinner." And I do it. And I love it.

I am not like a wife who is treated like shit. Daddy loves His gal, and tells me many times a day how much He appreciates me. And His commands to me are dictated with awe, not with a feeling that He's owed this service. He is honored to have me as His on-command collection of orifices, His housebot, His proofreader, His masseuse. I love to run errands, clean His house, and serve Him. I live for it. And as you know, I cum while sucking His cock, and sometimes even cum just from giving Him a back-rub. And I often cry wet tears of joy after we make love.



I am amazed that men put up with the shit they do from women. It seems to me a lot of men are either pussy whipped (like Daddy's father—Daddy says the wife has been shrewishly refusing His father sex for twenty years), or abusive, physically and/or emotionally. But most men wouldn't know what to *do* with a sub. They'd fuck it up. To pull off being a good Dom, you have to have a firm hand, physically as well as figuratively, but you also really have to have a lot of sweetness in your cruelty. (And find the right recipient. Just because a woman is willing to put up with what you dish out doesn't mean she *likes* it.)

I love to do His dishes, mop His floor, do His shopping, sew His clothes, and lick His buttohole. I can't imagine a man who *wouldn't* want all this, but I'm sure there are some people who would say He's "taking advantage of me" or something.

But He's not. I *choose* to do all this, because I love Him.

Dollie Wrote:

i miss You.
i miss serving You.
i miss rubbing Your feet and Your back after You've cum and let me lick it from Your fingers and belly.
i miss kneeling by Your chair and blowing You while You work, as you let Your hand rest on my head, or pull at my hair, pushing me down to gag (with love) on Your cock.
i miss You slapping my face, telling me i'm a whore, and to cum for Daddy while i chew on a ball gag.
i miss You caning my ass until i squirm and cry.
i love You.

—Daddy's babygurl cum toilet whore dolly

Daddy Wrote:

Cool. Let's fuck! I can't wait to see you.

Dollie Wrote:

Absolutely, Daddy! Anytime You choose; it's all up to You.

Daddy Wrote:

I love that.

And I also love that you don't make me do minute-to-minute emotional maintenance like other women have done, that you let me go about my day and don't bug me. It means a lot to me.



Dollie Wrote:

Glad my smiles make you smile.

As for bugging You, i try to remember You're a busy man with lots on Your mind and agenda. Therefore, it is in no way to my benefit if i bother, hound, or otherwise clamor for Your attention. i very much value the time You do give me, and figure the best way to be sure You continue to want to spend it on me and with me is to give You the space You need otherwise. Thank You very much for the kind words, Daddy, they feed my soul.

Pink cars

I first heard of the phenomenon known as "pink cars" on the Bondage.com forum boards, but I'd certainly seen it in action (in myself and others) before.

Someone who owns a pink car tends to notice other pink cars. Recovering alcoholics tend to notice other recovering alcoholics, and think there's a disproportionate number of them in the world. Satanists (and Christians) tend to notice the number "666" more, whether it's in a phone number, a serial number, or on the side of a taxi.

When I first got into "the life", I saw examples of BDSM everywhere. I looked for it in movies, songs, people, conversation. I quickly got a little irritated with myself, and the pendulum swung back the other way, finally resting in a balanced middle. But I still find myself viewing the world through this angle. Daddy's the same way. For example, women who used to attract Him don't anymore, because they do not identify as submissives or slaves. Even in porn, no matter what the woman looks like, if she's wearing a slave collar, it's hot to Him. If she's serving a man (or men), He's into it. If the woman in the photos is just a nympho who seems mainly motivated by serving her own desires, it doesn't turn Him on as much as it used to. And when He see a woman wearing a collar in public (which is rare, even in kink-friendly Los Angeles), He smiles and nods to her in appreciation as she walks by.

The first time Daddy went to a BDSM party at a private dungeon with me, it kind of blew His mind. He'd been into bondage and caning for 20 years, but never done it in public. It was great. And He loved using me in the company of spectators, as much as He was turned on by seeing and hearing other women whipped and used a few feet away from us.

But the location reminded Him of a place that recovering alcoholics would hold their meetings. Not just for the snack treats and coffee in the kitchen, but also for the confluence of people who would not normally be hanging out, brought together by their common interests.

There are people into BDSM who are staunch Republicans. Daddy and I normally do not like to hang out with Republicans, but we sometimes talk



to them if they're into BDSM, because we have a common link.

There are recovering alcoholics that are cops. Daddy does not normally like to hang out with cops, but He talks to them if they're recovering alcoholics, because they have a common link.

Daddy's an ex-junkie and ex-drunk, sober for many years. And pink cars aside, He says He's noticed there are a lot of people in recovery who are into BDSM.

This lead Him to consider the connections between substance abuse and BDSM. He thinks in a way, BDSM is a good replacement for narcotics. (Though He's been into kink since before He was sober, but He's gotten way more into it since getting sober.)

Consider:

- Endorphins from BDSM mimic being high.
- BDSM is addictive, and can take over your whole life.
- BDSM is shunned by society, like drugs. Makes you an instant outsider.
- Both make you instantly identify with people just because they're into what you're into.
- Both have their own lingo.
- Both involve rituals and specialized, strange equipment.
- Penetrating your flesh with a hypodermic needle has both sexual connotations and S/m pain connotations. (In fact, some people use needles—without the drugs—for S/m play.)

Not every man has the right to a slave.

I have the word "slave" tattooed above my pussy. I already had that there when I met Daddy. I call myself a slave and I am devoted to serving my Master. And now *He* is my Master. Slaves consent to be slaves. It's something they want.

Daddy asked me to lose weight, and I did. He tells me how to dress. He tells me when to have sex with Him. All of this seems fine to me. Whereas it seems creepy to me when pushy, abusive men *make* their wives or girlfriends do stuff like this, and the women do it out of fear.

But slaves are different. We *seek out* situations where these things happen, and we do it out of a love of serving. (Although fear can be a fun component in play, if you have trust, you know that no matter what, you truly are safe.)



Being a slave seems to go contrary to all the work that women's rights activists have done for the past century. But I maintain that it is *not* contrary. Women like me *want*, nay, *need* to serve.

Most men do *not* deserve a slave. They wouldn't be appreciative, and wouldn't treat her right.

You need something to do and someone to love.

I've heard that to be happy in life, you need "something to do and someone to love."

Daddy has both. So do I. He loves me. And I love Him, with a totality that I've never had in my life. It blows me away. I've had great sex before with others, but never quite like with Daddy (both in quality AND quantity). I've never had consistently great sex every day with a man who also makes me smile, laugh, think, and encourages me and helps me to create. I love my Daddy.

And now, thanks to His help, I've written this book, and have the knowledge and confidence to keep writing. I never thought I could be an artist, but Daddy loves my writing and encouraged me to develop it. And He taught me to collaborate, and how to rewrite and how to make a collection of words and parts work as a *piece*. (Though I already knew how to proof-read and do basic editing. It's a big part of my job as a paralegal.)

He said He always wanted an art assistant, an apprentice, who would also be His lover. He said He's tried having non-lover interns and it's always too much of a hassle. They're willful, and not around enough (He tends to work in spurts and at odd hours), and they don't always do what He says.

Daddy molded me into being a writer. He encouraged me, mentored me, edited me, and more. He's brought out a side I never knew I had. For this, I am eternally grateful.

He also has something to do and someone to love. Daddy has my love, and a lot to do to keep Him busy and happy: BDSM and love with me, occasional slave girls to use and abuse, and His writing and filmmaking. He loves His career, and does it on His own terms, and only takes on projects He *wants* to. His work makes Him literally jump out of bed each day. (After I blow Him, of course.)

Couples help each other and that's what relationships are all about. I am Daddy's helpmeet (and help meat), and He brings out my creativity, and together we're getting the result out to the world.

Our relationship is a little different than the standard "happily ever after",



but we love it, and both feel it's totally healthy.

We couldn't be happier.

CLOSING CLOSING ARGUMENTS:

Shut the windows....

I'm all for keeping it off the streets to avoid scaring the horses.
But with Daddy, that ain't always easy.

Sex. If you're doing it right, the neighbors know.



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DOLLIE LLAMA



APPENDIX I

Interview by ThornDaddy with the two founders of Bondage.com, Aiken and Pace.

Dollie and I met on Bondage.com, so we have a special place in our hearts for these guys, even though we've never met them in person.

ThornDaddy:

Thank you for creating such a grand community. I found the love of my life on bCom in my first week. Your site blows away the other two sites I've tried (Alt.com and CollarMe.com). Those two seem like they were started by people who read about the Internet in Fortune magazine in 1997, and I'm pretty sure that you guys have been on it since before it was a get-rich plot.

Aiken:

Thanks for the kind words! I can't speak for anyone else or any other site, but I do know that we've put a lot of work into Bondage.com, and it's always nice to hear from someone who appreciates it.

Pace:

As Aiken says, it is always nice to hear that our work is making people happy. Beyond massive geekiness, making people happy really is the prime motivator behind the site. We weren't even thinking about making money when we started the site.

(Don't let our business adviser hear me say that.)

ThornDaddy:

How long have you been using the Internet? How did you get started online?

Aiken:

Both Pace and I have been using online services since the days of BBSs. We both started using the Internet proper in the early 90s.

Pace:

Ah yes, the shell account from the early 90s – that was really cool at the time. Then the SLIP account followed by the PPP account and then the T1. I try not to remember that stuff (and that goes for early versions of Mosaic as well).



ThornDaddy:
How/when/where did you start the site?

Aiken:
The site started in February, 1997, near San Francisco, as a small side project. It basically ran on borrowed hardware and bandwidth, with a whole bunch of late-night programming sessions. We had registered "Bondage.com" in 1995, back when domain registration was free and not many people were using the Net. Come 1997, we decided that it was time to do something with it.

Pace:
The longer story goes that we were drinking too much beer and registering domain names to make fun of the '96 presidential campaign. This was long before politicians realized that the Internet was an effective communication tool. One night while hunting down prospective candidates and domain names we decided to check to see if any kink/sex related names remained untaken.

ThornDaddy:
Is running bCom your full time job?

Aiken:
At this point, Bondage.com is both Pace and my full time jobs. "Full time" in the sense of "every waking moment", as opposed to all of those slackers who have it easy with mere 40-hour-a-week jobs.

Pace:
We definitely come from the pre-boom Internet age of people. We didn't go public, we didn't make a billion dollars only to lose it a year later and we work – a lot.

ThornDaddy:
Where do you live? And have you found your love on bCom?

Pace:
I live in the mountains near Santa Cruz, CA. I met my girlfriend long before starting the site, but I have made some good friends from both the site and the industry.

ThornDaddy:
How many people does bCom employ?

Aiken:
We've just added our fifth full-time employee (that count includes Pace and me). And we have a handful of contractors who work with us on a



regular basis.

ThornDaddy:

How do you feel bCom differs from other BDSM sites?

Aiken:

This may sound arrogant, but we really don't look at other BDSM sites. So it's hard to say how we compare. We're very committed to the community and to providing the best service possible to those interested in or participating in BDSM, and all of the business and technical stuff flows from that. From what we read in the forums and hear from word of mouth, not everyone else has that kind of focus or business model.

Pace:

Aiken covered this pretty well; I think he missed the fact that we are more geek than business and you can see that written all over the site. Our focus has always been on features and technologies that will make the site better more than it has been on pure money generation.

ThornDaddy:

Do you have profiles on the site? Can we look at them?

Aiken:

Yes we do. And it's pretty easy: Just look at the users "Pace" and "Aiken."

ThornDaddy:

Other than for work, are you a member of the "community", or do you prefer to keep your kink out of the streets where it might frighten the horses?

Aiken:

That's a difficult one. If you ask around in any given community, odds are some people have met Pace or Aiken or both. But on the one hand, neither of us is all that socially outgoing, and on the other hand we invest so much time and energy in the site that going to a munch or party just doesn't seem as much fun as it once did.

Pace:

I make it to about two BDSM parties a year. It gives me a chance to wear some of the cool clothing I convinced people to make for me. Other than that, I usually try to spend my free time with my friends, but sometimes being social can be exciting.

ThornDaddy:

Why is there such a connection between BDSM, UNIX, Star Trek, RPGs and Ren Faire?



Aiken:

These are all cases where people are drawn to something that's kind of offbeat, but which has a fair amount of depth when you choose to explore it. People who are drawn to any one of these tend to touch on it lightly at one point, then gradually delve deeper and deeper.

On top of that, there's a technical interest in all of these subjects—hard-core RPGers get deep into stuff like how not eating for twelve hours affects their characters' abilities. Ren Faire people can take great pains to create period-accurate costumes, props, beverages, etc. And of course BDSM has endless technical aspects, from safety issues with rigging to specific techniques with a flogger.

So all of these, essentially, attract geeks. Which brings us back to Bondage.com.

Pace:

I'll always remember the first time I watched the Star Trek episode where both Kirk and McCoy are tied up being tortured ("The Empath"). That episode brought together a whole slew of interesting ideas ranging from BDSM to personal sacrifice. It piqued my interest when I was young and, well, you have to admit the clothing that the chicks wore in those episodes rocked late 60s television.

And, on the geek side, if you like working with computers, especially UNIX in its billions of flavors, you are a serious masochist. So, you may be a top in play or to most people, but you are always a subbie to your computer....

ThornDaddy:

To what extent, if any, have your perceptions of the special needs of the BDSM community affected the features offered on your site? Have those perceptions changed from the initial concept you developed when you began the site? How?

Aiken:

Developing a useful and successful Web application is an exercise in push-me, pull-you. On the one hand, we want to offer innovative features and experiences that people may not even realize are possible. On the other hand, it's our job to provide the tools and features that people know they want.

We'd be lying if we said there was some over-arching plan from the beginning, because there wasn't. We've tried to listen to customer feedback and use our own wits to see what would be helpful to the Bondage.com community.

As for changing perceptions, I think the main one would be the increasing community focus of the site. Believe it or not, when the site opened in



February, 1997, it was almost entirely erotica. But as time went on it became clear that we were capable of offering a community experience which is both complementary and supplementary to the erotica features of the site.

ThornDaddy:

Do you feel the site is a social force influencing the world of BDSM? Or just intelligent chalk on the sidewalk? Or something else?

Aiken:

More like a pub where like-minded people can meet. It's our job to keep the fire warm, the drink flowing, and the customers at least somewhat civil. To the extent that the model is relatively new and we're lending some legitimacy and mainstream credibility to the BDSM subculture, that's a bonus. But ultimately I think we reflect the BDSM world more than we impact it.

ThornDaddy:

Is there an "editorial position" you try to foster through the site? What is it?

Aiken:

Ultimately, sexuality is a very primitive drive which takes all sorts of unusual and esoteric forms when filtered by our modern brains, and there's no harm in acknowledging and enjoying that fact. There's nothing wrong with having a little fun with sex. And there's nothing wrong with *talking* about having a little fun with sex.

Pace:

There is one somewhat controversial position we take with the site and that's that BDSM and sex can go hand in hand. Too many people view BDSM as a purist exercise and that sex should be excluded from the adventure. My hat's off to them if that is what they like, but to insist that sex not be a part of a healthy and fun experience is taking things too far. In that respect we try to make sure that we promote sexuality, experimentation, and fun – everyone has a way they like it and we encourage them to find it and expand upon it.

ThornDaddy:

Do you think there is a spirituality to BDSM?

Aiken:

I don't think there's inherent spirituality in any object or practice; people have spirituality, things don't. That said, I think that some people bring a great deal of spirituality to BDSM play, and like candles or crystals or whatever your thing may be, BDSM can absolutely be a catalyst of and focus for spirituality.



Pace:

I'm not sure I agree with Aiken completely on this one—I think that people experience spirituality, but objects or practices can be inherently spiritual to some people. Now that I've talked out my ass I should let you know that I'm not a spiritual person. I can say that there are plenty of people who have described spiritual experiences while engaged in BDSM and I've definitely seen people in subspace looking like they were not really on the planet anymore.

ThornDaddy:

How many members does bCom have? Paid and non.

Aiken:

That's a tough number, because it depends how you measure it. Right now (July 2006) there are a little over 550,000 registered users, over 450,000 of whom have personals profiles. We do actually delete unused accounts (unlike many personals sites), but there are some circumstances where an account can't be deleted (when it has posted to the forums, for instance, since that would mean deleting the forum post as well). So there are some inactive accounts in those counts, but not a whole lot.

ThornDaddy:

Any closing comments?

Aiken:

It's hard to believe we've been at this for nine years. It's been an incredibly challenging and rewarding experience, and all of us here at Bondage.com are both proud of what we've achieved and enthusiastic about the next few years.

Pace:

I think I'll take a moment to climb on my soapbox....

I'd like people across the world to take a long and detailed look at what is going on. It's far too easy for people to just let everything pass by. Our freedoms are seriously in threat from those abroad and also those at home.

I don't care what political party you happen to fall into. Not supporting basic things like freedom of speech, freedom of sexuality, freedom of religion, and freedom to do what you would like in the privacy of your own home is very scary and dangerous.

It is too easy to think that you won't be affected. It is even easier to turn a blind eye when horrible things happen to someone you don't know. There is a classic statement from WWII written by Pastor Martin Niemöller:



"First they came for the Jews and I did not speak out because I was not a Jew. Then they came for the Communists and I did not speak out because I was not a Communist. Then they came for the trade unionists and I did not speak out because I was not a trade unionist. Then they came for me and there was no one left to speak out for me."

This matter goes beyond the Patriot Act, beyond religious cartoon satire, and highlights what we really need to understand: No matter what, we cannot let anyone take our freedom away from us. Too many of our forefathers have lost their lives in the pursuit of giving us the gift of freedom, and it would be our ultimate insult to them to let it go.

And, unfortunately, we are letting this happen.



APPENDIX II

Acid Tests for True Dominants

Commonly nicknamed "The Acid Test for Doms", this treatise was written by one DrSpankenstein, and is passed around the S&M community on the Internet, often without attribution to the author.

Often, when a new sub asks online "How do I protect myself when seeking a Dom?", they are referred to The Acid Test. We love it and felt it really needed to be included, and DrSpankenstein was cool enough to allow it. There's so much good advice on dating here, not just BDSM dating, that we have even sent it to vanilla girlfriends.

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Introduction

The term "Acid Test" is an old prospecting term. A powerful acid can dissolve most base metals in a matter of minutes. However, gold will stand up to most acids. So the "Acid Test" was an easy way for people to make sure they had a real nugget of gold and not a lump of the "fool's" variety. In the same way, these tests are meant to be quick ways to identify fake Doms. Passing all these tests is no guarantee either. There is no replacement for getting to know your prospective partner as well as possible *before you even meet in person*.

Now most of these tests are designed for a submissive female trying to sort through men claiming to be Doms online. They are largely based on the many questions I get asked by my female friends still searching for a Dominant partner. Some of them can probably be used by male subs as well, but for the most part, these tests are best for ferreting out male fakes. Vanilla males are usually after "easy sex" and this motive makes them easier to identify than a lot of the fake Dommies out there.

Step One: Do the Math

Various estimates and surveys have placed the ratio of real (i.e. natural) male sexual Dominants to female sexual submissives at about one to ten. However, a quick count in any given BDSM-oriented chat room would lead



you to believe that male Doms outnumber the subs at about two to one. Now if there is actually only one male Dom for every ten female subs, that means that 19 out of the 20 "Doms" you see online *have to be fakes*. Keep this in mind. There is a 95% chance that any man you talk to online claiming to be a Dom is no such thing. This leads us to our first rule, a rule that all statisticians and scientists already know by heart: "When in doubt, throw it out!"

Your search for a suitable Dominant partner (especially if you are seeking a serious long-term relationship as well) could easily take years. That's hardly surprising, most people spend years looking for that special lover, be they "vanilla" or otherwise. So don't be disheartened by all these drastic ratios. *But don't waste your time either*. If any of the prospects you are chatting with online makes you feel uncomfortable for any reason, drop him. Don't give him "three strikes" or "extra chances to win." Block out his screen name and move on. There was only a one-in-twenty chance he was legitimate anyway. Trust your instincts!

Step Two: Know Your Enemy

We call them Snerts. We call them HNGs (Horny Net Geeks). We call them Wannabes. We call them Control Freaks. And sometimes, tragically, we even find some that can only be called rapists and predators. They are all your *enemy*. Don't bother thinking they are anything less. Even a more or less well-meaning Snert can land you in a hospital. Real BDSM is not for dilettantes or amateurs: Not, no, and never! Even if he turns out to be a more or less nice guy, if he's not a Dom, he's not going to give you what you really need. He will likely give you many things you don't need, like medical bills and other assorted headaches.

Snerts are basically looking for easy sex. They are counting on the (highly inaccurate) assumption that sexual submissives are simply sexually promiscuous. Nothing could be further from the truth, but that doesn't deter them at all. They are typically middle-aged to somewhat older men. They are often married. They are usually trying to bolster their flagging vanilla sex lives with some casual screwing around. They target submissives because they think that they won't make demands on their sexual prowess (another bad assumption). They can be easily spotted because they almost always demand, or at least emphasize, sexual intercourse being a part of their "scenes."

HNGs are usually the most harmless (and yet often the most annoying) of the enemy types. Most are teenagers and young men looking for some quick cyber-sex or even phone-sex. They are usually pretty sophisticated about their BDSM jargon and the "scenes" they describe to you can be pretty elaborate. Geeks do their homework. They scour the porno sites for ideas, and hang out in BDSM chats for hours on end learning the lingo. They are most easily spotted because they want to move on to cyber-sex



and phone sex very quickly. They like to offer "online collars", and spend hours on end in chat rooms "playing" with their "subbies." Don't waste your time with them.

The second most dangerous type of enemy is the Control Freak. Control freaks are what most psychologists and therapists call "controlling personalities." They are basically obsessed with control of everything around them, especially the people in their lives. They want all their family, friends, and even coworkers to behave exactly as they say. They are extremely manipulative people. These men can be dangerous because many really have convinced themselves that they are Dominants as a way to justify their dysfunctional lives. Many inexperienced submissives find themselves "naturally" attracted to these men because outwardly they seem so "in command" of things all the time. The truly ironic (and sad) thing is a controlling personality is actually the closest thing to the *opposite* of a sexual Dominant.

Control Freaks can be spotted because they often talk about "taking care of you" and also "knowing what's best for you." They almost always try to play on your emotions; especially guilt. They also usually criticize and even resent the advice you get from other people. They often talk about 24/7 BDSM relationships without going into any details about what kind of actual scenes they play. They are fond of telling you that they prefer the "mental aspect" of Domination and submission. They tend to be both demanding and argumentative. Nothing you do will ever be quite right. While all this may seem very repulsive and easy to avoid, be on your guard, the average control freak often seems very charming initially. Once they have their hooks into you, it's very hard to get untangled.

The last and most dangerous type of enemy is the rapist or predator. These are the men most likely to damage or even end your life. The truly frightening thing about these evil men is that there is NO easy way to spot them. Rapists can be anything from bums to bank managers, and anyone from family members to total strangers. One in four women has suffered an attack from this vile creature, and one in seven men as well! Their motive is violence. The best defense is never make yourself too vulnerable.

To defend yourself from predators, learn all the ins and outs of setting up a good safety net. Follow these procedures religiously. Most important of all, *take your time* getting to know your prospective play partners. This is good advice in any case. If you know your partner well, you're more likely to have a good time with him, because you will feel more comfortable during that first scene. Predators are more likely to move on in search of easy prey, they do tend to be impulsive. If a "Dom" you have been talking to suddenly seems to lose interest in you after a period of time, you may have just saved your own life. Don't go chasing after anybody. A true Dom doesn't need to play "hard to get."



Step 3: Know Your Goal!

Take the time to figure out what you want. It's often hard for newbie subs to do this because sometimes they lack knowledge of what choices are available to them. *So arm yourself with knowledge!* There are many fine publications, books, and Internet Websites that cater to sexual submissives. So start reading! Learn about the different types of play and how they should be conducted. Learn everything you can about how to set up a safety net. Learn all the dos and don'ts of meeting others and playing safely. Decide what your limits are and set them down on paper. This may seem like a lot of homework to do in the name of fun, but also keep in mind that it's *your* ass (literally) that's on the line here.

Know what a real Dom acts like. Remember, you are probably a sexual submissive because you *are* in control the rest of the time. You are strong! It's likely you're even ambitious as well. You have a career, or goals, or a lifestyle that demands this high level of energy and control. So giving away your control is a beautiful respite from everyday life. Your power and energy are things you only want to give to someone you trust, and in intimate situations at that. It's a very personal thing to you!

Well, guess what? Sexual Dominants are usually the compliment of this. We are often strong people too, and we do tend to be intelligent. We are often highly trained professionals or skilled craftsmen. However, we tend to avoid lifestyles and careers that demand we be in control all the time. We tend to be easygoing. I have never in my life met, or even heard of, an uptight true sexual Dominant. We like being in control in *intimate* situations. It's a respite from the way we live *our* everyday lives. We are not really the opposite of you, but we are the "puzzle piece" that fits next to you snugly. In other words, don't look for a Dom that's exactly like you. You won't find him. Don't look for a Dom that wants to run your whole life; He doesn't exist.

Above all, if your prospective Dom seems like a generally nice guy, you're likely on the right track! Take the time to get to know him. Don't let the five control freaks on the other side of the chat room demand your attention. A real Dominant isn't likely to make "demands" until its time to play.

Step 4: Memorize the Acid Tests!

Test #1: When in doubt, throw it out! Don't waste your time with people that make you feel uncomfortable. Even if the guy was a real Dom, if his personality makes you feel uncomfortable, he's not going to



be fun to play with.

Test #2: "You'd better call me Sir!" is the mating call of a HNG or control freak. Real Doms don't have to ask for titles, we *earn* them. Most real Doms will say things like "Please, call me Mike..."

Test #3: "I want you to take my collar before you play with me."

This is another common demand of fakes, most often made by control freaks. They have to isolate you from other people and their advice, and sometimes a little ole "cyber-collar" is just the thing! Cyber-collars are worth less than the leather required to make one.

Test #4: If you get an Instant Message that says something like "On your knees you [slave, slut, bitch, whore, etc.]" This person is an HNG. Use some common sense here. Why waste time with somebody that's not even polite? There's a time and a place for these endearing terms, and it isn't online!

Test #5: "I don't have to answer that question!" or "It's not proper etiquette for you to ask a Master that." These are examples of some the dangerous *lies* that control freaks and snerts use. This is the Acid test I personally think is the most important! A Dom had better be ready to at least *try* and answer every question you have, and *honestly* at that! It's literally your ass that's on the line! Never forget this!

Test #6: "It's my way or the highway!" or words to that effect, are the mating cry of the common control freak. Doms can have limits too, but it's your limits that count FIRST. Don't let any would-be "Dom" tell you differently. Don't let any of the wannabe subs tell you differently either. Where Male Dom/fem sub play is concerned, *it's always lady's choice!*

Test #7: Don't bother with online collars. Don't make decisions about a prospective partner based on his online play style. It's a very simple test if you think about it: Would a real-life Dominant waste much time on cyber sex and cyber domination? Please take my word for it; The answer is *no*. Forget it, once you've done the real thing, cyber is just too damn dull.

Test #8: Ask your prospect if he's ever made any mistakes during a scene. If he says "no," run for your life! If he says, "very rarely," at least be suspicious. Everyone makes mistakes, even if they are experienced and skilled. Sometimes submissives have limits they don't even know about, and even the most careful and skilled Dom in the world will trip over these occasionally. Remember, according to our good friends of the Christian faith, the last perfect guy to walk this planet got nailed to a tree for his trouble. So expect competence, but not miracles.

Test #9: "I'm a [bank president, captain of industry, combat pho-



tographer, self-made millionaire... yadda yadda yadda.]” Wouldn’t it be nice to meet a rich Dom too? Sure it would! But use some common sense. How many captains of industry have hours to spend in an AOL chat room? Also, think about this personality profile; If this super successful, always-in-control person is really into BDSM, he’s likely a submissive! Worse yet, it could very likely mean he is a control freak. I have met a lot of submissives that fit this ambitious profile, but not one Dom yet!

Test #10: “I’m 33 years old, and I’ve been a Master for 15 years.”

Gimme a break! What are the odds? When you ask about a Dom’s level of experience (and it’s a good idea to do so) remember to do the math as well. 18-year-old boys don’t care about the intricacies of BDSM; they want to get laid. Trust me on this one Ladies, I was an 18-year-old boy once! I personally believe that people do become what they are (be it gay, straight, Dom or sub) very early in life, but it takes maturity and training to be a Master. What are the odds a person became a Master when they were still using Clearasil?

Test #11: Ask for references! Especially if he claims to be “very experienced.” Talk to the references *on the phone*. Lots of HNGs have female screen-names set up to act as “references” for them! I notice that a lot of newbies seem to have trouble with this concept. Which is understandable since in the vanilla world it’s considered rude to talk to a guy’s ex-girlfriend. However, in the BDSM scene it’s the opposite; experienced Dominants should accept and accommodate this kind of request gladly.

Test #12: “I have three real-life collared slaves right now, but you can’t talk to them.” OK, when you consider the ratio and all, this sounds possible. What makes this an acid test failed (and failed miserably at that) is the last part. I have met couples (and even triads) that really were looking for an extra person to add to the mix. This is not uncommon at all in the scene. But these couples were looking *together*. If a “Dom” has anyone already collared to them, you probably ought to talk to her *first!*

Test #13: “I don’t need safewords.” Well of course he doesn’t! If he said this he’s likely a snert and therefore he’s never really been in a scene! Of course he might be a predator too, and then he wouldn’t need safewords either. Need I say more?

Test #14: “My slaves trust me to set their limits for them.” If you hear a “Dom” say this it’s most likely because these slaves only exist in his mind. Or worse still, his “slave” is simply the victim of spousal abuse. Even so-called TPE (Total Power Exchange) and other sorts of 24/7 (i.e. full time) BDSM relationships should involve careful and thorough negotiation.

Test #15: “I’m married, my wife can’t know about us” If I have to explain this one to you, you’ve got problems. I have played with many



married submissives in my time, but *only* with the express permission (and more often than not, participation) of their husbands. Safe BDSM requires complete honesty. You can't build a good scene on lies. There are plenty of people that will be willing to tell you differently; but please note, they will all turn out to be adulterers (and hence, liars) themselves.

Test #16: Insert your own Acid Test here: You will learn much from your mistakes and missteps. If you form an online contact with a "Dom" that falls through, analyze *why* it fell through. Don't make the same mistakes twice if you can help it.

Step 5: It's Not Just The Men You Have To Screen!

Finding some female submissives to be buddies with you on your quest is a very good idea, especially if they are experienced players. They can give you unique perspectives, emotional support, and even references to legitimate Doms to play with. They can also, most importantly, provide a safety net for you during those first meetings with the men you meet. The benefits of teaming up with other women in your search should be obvious!

However, be just as cautious about what you hear from other women online as well. If you are a sub or bottom man (or woman) in search of a Domme for instance, the Acid tests should apply just as well. Be very cautious about the women you meet online that claim to be submissives, too. There are a great number of female HNGs who live their BDSM lifestyle in the vacuum of cyber-space. Their advice and experiences are not only useless in the real world, they can be dangerous. Another class of "female enemy" is even more tragic and dangerous; the Victim.

A victim is just that: a victim of physical and/or mental abuse that uses BDSM as an excuse to continue denying the reality of her tragic situation. These people are disturbingly common as well. They are dangerous to you too! These women are not just full of very dangerous advice, but they are usually very vehement about telling you that their lifestyle is the only "real BDSM." They can fill your head full of doubts faster than one of the male enemy types.

Spare little sympathy, tell them to get help, and stay the heck away from them (in exactly this order). It may seem mercenary, but it is in fact the right thing to do. This is my training as a CASA (Citizens Against Spouse Abuse) volunteer talking. An abuse victim can only save herself, and then only when she is ready to do so. If you let her vent her frustrations and fears on you, she will then go back to her familiar little hell, leaving you emotionally drained and likely scared too. Your quest for safe play partners is going to be tough enough as it is. Avoid victims completely if you can, and if you can't, urge them to get help. It's not your job to save the world, keeping yourself safe and happy is enough work.



In Closing

This all seems like a lot of work. It is. Some of it sounds awfully scary too. It should. So why bother with this quest at all? Why not just stick "cyber only" in your profile and forget real-life BDSM? Why not just drop it all together? I can give you only one good reason: When it is done safely, and it suits your needs, it can be the one of the most profoundly fulfilling experiences in your life! I used to cringe at terms like "sex magic," but now that I know the "spells," I'm an unabashed Wizard! Besides, any first-year student of psychology can tell you that denial has its own dangers, too. The easy roads are not the ones that lead to interesting places. So arm yourself with knowledge, find yourself some trustworthy friends to share the journey, and start walking. Just don't forget to bring your Acid Tests, too!



APPENDIX III

How to get laid (and get a slave) on the Internet

Playing Online & in the Real World

By ThornDaddy

This is written for guys. Women have less problem getting laid. Women on this Earth really do call the first shots, even if they're subs. But there's some good stuff here for women too, particularly the parts on safety when meeting people for the first time.

BASICS

Do NOT go online like gangbusters and start hitting on people. If you do, you will be labeled a HNG (Horny Net Geek—a very derogatory term, one that is used with good reason where appropriate. They're also called "trolls", and their actions are called "trolling.")

What you want to do is be a cool presence on a site, and let people come to *you*. You may have to do a bit of saying hello, but it's far more organic than yelling, "HEY BAYBEEE WANNA FUCK?!!"

Start off by making a good, strong profile. Use decent, flattering photos, where people can see what you actually look like. But don't use ones that lie. Honesty is more important than looking like a model in BDSM. In fact, "the scene" tends to be much less body conscious than the vanilla dating world. Plump women are adored by many Masters, and I've seen really old, fat, ugly men with hot young chicks who are looking for a daddy. It's more about how you are as a Dom than how you look. (Though looks certainly count for *something*.)

If you're worried about anonymity, use a photo where they can see your body (at least a clothed photo), and maybe a bit of your room or something else that helps illustrate a bit about you and what you enjoy in life, without showing your face. Profiles with no photos or deceptive or non-descriptive photos get very little play. Don't alter your looks in Photoshop,



and don't use a picture that's more than a year old. Don't use one where you weigh a lot less than you do now. As I said, people into BDSM are inclined to be more forgiving of less-than-model body types than other folks, but are not forgiving of dishonesty.

Trust is essential in BDSM. Do not violate this in your presentation.

It's not a bad idea to have at least one of your photos showing something about you, e.g. if you're into motorcycles, put one of you with your bike. If you are into racing horses or playing guitar, show one of you with a horse or a guitar. I would recommend NOT posing with your expensive sports car, unless that's truly your passion in life. Conspicuous displays of wealth will seem tacky, and also attract the wrong types (golddiggers). Also don't show yourself in front of your house or work if your house or work is easily recognizable. And if you do post a photo of you with your car or bike, blur out the license plate. You don't want crazy people being able to track you down at your home or place of business.

While on the subject of body image...Don't worry too much if you feel you're too "old" for this. Most submissives want a Dom between 35 and 55. They want someone with life experience. Younger guys may have the upper hand with dating in the vanilla world, but not in BDSM. Most young guys can't run their *own* lives. What intelligent woman would trust one to partially or totally run *her* life?

Don't post photos of your cock. Women know what wee wees look like. They figure you have a dick anyway...It's a given, you're a man. (And especially don't post photos of your cock on Bondage.com, the women on bCom are smart. More so than on other sites, and they are turned on by brains and turned off by pushy Horny Net Geeks.)

Fill out any essay questions truthfully and put a lot of your personality into them. And check spelling. It counts.

After you have a great profile, go on the forums (plural of forum is also written *fora*). Post intelligent things. Not just about sex, but about everything. (Be careful. The forums are addictive!)

Write letters to interesting women and say hi. Don't write to *everyone*, be a little picky, and don't send a cut-and-paste e-mail. The women talk to each other, and they'll figure it out. Send them a short note about something they posted, or some common interest on their profile (besides sex), and start a conversation.

And *never* complain to them, directly or on the forums, about how no one's responding to you. That's very un-Domly, and will drive them away even quicker. Women, especially women into BDSM, like confidence. Be confident, but not cocky. *That, my friend, is the secret to getting more ass than a toilet seat.*



If they don't respond, or say they're not interested, *move on*. Nothing will get you labeled an HNG quicker than calling them a "bitch" for not talking to you. (Then again, if that's your mindset, you're gonna do poorly in BDSM anyway, and nothing I can tell you will really help.)

Don't write only to women. Make friends with males, especially Doms. You'll learn a lot, and possibly meet good women through them.

I'm having lunch tomorrow with a Dom in Los Angeles that I met on the bCom forums. And I'm not gay. He just seems cool, and he's funny and smart.

Sooner or later you will meet good people. They will want to chat with you.

And remember, in all cases, even with female subs, the woman makes the final decision. She knows within five minutes of meeting you if she's going to sleep with you. And if she's interested, she sometimes she lets you pretend you're "seducing" her. This is not necessarily dishonest. With some people, it's part of the dance.

SQUICKY FORUM WEENIES

There are some folks on *any* Web forum, on any subject, from sex to skateboarding to birdwatching, who *live* to fuck with people. It's usually only about 1% of the total users, but they make a big mark. And they're usually on 24/7.

They range from self-appointed experts (I've fallen into that myself) to just plain nasty bastards. But the end result is the same. Giving in to people like this (online and in the real world) will only make you crazy, and make you a tense, less effective person. And they *want* you to respond and get pissed. They're *bullies*. But unlike grade school, if you ignore these folks, they *will* go away. (And then move on to someone else who will give them the negative energy that they feed off and crave.) SO...Don't engage forum weenies. Ignore them.

A very cool feature of Bondage.com is that you can not only block folks like this, you can make them disappear. At least from most of your bCom experience.

Go to
http://Bondage.com/user_rels.asp

Add the person's user name at the bottom under "Add new relationship."

(And it has to be spelled correctly—I cut and paste from their profile or a



forum post to make sure it is. And there can't be a space at the end of it), then tick the four boxes that say:

- Cold List
- Block E-mail
- Ignore Topics
- Ignore Replies

Then hit "Update."

(You can also click on the little red heart with the question mark at the top of anyone's bCom forum post. It will add their name to the "Add New Relationship" console, but you still have to tick the proper boxes and hit "Update.")

After this, if they try to e-mail you, they will get an automated message that you have blocked them, but only if they send you e-mail. They will not be notified otherwise. And the only way they will know that you've blocked them from the forum view is that you won't respond to them any more. And they'll go bug someone else.

(Don't hit "Hot List" by mistake, it's right next to Cold List, and they WILL be notified if you Hot List them. And they will be notified again when you correct the mistake. Oops!)

After you hit "Update", you need to log out, close your browser and then log back in. After that, they will not show up in forums or searches. The Cold List is simply people you don't want to show up in a search. It's good to add people to the Cold List once you figure out that they are incompatible with you, so you save time sorting through your next search. They will not be alerted to this. And someone can even be on your Cold List and Hot List at the same time. (Note: The Cold List function on bCom works sometimes, other times it doesn't.)

Forum replies where people you've blocked are quoted, and any posts where they *start* a thread will still be visible, but their many many many many many snitty postings in the forums will not show up when you're logged in.

(I wish there were buttons like this for people in the real world.)

This can make your bCom experience a lot nicer. Since I implemented it there are actually threads that show up with only one post—the first post. And a lot of threads that are five or six pages long show up for me as one page or less.

Remember though, the only real place you can block someone is in your head. Having been actually stalked in the real world before, for YEARS, by a crazy but harmless (but VERY annoying) ex, I've had to learn this.

Sometimes I forget it, but I've recently re-remembered it. It's very use-



ful.



PROS

There are subs and Dommies (and occasionally, Doms) who charge money. I would never pay anyone for sex, let alone pay to beat them or be beaten by them. But if you want to pay for some reason, don't get suckered into it. Pros should be up front about it. On bCom, they are required to identify as pros if they are looking for clients. But sometimes you will run into someone who seems very willing, often without knowing much about you. Then, after you are very interested, they spring the fact that it's gonna cost you. Bleah!

SAFETY IN THE REAL WORLD

When meeting someone for the first time, do it in a public place. Do not have an expectation of sex or play, do not set it up to have to go anywhere but the place you're meeting. A restaurant or coffee shop is good. But make sure it's not so crowded that people will hear what you're talking about. They might be upset by it.

And bring your own car. That way if the person seems particularly squicky or even dangerous, you can split. (Better yet, take a taxi the first time, so they won't be able to trace your license number and find you if they do turn out to be psychotic.)

When you first go to meet them in private, set up a *safe call*. Arrange to have a BDSM-friendly pal know where you're going and what you're doing. The way it works is this: Say you're meeting your potential Dom at a restaurant, and there is some talk of maybe going to play at his house



after (not recommended....usually it's best to meet without play the first time. But some people will do it. Dollie and I did.) You tell your best friend Cindy, "I'm meeting him at 8 PM. I'll call in and let you know I'm OK once an hour. If I don't call, you call the cops and tell them I'm in trouble and give them the address." Give Cindy the address where you're going for lunch, and give her the potential Dom's name and address. (A sane Dom should have no problem giving you his real name and address. Also, tell the person you're going to see that you're doing a safe call. If they object, or even seem reluctant, *don't go*.)

DO NOT FORGET TO CALL IN! Also, have some prearranged signal in case he has a gun to your head when you make the call. Like "I'm fine. And by the way, I left my bicycle outside, unlocked. Can you please bring it in for me?" means CALL THE FUCKING COPS NOW!!!! (Don't use the bicycle line. Your potential captor may be reading this. Make up your own code.)

If you're Cindy, the person receiving the safe call, take into account how punctual the person usually is. If she's usually twenty minutes late for everything, you maybe shouldn't call the cops if she's five minutes late calling in. And keep in mind that the police may likely tell you they can't do anything until the person has been missing for a day.

It's probably best not to mention BDSM initially to the cops, as they might dismiss it, and think "Those weirdoes ain't worth the trouble." (Cop radio code for this is "NHI"—No Humans Involved.)

Conversely, it could also work the opposite way: The cops may have seen too many episodes of "Law and Order: Special Victims Unit" and feel that everyone into bondage is a serial murderer. They might bust down the door, find your friend fine, cuddling her new Dom and watching a rerun of South Park after a long scene, and taser the Dom for no reason.

But I *would* mention that it was a blind date with someone she met on the Internet.

Another response to a safe call that doesn't come in, if you're Cindy, is to have some people on call to contact instead of the police. Or have the friend receiving the safe call be willing to intervene in person if need be. Perhaps two large, level-headed BDSM-friendly males. But make sure they aren't going to look for an opportunity to "just kick ass" if it isn't warranted. (For instance, I wouldn't call the friend's ex-boyfriend, unless you know him really well, and know he'll respond intelligently.) People into martial arts are sometimes of a good skill- and mindset to do this.

There's a lot more on bCom about safe and sane dating under the section marked "BDSM U" at <http://bondage.com/CatID/0/ID/132/faq/article.html>



CRAZY PEOPLE

There have been many cases of people agreeing to consensual acts of BDSM and later calling the police and saying they were attacked / beaten / raped etc. This is one reason to check the person out well ahead of time, and to not play with people who may be crazy. Have a good barometer for this kind of mentality and try to suss the people out.

This is another reason to play in public dungeons with new partners first. And often in a dungeon community, the people may have recommendations for you from previous partners. (See "Acid Tests for Doms" for more on this.)

Doms and subs are also smart never to play with a person intoxicated on *anything*. The person may agree to something they'd never do sober, and feel violated once they sober up.

An intoxicated person might also attempt something they're unqualified to perform. Putting your life in the hands of a stoned or drunk top could end your life.

DOLLIE adds: "Safe calls and safety concerns in general are *not* just for women/submissives/bottoms. I've heard some horrendous stories from men/Doms/Tops who have been in compromising and even physically dangerous situations with potential play partners who were unknown to them."

CONCLUSION

All in all, I'd say be sweet, be smart, and trust your gut. Don't let your excitement with this new life, or your desire to be with someone, cloud your judgment. Only you are capable of deciding if someone is going to be safe to play with, and what to do to protect yourself. What I've suggested here is only what worked for me, and others.

You're in for the time of your life, and it's a heck of a journey.

Be safe, and enjoy.



APPENDIX IV

GLOSSARY OF TERMS

(by DrSpankenstein, ThornDaddy and Dollie)

24/7 (Also called 24/7 PE or 24/7 Power Exchange) – A full-time, 'round the clock D/s relationship, as opposed to a part-time one. Also called TPE (Total Power Exchange.)

Aftercare – What a Dom does for a sub after a scene to help her return gently from subspace back to earth. Can include wrapping her in a blanket, hugging her, playing soft music, bringing her water and food, and general reassurance. The degree of aftercare needed is directly proportional to the intensity of the scene. A good Dom will do some form of aftercare for his sub.

BDSM – an acronym that combines abbreviations for Bondage and Discipline, Domination and submission, and Sadism and masochism (B&D + D/s + S&m = BDSM). It is meant to be an all-inclusive term for these related erotic fetishes.

B&D – abbr. for Bondage and Discipline.

Brat – see SAM.

Breath Play – Extreme “edge play” that can be dangerous. Strangulation, or covering the person’s mouth and regulating the amount they can breathe, etc. Should only be done with caution, and with people with experience, and NEVER while intoxicated on ANYTHING. (AND never alone. AND ESPECIALLY NEVER NEVER NEVER *EVER* ALONE AND INTOXICATED. Auto-erotic asphyxiation can *kill*. And it has, although it’s sometimes reported simply as “suicide by hanging”, out of respect to the family. A few rock stars have died of it.)

Collar - An actual collar around the neck as a symbol of possession used to denote some sort of committed relationship between a Dominant and a submissive.

Also used as a verb to describe the act of taking on a submissive in this



way, e.g. "He collared her in a lovely ceremony last night."

Control Freak - slang for a person with a dysfunctional personality trait usually referred to as a "controlling personality." See paragraph four of "Step Two: Know Your Enemy" in "Acid Test for True Dominants."

Credo, The - (a. k. a. the BDSM Motto) The BDSM Credo is usually taken to be "Safe, Sane, and Consensual." All of these ideals are generally considered to be of equal importance and interdependent. It is worth noting that The Credo's definition of Sanity, rather than delving into psychology, goes thusly: The *only* Sane reason to do BDSM is for the mutual enjoyment of *all* people involved. (See RACK)

Cyber - slang for being online. Often refers to Cyber-sex.

Cyber Sex - interacting with another person online for the express purpose of sexual arousal.

D/s - abbr. for Domination and submission.

Dom - abbr. or slang for a (usually male) sexual Dominant.





Dominant - (i.e. Sexual Dominant) A person that derives sexual and/or mental satisfaction from taking control of intimate erotic encounters. They are often stimulated by using techniques such as sexual sadism, bondage, domineering role-play, and generally taking a commanding role in intimate (and sometimes other) situations.

Domme - abbr. or slang for a (usually female) sexual Dominant. (Pronounced Dom-**A**, like the French, like *flambé*.)

Edge Play – More extreme forms of BDSM: Breath play, hardcore rape play, fire play (playing with fire—literally), etc.

Also using knives in BDSM, e.g. playing with a knife edge on skin (not necessarily to cut, but it can go there, depending upon the limits of the participants).

Interestingly, this second form of “edge play” would fit within the first definition also.

Hard Limit – See “Limit.”

HNG - acronym for “Horny Net Geek.” See paragraph one of “Step Two: Know Your Enemy” in “Acid Test for True Dominants.”

Kink – All-encompassing generic term for any “deviant” sexual behavior. All BDSM is kink, though not all kink is BDSM. For many vanilla people, kink is anything sexual besides man-on-top woman-on-bottom sex with the lights out, for procreation, once a year, on your birthday.

(Oh yeah, a joke we like: “Kinky is when you use a feather. Perverted is when you use the whole chicken.”)

Lady – See “Mistress.”

Limit - Something that either partner in a BDSM relationship will not do, or does not like. Basically, a specific preference concerning BDSM play. The submissive’s limits should always take precedence over the Dominant’s. Limits should always be discussed and set out before a scene ever starts. Respecting limits is not an option, it’s a requirement.

A Hard Limit is something someone will *never* do.

Master - A title of honor for a (usually male) sexual Dominant that usually denotes a high level of experience or competence. Also used (voluntarily) as a title of respect for Dommes who have served the BDSM community as a whole. Alternatively used as a term of endearment for the Dom in a scene featuring “Master/slave” role-playing, or in the context of a long-term relationship. Similar titles include Sir, Lord, Daddy, etc.



A Dom may be addressed as simply "Master, Sir, Daddy, etc.", e.g. "Hello, Sir, how may I serve you? or "Good morning Daddy! Would you like your coffee and wake-up blowjob now?" Or it may be used with another name as his full "scene" name, e.g., "She's currently serving Sir Steve" or "Greetings, Master ThornDaddy. Your cat, Pussy, threw up on your Oriental rugs again. I cleaned them for you while you were out."

Mistress - A title of honor for a (usually female) sexual Dominant that usually denotes either a high level of experience or competence. Also used (voluntarily) as a title of respect for Dominants that have served the BDSM community as a whole. Alternatively used as a term of endearment for the Domme in a scene featuring "Mistress/slave" role-playing, or in the context of a long-term relationship. Similar titles include Ma'am, Lady, and Momma, etc. (Though "Momma" is rare.)

A Mistress may be addressed as simply "Mistress, Lady, Ma'am", etc.", e.g. "You look well this evening, Ma'am." Or it may be used with another name as her full "scene" name, e.g., "He's Lady Anastasia's slave," or "Konban wa, Mistress Daisy. I fed your Dobermans, configured your wireless router, filed your income taxes, spit polished your collection of leather boots and scrubbed your toilet with my toothbrush. Is there anything else I may do to make your majestic presence in this world easier this morning?"

Munch – A BDSM social mixer involving food. Often held in a public place (restaurant or coffee house), a munch provides a no-pressure environment for kinky people to meet. Fetish clothing is usually a no-no at a munch, as is hitting on people. This makes a munch a safe and comfortable place, especially for newbies.

Pain Slut – see **Sexual Masochist**.



Polyamory – Having more than one lover. Also called “poly.”

RACK – Acronym meaning “Risk-aware consensual kink”. It’s normally used for activities a little further out on the edge, like breath play, fire play, stuff like that. Play that carries a greater risk of harm than just simple spanking and such....Things that can be done without harming someone permanently, but no matter how you do them, they’re never completely safe.

The risk isn’t limited to physical harm, but can extend to extreme psychological scenarios, e.g. extreme humiliation with the intent of breaking down the personality, or long-term sensory or social deprivation.

SAM – Smart-Assed Masochist. Frequently a term of derision. Means you’re pushy, (and in some people’s opinion) not a good sub, and may try to piss your off Dom so he’ll “punish” you. Also called “brat.” (Note: There are some Dom/mes who like SAMs and Brats, and some subs who are more than happy to comply.)

S&M or S/m – abbr. for Sadism & Masochism, or Sadomasochism.

Safe call – a call you set up ahead of time with a kink-friendly friend, to keep you safe when meeting a new person in real life. See the third paragraph of “Safety in the Real World” in Appendix Three, “Playing Online & in the Real World.”

Safe word (also written as one word, i.e. **Safeword**) – a code word used by the submissive to signal his/her Dominant partner to either pause, slow down, or even completely end a scene. The classic signals are: Red = Stop; Yellow = Slow down/ease up; and Green = keep going, I’m fine! (Many public, or quasi-public dungeons have “house safewords”. In gener-



al, dungeons will have the house rules posted. Look for them.)

"Stop" and "No" are not necessarily good choices, despite the apparent clarity, as they can add real spice to a resistance scene, like a mock rape or kidnapping. If the scenes you play are heavily verbal, choosing an unusual word completely out of context (like "blueberry") will keep the meaning clear. Just don't be so obscure that it becomes difficult to remember.

"Safe Signals" must be substituted when the submissive is gagged or cannot otherwise speak. Common choices are balls that can be dropped, or noisemakers, like a pet's squeaky toy.

A Dom honoring safewords and safe signals (stopping immediately when the sub uses them) is not an option for safe play, it is a *requirement*. It is equally the sub's responsibility to use a safe word when appropriate—when her limits are reached, or sometimes even when they're headed there (especially with a new Dom).

Safety Net - a person or persons who take the responsibility of making sure that your real-life meeting with a prospective play partner is safe. This can range from actually "chaperoning" the meeting to being available for "safe calls" and so forth. Having and using a safety net is a requirement for submissives, not an option, as it is the only defense they have against predators, rapists, and con artists. Learn how to set one up and set them up religiously. Even vanilla women should learn to do these things when going on a blind date!

Scene - slang for referring to BDSM. As in "Yes, she's a legitimate player in the scene." Also slang for a specific session of BDSM. As in "I was in a transcendent scene involving Tiger Balm, a wrench and several rutabagas last night."

Often used as a verb in the same sense; "They scened at the party last night."

Sexual Masochist - a person that can experience profound arousal and/or euphoria from controlled doses of pain and other extreme stimuli. Such stimuli outside the context of a consensual or erotic experience are not usually enjoyable to a sexual masochist. Also called, somewhat lovingly, a "pain slut."

Sexual Sadist - a person that can experience profound arousal and/or euphoria from inflicting carefully controlled doses of pain and other extreme stimuli on Sexual Masochists. They DO NOT generally enjoy inflicting pain for its own sake. Nor do they enjoy using such stimuli on people that do not find it enjoyable.



Square – Not involved in BDSM. See also “Vanilla.”

Squick – Something that turns you off. A kink that you don’t like. Things that gross you out are “squicky.”

Slave - a title of endearment and ownership given to sexual submissives who are participating in Master/slave lifestyles or role-playing. They are usually involved in some form of service (sexual, domestic, etc.). This generally signifies that the submissive wears the “Collar” of a particular Dominant. Alternatively used (voluntarily) as a title of respect for submissives that have served the BDSM community as a whole. Similar titles include, boy, girl, e.g “boy steve and girl tiffany will be teaching a class called “The Puppy's Point of View.”

The service can even extend to the financial, and is more common with Female Mistress/male slave relationships. Not to be confused with Pro Domme work. Pro Dommies usually have many clients, and often have set prices for set services. Non-pro Dommies are sometimes partially or wholly supported financially by one male slave.

Slishy – Sexy and into BDSM.

S&M – abbr. for Sadism and Masochism.

Sub - abbr. or slang for a sexual submissive.

Subbie - Common endearment for a sexual submissive, usually (but not always) for a female submissive. (Some consider this term derogatory.)



Submissive – (i.e. Sexual Submissive) A person who derives sexual and/or mental satisfaction from having control taken away from them in intimate (and sometimes other) situations. They may or may not be sexual masochists. They often derive pleasure from bondage, and generally take a subservient role.

Switch – Someone who switches in their role between being a Dom/sub or Master/slave or Top/bottom.

TPE – Total Power Exchange. (See **24/7**)

Twue – True. “Twue” is a derogatory term used with wannabes, poseurs and insecure people who repeatedly say things like “I am a TRUE Dom (sub/slave/whatever)”.

Often used sarcastically in Internet forums, e.g. “Man, that last poster is a twue Dom! I must bow down to him now!”

To get an idea of the tone of “twue”, say “I AM A TWUE DOM! I AM, I AM!” out loud in an Elmer Fudd voice.

Vanilla - slang for things that are not “kinky” or not related to BDSM and similar fetishes.

Victim - a victim of abuse who claims to be in a BDSM “lifestyle” to



rationalize/legitimize their tragic situation. See paragraph three of "Step 5: It's Not Just The Men You Have To Screen!" in "Acid Test for True Dominants."

Wannabe - derogatory; most often refers to a person who pretends to be a legitimate real-life practitioner of BDSM, while actually having little or no practical experience.





APPENDIX V

RECOMMENDED READING, VIEWING AND SURFING

RECOMMENDED READING:

Screw the Roses, Send Me the Thorns: The Romance and Sexual Sorcery of Sadomasochism

Philip Miller, Molly Devon. Mystic Rose Books, 1988

(ThornDaddy took his user name from the title of this book.)

The Ethical Slut: A Guide to Infinite Sexual Possibilities

Dossie Easton, Catherine A. Liszt. Greenery Press, 1998

The Loving Dominant

John Warren, Ph.d. Greenery Press, 2000

The Claiming of Sleeping Beauty; Beauty's Punishment; Beauty's Release (Erotic Adventures of Sleeping Beauty, 1 - 2 - 3)

Anne Rice (as A. N. Roquelaure). Penguin Books, 1983

Exit to Eden

Anne Rice (as Anne Rampling). Random House, 1996

Delta of Venus

Anaïs Nin. Harvest Books, 1994

Story of O

Pauline Reage. Ballantine Books, 1981

SM 101: A Realistic Introduction

Jay Wiseman. Greenery Press, 1998

Whipped: 20 Erotic Stories of Female Dominance

Carol Queen, Chamberlain Bros/Penguin Books, 2005

Dear, Dear Brenda: The Love Letters of Henry Miller to Brenda Venus

William Morrow & Co., 1986

When Someone You Love Is Kinky

Dossie Easton, Catherine A. Liszt. Greenery Press, 2000

Also: There's a list of more good BDSM books (including the one you're holding), as recommended by the staff of Bondage.com, here:



<http://dir.bondage.com/cat/22/dir.html>

There's also a great site, top selling 100 BDSM books:

<http://www.100bdsmbooks.com>

Diary of an S&M Romance is often on their list.

RECOMMENDED VIEWING

Images of BDSM in movies and TV are not that common. And sadly, the characters practicing them are usually psychotic and/or pathetic.

(NOTE: SEMI-SPOILERS IN SOME OF THESE.)

MOVIES

Dead Ringers

Jeremy Irons plays both main characters, twin-brother gynecologists.

There are a couple *beautiful* bondage love scenes in this flick.

Unfortunately, the brother into bondage degenerates into violent and anti-social behavior, as is usually the case when Hollywood shows BDSM.

Videodrome

Older film by the same director as *Dead Ringers* (David Cronenberg).

Debra Harry and James Woods with some creepy S&M and some great sci-fi.

Debra Harry's character isn't a sub, she's more of a domineering pain slut, and James Woods' character is just a fucked-up horny guy who puts up with it. And of course, the BDSM plot twists degenerate into murder at some point. Yawn....

But this flick is great overall, even though the brilliantly original ideas are occasionally executed in a very cheesy way. (With even more cheesiness in the form of heavy handed "Here comes the monster" music throughout.)

Crash

(We mean here the 1996 movie, also from Cronenberg, not the 2004 Paul Haggis movie. Though that's a good flick too, but not BDSM.)

Cronenberg's *Crash* has people who can only get off sexually from being in car accidents, so they cause them. Not at all safe, sane and consensual, but quite interesting.

Cronenberg's film *A History of Violence* also has a really rough sex scene with a married couple fucking on a staircase.

*The Night Porter*

Slow flick with Nazis. Has some pretty moments though.

Secretary

Recommended on forums often, because the plot is entirely about a BDSM couple. Unfortunately, she's a shitty sub (more of a smart-assed masochist) and he's a crappy Dom because he puts up with her brattiness, even though he doesn't seem to like it.

But what else would you expect from a BDSM love story that begins with the sub getting out of a mental hospital?

The sub seems to get her taste for pain from her depression and self-cutting. Though she does stop cutting herself, and becomes more sane and happy from her involvement in BDSM by the end of the story.

Liquid Sky

Hard-to-find but very good and very strange flick about an alien that lives off of the brain chemicals it sucks out of humans during their orgasms. Not really BDSM, but if you're kinky, you might like this one. Also cool because it has one actor playing two characters—a male and a female role.

But of course, the humans who have the tasty orgasms die.

8mm

Of course, the people into domination in this flick also murder the people they're dominating. Yawn times two.

Misery

No sex. The "Domme" (Kathy Bates) in this is actually very anti-sex. But she's a very creepy Top. And of course, it's non-consensual, and in typical Hollywood fashion, someone's gonna die....

Damn...I guess there ain't much out there.....Well, there are actually three films....One that's sweet, one that's heavy and good, and one that's just goofy:

The Addams Family

Even though it's a film for kids, there seems to be some D/s between Morticia and Gomez (and Gomez likes to be on the rack.) And they truly do love each other, in a very intense, romantic and strange way.

Quills

Is very heavy, quite classy and quite amazing. And it even managed to



make the very non-consensual Marquis de Sade seem likable. While there were some very sexy scenes in this film, there were also some very squicky (to us) scenes.

Really though, this movie is less about Sadism (though that's surely a theme, and the protagonist was the namesake) and more about the life and struggles of a writer. Which is damn cool.....(Even if it's not a very historically accurate account. But it's still a great film.)

Overall though, we think the sexiest scene was the overhead shot of the young woman being fucked, front and back, by two young men. Which ironically, in the context of this film, was a vanilla scene!

OK, here's the goofy one:

Orgy of the Dead

B-movie (or more like C- or D-movie) written by Ed Wood, the "worst director of all time", and directed by an even worse director. This 1965 "Strippers in a graveyard" zombie flick features bondage, whipping, stripping and mewing. (And a little D/s, some implied girl-on-girl action, and even a taste of knife play.)

It's poorly written, poorly lit, poorly miked, poorly acted, poorly directed, poorly shot and poorly edited. This movie is pointless, plotless, creepy, horrible....Yet oddly compelling.

We highly recommend it.

TELEVISION

CSI

One of the few to get it right.

Frequent mentions and plot lines concerning BDSM, often revolving around the recurrent character, Lady Heather. She's a Pro Domme and an intelligent, sweet person with good boundaries. Until, of course, she tries to kill a guy with her whip. But in her defense, the guy had tortured and killed her estranged daughter.

The Sopranos

Janice is kinky. She has a *hot* gunplay scene with Richie. And another scene has her topping Ralph, calling him her bitch and fucking him in the ass with a vibrator. But true to television, she later shoots and kills Richie, and throws Ralph down a flight of stairs. And Tony's discovery that Ralph likes to be the bitch during sex seems to be a deciding factor which allows Tony to kill Ralph after debating the ramifications of killing his friend.

(The above paragraph sounds like a demented soap opera. I love the age we live in.)

*The Shield*

Our favorite show. Very realistic, much more so than CSI. The cops on The Shield don't have high cheekbones, don't wear leather pants, and don't have skillfully placed blue and red lights shining off of their carefully styled hair. They look like real people, and are filmed running around backyards in East Los Angeles (former home of The Nest) busting the heads of very realistic bad guys. And it's shot in a very gritty documentary style that totally *works*.

Unfortunately, whenever they depict BDSM on The Shield, it's usually some serial killer who's got a tortured woman chained up in his (or her) bathroom. Damn.

Well, actually, badass detective Vic Mackie has lots of hot rough sex with very willing women, but they usually cut away the camera as soon as he *throws* the gal down on the bed. He does punch one hooker friend of his, but only after she begs him to give her a black eye as an alibi after she murders a john. He chokes another hooker to get her to comply when she gets willful in a sting.

And then there's police chief David Aceveda, who used to like tying women up and dripping hot wax on them. And he smacks his favorite hooker around and chokes her in a few episodes. But he then becomes very quickly controlling in her life. Aceveda makes a shitty Dom.

Law And Order, Special Victims Unit

Recommended as a good show, but not recommended for their depictions of BDSM. They often have a character into bondage, but always in the context of torture and murder. This is the kind of shit we hate.

Daddy says he's going to make a movie with a character (or characters) who portrays BDSM in a positive light. I can't wait.

(Second pressing note: we wrote one, together...a cartoon script called "The Plump Buffet." It's about a BDSM sex cult of cats in the desert. The script is currently making the rounds with some Hollywood folks. Cross your fingers for us.)



RECOMMENDED SURFING

(Note, you must be at least 21 to access many of these sites.)

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bdsm> (Great place to start. AND...The free Spoken Wikipedia version on that page is read by Dollie!)

www.bondage.com

www.bondage.com/bdsm/bdsmu/overview.html (BDSM U on bCom)

www.bondage.com/user_settings.asp (user settings in bCom- must be logged in to use)

www.bondage.com/topic_id/47936/forums/topic.html (BDSM and Internet Acronyms.)

www.bondage.com/forum_id/46/forums/forum.html (getting started on bCom)

www.canes4pain.com

www.gunoil.com

www.petsmart.com (cheap whips, crops, collars, and engraved pet tags for collars. And doggie dishes and toys, if you're into puppy play)

www.Alt.com

www.collarme.com

www.sub-shop.com

www.slaveregister.com

www.extremerestraints.com

www.Stockroom.com

www.livingthrough.com

www.texanarchy.com

www.Literotica.com

www.polyamory.org

www.scarletletters.com

www.kinkycards.com

www.frugaldomme.com

www.greenerypress.com

www.goodvibes.com

www.secretsinlace.com

www.stockingirl.com

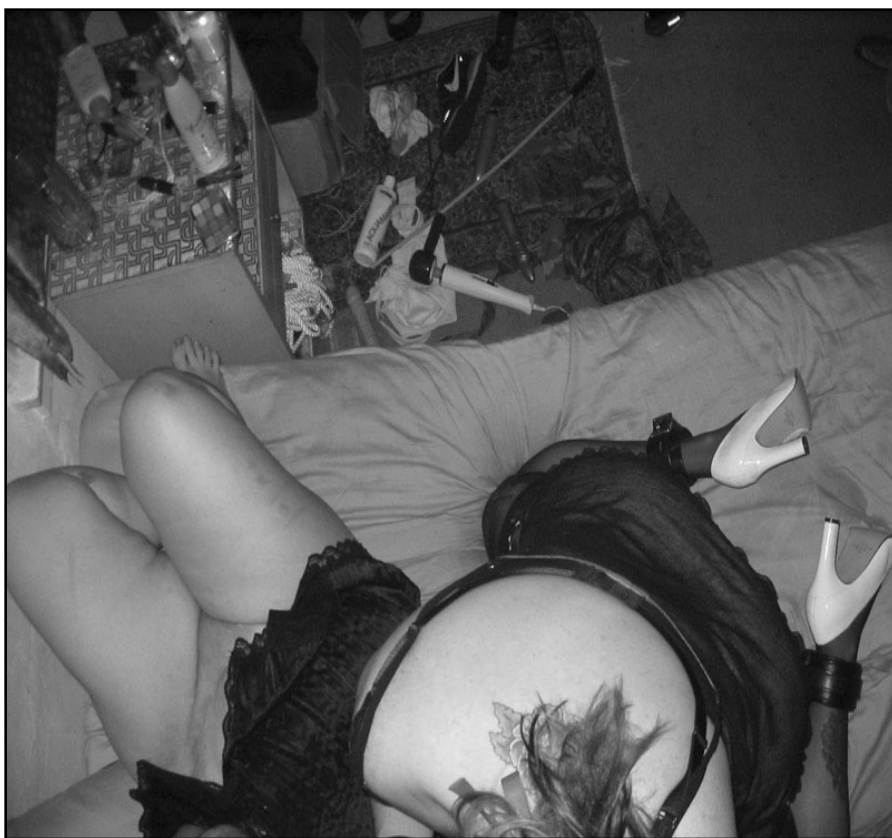
www.girdlebound.com

www.ksexradio.com (Baadmaster and Mistress Genevieve do a cool radio show on KSEX called "BaadMaster's Dungeon".)

...And thousands more. Poke around and find some treasures for yourself! But get out in the *real* world for some real play with real humans, too.

The Internet is a nice place to visit, but it's no place to live.









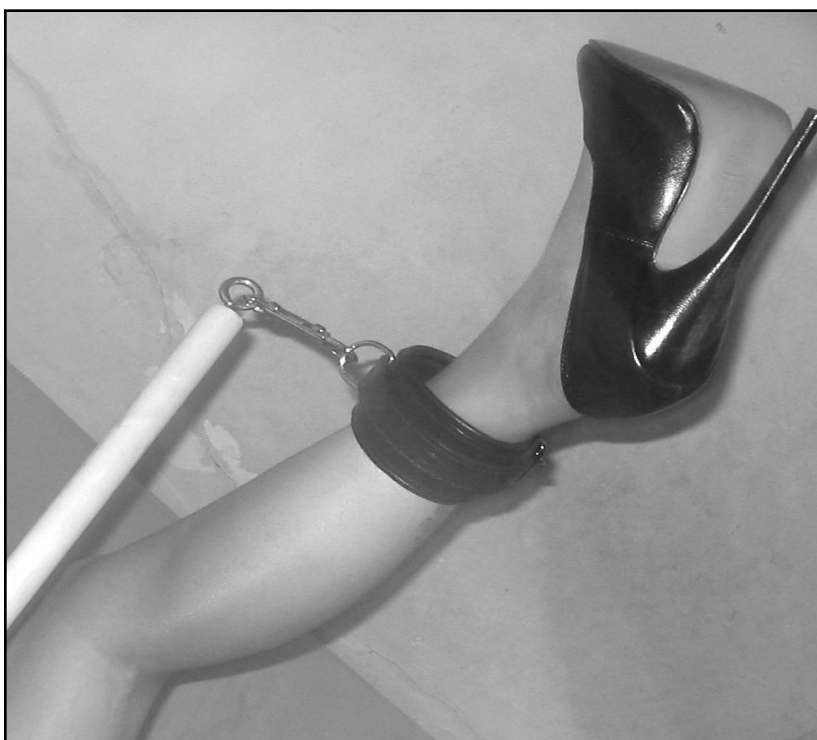
"Her master's voice"



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DOLLIE LLAMA









ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

Dollie Llama is a paralegal from The Valley. She collects good books, lingerie, and high heeled shoes. Dollie likes long walks, punk rock and her kitty cat, Wicca.

ABOUT THE EDITOR:

ThornDaddy is a writer and filmmaker from Los Angeles. He sleeps in late, and basically does whatever he feels like doing.

Dollie Llama and ThornDaddy have over 25 combined years of experience in kink.

All subjects in photos in this book are over 21.

E-mails in quotes are used with permission.

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Press requests and more can be made through

www.smdiary.com

or

www.askdollie.com

DIARY OF AN S&M ROMANCE

IS BOOK ONE OF THE PEEP! TRILOGY.

BOOK TWO (COMING SOON) IS

DIARY OF AN S&M MARRIAGE.



ThornDaddy records a podcast



Dollie records a podcast



Dollie records a podcast



**DOLLIE'S FREE BDSM
PODCAST
(NO IPOD NEEDED!)
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WITH
DOLLIE LLAMA":
WWW.ASKDOLLIE.COM**

**Listen and be a ~~fly on our wall!~~
a kitty in the corner of our room!**

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our doorstep just to join our little world. (Though that
might work, if you're female and submissive. Let us know
if you have an interest in this.)**

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our casts on Bittorrent to propagating, mirroring,
promoting and archiving our media, forever, to being one
of our part-time on-tap slave girls.**

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and/or specialized talents (and/or a sweet ass) that we
can utilize in our plans for ~~world domination~~ spreading
the love, you may **petition ThornDaddy** via
e-mail at the podcast site.**



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